THE ROMANCE OF NICE

J. D. E. LOVELAND

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1. THE OLD CROSS AT CIMIEZ

THE ROMANCE OF NICE

THE ROMANCE OF NICE

BY

JOHN DOUGLAS ERRINGTON LOVELAND

"Cette bourgade du soleil et des fleurs."
THÉODORE DE BANVILLE

"Vertumne, Pomone et Zéphyre,
Avec Flore y regnent toujours;
C'est l'Asyle de leurs amours,
Et le trône de leur empire."—XVIIIth CENTURY

NEW YORK
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
1912

TC953
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Albert Adsit Clemons
Aug. 24, 1938
(Not available for exchange)

Printed in Great Britain by
William Brendon and Son, Ltd., Plymouth

PREFACE

THE amount of literature which has been written about the Riviera is very large, and it may well seem that there is no adequate necessity for increasing it. But that is a view to which I am unable to subscribe, and I will briefly give my reasons. The twentieth century is a hurrying age, and people require literary fare to be set before them without the trouble of going to look for it. The many notable works on the Riviera which have appeared from time to time written in English, French, and Italian, to say nothing of the classical authors, are most of them unattainable to the general reading public. Many are long out of print, many are too detailed and technical, and many again are out of date and inaccurate.

For these reasons I have thought it worth while to add one more to the long list of books dealing with Nice and its country-side; I have gleaned very freely from all the sources to which

I have alluded, preferring to quote the authors themselves, rather than to attempt to paraphrase their writings; and it has been my aim to endeavour to present the story of this old city and its fair country in such a form as may interest the reader, rather than to give a fully detailed account of those events which are to be found in the history of all towns whose origin goes back into the far past.

Baring-Gould, in his "Book of the Riviera," says he has given but a meagre sketch of the history of Nice, for the reader would have no patience with all the petty troubles—great to those that endured them—which afflicted Nice and its vicinity through many centuries. Augustus J. C. Hare, for all his voluminous discursiveness on the Cities of Italy, could never be induced to write even a dozen lines on the story of Nice; he dismisses the town in his "Southern France"—if my memory serves me—as a hot, dusty, windy place, which is not worth more than the most cursory investigation.

Undeterred by the opinion of these two great writers, I have ventured to try and show that there is much that is interesting not alone in the history of the country, but also in its legends

and folk-lore, its people, small as well as great, its wonderful *flora*, and in that charm which pervades it that so speedily seizes on the stranger within its gates. In a word, I would present the "Romance of Nice" to all those who, for lack of observation or want of opportunity, have hitherto failed to grasp it. It is a story full of colour and life, set in a brilliant framework by the greatest of all scene-painters, Nature herself; and those who steep themselves in the Mediterranean sunshine during the long pleasant months of winter, may find interest in the tale of their temporary home, as it is unfolded to them from the dim past to the clear-cut present. If this prove to be the case, the object with which this book has been written will be more than achieved.

J. D. E. L.

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THE ROMANCE OF NICE

CHAPTER I

Nice and the poets—The land of flowers—The Stone Man of the Riviera—The legend of Adam and Eve—The passing of Heracles—Phœnician settlements—The foundation of Nice—The story of Glyptis—The coming of the Romans, and the rise of Cimiez.

THE northern coast of the blue Mediterranean lives, and has lived in the forefront of the world since European history began. Rich in time-honoured cities, and in golden legends of the past, the ages have wrapped it so closely in their embrace that to-day its existence is accepted without much thought as to what lies beyond that which is actually presented to the eye.

But the story of Nice and its country-side goes far back into the distant past, and even then that story springs from legend upon legend.

Writers in all times and in all countries have celebrated the beauties of the Riviera and the splendour of Nice. Set like a pearl on the rim of the azure semicircle of the Bay of Angels, with the snow-capped mountains—those altars

of Nature on which the sun offers his sacrifice at dawn and sunset—rising in the background, its situation is incomparable. Well was Nice named in the chaplet of the cities of Italy, where each bore its own proud designation, *Nizza la Bella*. How fittingly were these titles bestowed —Rome, the Eternal City; Genoa, the Proud; Milan, the Great; Lucca, the Industrious; August Perugia, Iron Pistoia, and many another; but Nice it was which shared with Florence—two cities of Flowers—the appellation Beauteous.

Poets have woven their fancies about Nice with no sparing hand; here is what Heinrich Heine wrote: "From the sun which blazes in the firmament will I snatch the glowing and glittering gold to make a diadem for thine anointed brow. From the azure gossamer which floats from the arch of the sky, where flash the diamonds of night, will I tear a splendid fragment, and of it will I fashion thee a court mantle for thy regal shoulders." Théodore de Banville maintains that towns have their destinies written, and says that the lot of Nice is to reign unquestioned over all those daughter cities of the Mediterranean, lapped by limpid waves, and smothered in roses. There is an irresistible seduction in this Mediterranean, which passes

from azure and lapis-lazuli in the foreground, to the deeper richness of blue on the horizon, a delicious blue, a thousand times more so than that of the sky itself. In its liquid firmament bathe every night the cold flock of stars, for its waters are enchanted. But the soft Tyrrhenian Sea recalls its history no more. It is the Lake of Oblivion set at the gate of Paradise, and on its shores December, clad in verdure and flowers, usurps the place of spring. Roses everywhere, the day when Nice disappears from the page of history, it will surely be buried beneath a thicket of roses. So says the poet.

But this coast was not always a paradise of flowers. In the dim ages when Prehistoric Man fought his hard struggle for existence, it was a very different place from the sun-kissed, flower-bearing land it is to-day. Yet the interest of the Riviera begins with the Stone Age, for the remains of men and women of that period have been found at more than one spot. The question at once arises, what manner of man was he of the Stone Age? Dr. Allen Sturge, a well-known living authority on the subject, tells us that he differed in no great measure from the man of the present day, although he was almost certainly of greater stature. He was no tiller of the soil, but a hunter and a fisherman, and

the animals which he hunted (whose remains have been found here in close proximity to his) were the mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros, a great extinct lion, a huge extinct bear, and the extinct so-called " Irish " elk, with its magnificent spreading antlers, with many other forms of life now unknown; domestic animals did not exist in the Stone Age. This primitive ancestor of ours lived in caves, or sheltered under overhanging rocks, and though he made no pottery, he carved horn and bone—sometimes even stone—to a high degree of finish. He had a rudimentary knowledge of drawing, and reproduced the outlines of the animals he was accustomed to see in everyday life. This is proved by the representation of a mammoth scratched on a piece of one of its own tusks, which may be seen in the Museum of the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris.

Some of the skeletons discovered on the Riviera are of great size. Out of ten which have been found of late years, the shortest man could not have been less than six feet four, while the tallest measures not less than seven feet. The women would seem to have been about six feet in height. But this Man of the Stone Age, besides being something of an artist, gave evidences of care for the adornment of his person,

which places him higher than the mere hunter who chased wild animals to provide his daily food. Several skeletons which have been found were ornamented with what had been strings of shells pierced with holes, which had evidently been used as necklaces, bracelets, and even coronets. Other necklaces have been found made of deer's teeth, also pierced for stringing together.

The age of this first known inhabitant of the Riviera has caused much discussion, but it would appear to be an accepted view that he lived in the later period of the old Stone Age, an epoch impossible to date, but which probably runs into hundreds—rather than tens of thousands of years ago.

But although it is in comparatively recent years that we have acquired this knowledge of the Stone Man who once dwelt here, yet a pretty legend has for centuries been current along the coast in connection with Adam and Eve. The Riviera is fertile in legends, and this is not the least picturesque of them. There is no need to go into any comparative tables of dates; let us accept the story that Adam and Eve were our first parents, and dismiss the older Stone Man to the dim, smoke-hung recesses of his cave on the sea-shore.

When the Almighty in His wrath had decreed

that Adam and Eve should be expelled from the earthly Paradise, Adam, in his misery, thought only of the moment, and cursed the curiosity of his partner. Eve, more clear-sighted, took heed for the future, and, as the Archangel turned his back upon the guilty pair, to unlock the gate which led into the outer darkness of the world, ere leaving Paradise she furtively snatched a fine fruit from a lemon tree which grew beside the door.

Adam and Eve passed into exile, and the Archangel clanged the gate behind them, which shut them off for ever from the delights of Paradise. The moment they were alone Adam took his spouse to task. "Wretched woman," said he, "you have been talking to the serpent again." "No, no," replied Eve, "it is only a souvenir of Paradise." "If the Creator sees you there will be more trouble." "But He won't see me," retorted the first woman, quickly hiding the product of her theft under the somewhat exiguous proportions of the fig leaf which formed her single garment.

They trudged along as the seasons changed, now in blazing summer, and anon in the snows of mid-winter; they crossed rivers, and penetrated through vast forests, toiling painfully over mountains, and wandering through deserts

and plains, until one day they found themselves in a country where the hill-side sloped gently towards the sea, whose blue waves sang softly under the everlasting sapphire of the sky. "This is the spot," cried Eve, throwing on the ground the lemon she had so long preserved. "Increase and multiply, O golden fruit, in this garden which is worthy of thy beauty." Thus were born the lemon trees on the Riviera, and thus did our first parents, driven out from the earthly Paradise for the sake of a common apple, find another, thanks to a lemon of gold.

But if the pride of prior antiquity be conceded to the lemon, yet the orange can claim an origin equally remarkable, and equally glorious. Still in the realms of legend, but at an epoch when legend was fast crystallizing into history, came the demi-god Heracles, conquering and swaggering along the Riviera, as he marched from conquest to conquest, till he set up the Pillars on the shores of the Atlantic where the Straits of Gibraltar join it to the Mediterranean. Heracles is presented to us by some of the old authors as a sort of primeval Napoleon, to whose genius many unexplainable works are attributed. Diodorus of Sicily precises so far as to tell us that he made a road along the Maritime Alps fit for the passage of armies and chariots.

The demi-god is said to have founded the town of Heracles Monaco, and was reposing after this task at Villefranche, where he was directing the harbour works, when Tanaris, the local chief of the Ligurians, who then inhabited the coast, sent a deputation to beg him to rid the land of the monsters which were decimating the flocks all over the country-side, offering a present of five hundred oxen for the due accomplishment of the task.

Heracles accepted, and straightway attacked the terrible winged serpent Octopis, in the gorges of Aspremont, where this legendary reptile had his lair. The hero quickly strangled it with his powerful hands, and used its body as a scourge, which served to whip to atoms the other monsters with which the whole neighbourhood was infested. Five hundred superb oxen were handed over with the grateful thanks of the tribesmen, but when Heracles started to drive them, he found it impossible to get them over Mount Boron. It was in the early spring-time, and when the innumerable cows scented the departure of the bulls, they bellowed to such an extent that the latter, breaking all control, smashed up the barriers and returned to their mates.

The vengeance of the demi-god is worthy of

the times and of the legend, for it is said to have been wrought on five hundred virgins of the tribe on the following night! But the daughter of Tanaris succeeded in making the hero drunk, and while he was sleeping off the effects of his debauch, she stole his club. Flying to rouse her people, she led them to the attack of the camp, but Heracles awoke, and called the gods to his aid, by which means he obtained an easy victory. In the *mêlée*, however, the Apples of the Hesperides, which were packed up in his baggage, were spilt on the soil, where they have ever since flourished.

These legends of the passage of Heracles all along the coast refer, as is now well recognized, to the Phœnician nation personified and deified in him. Wherever we come across the name of Heracles or Melkarth, we have but to substitute for it that of the Tyrian people, of whom the conquering and civilizing hero was only the deified symbol and representative. As Lenthéric points out, the tales of all the mythical historians with reference to the journeys and exploits of the demi-god, freed from all the fictions and embellishments with which the poetical imagination of the Greeks has surrounded them, assume the importance of geographical and historical documents. All the legends of Heracles, in-

terpreted by sound sense and historical criticism, turn out to be nothing else than the history of the progress and the conquests of the original Tyrian people, and *Heraclean towns* are so many Ligurian towns transformed and colonized by the Phœnicians. Aristotle distinctly states that an ancient route led formerly from Italy to Gaul and Spain, passing successively, by way of the Maritime Alps, through the country of the Celto-Ligurians, then through that of the Iberians, and by way of the last spurs of the Pyrenees, on to the sea-coast. This road, which was not only a strategic route, but was also used for commercial purposes, was the great Heraclean Way. Portions of it are still found in many parts of Provence, and this was the road made eight or ten centuries before the Christian Era, if not by Heracles the demi-god, at any rate by—or for—the Tyrian merchants. The substratum of this primitive road was afterwards made use of for laying down the Domitian and Aurelian Ways, and hence it has, to a great extent, disappeared under the repairs and rectifications of the Romans. But the Phœnicians had been the first to mark out the route; and the fragments of it which are found at various places inland, between the two Ligurian *oppida* of Vence and Cimiez, furnish indisputable evidence

that the Phœnician occupation was not confined to a mere coasting trade from port to port, but that it had struck its root deep into the heart of the country, and by works of public utility had brought thither the first elements of civilization and progress.

The Riviera henceforth enters into the direct historical period, although there is—as is natural—considerable diversity of opinion as to actual dates. What immediately concerns us here is the approximate era of the foundation of Nice. From the researches made by Monsieur J. Brun and Monsieur Honoré Sappia, it can confidently be asserted that Nice is contemporary with Marseilles, and must have been built about six centuries before the birth of Christ, by the Phocæans of Ionia, whose principal towns on the shores of the Mediterranean had been taken and burnt by the Persians. The testimony of Herodotus, of Diodorus of Sicily, of Ammianus Marcellinus, and certain other historians of great antiquity, should carry more weight than that of some writers who declare that Nice was founded some three hundred years after Marseilles, and three hundred years before the Christian Era.

There is no doubt that Nice is a Greek town; its name proves it at once. It was to com-

memorate the victory gained by the Phocæans over the Carthaginians and the Tyrrhenians in the vicinity of the Isle of Cyrnos (Corsica), that the Phocæans decided to build a town which they called Niké (Victory). In the beginning the city was built on the sea-shore between the castle rock and the mouth of the Paillon, but the attacks of the Saleyan and Ligurian tribes who lived in the mountains round forced the inhabitants of the new town to move to the top of the rock, where they could more easily defend themselves.

According to Strabo, when the settlers who had founded Marseilles had become sufficiently strong, they penetrated into the adjacent country and even pushed on as far as the banks of the Var. Delighted with the picturesque country and luxuriant soil which bordered its eastern banks, they resolved on its immediate subjugation, and accordingly built the town of Nice, as a barrier to resist the opposition of the Ligurians, in an exceedingly strong position. The foundation of the town served at the same time as a monument of the signal victory which they had gained over the barbarians.

Leander Albertus attributes the origin of Nice to Nicius Laertes, Duke of Etruria, and instead of the word Nicæa, substituted Nicia; but

Cluverius, with more probability, has restored to the people of Marseilles the credit of the foundation of the town, and fortifies his opinion with the authorities of Pliny, Ptolemy, and many other geographers. Those who have attempted to show that Nice was built on the ruins of Cimiez have to combat the weighty testimony of Sigonius, who assures us that (as will afterwards be proved) this city existed until the invasion of Gaul by the Lombards, and that Nice was reputed the second considerable town of Italy in the days of Ptolemy. It is easy to verify the opinions of this last author by examining his book of geography, where Nice is placed immediately after Rome, and before Tarracina, Naples, etc., but we may fairly conjecture that in making this statement he has taken Nice and Cimiez as practically one town, as they are to-day.

"Nicæa, Nicea, Nica, Græcis dicitur *νίκη* Ptolemæo, Straboni, Plineo, Catoni, Sempronio, Pomponio Melæ, necnon Livii Stephanique breviatoribus." Cluverius remarks, "Nomen haud dubie sortita est Nicæa a re eventu, id est a vincendo, scilicet cum Massilienses, devictis ejectisque Liguribus ea littora obtinuissent." Other authors also confirm the preceding quotations, and this explanation seems the most

appropriate and correct, as the name was bestowed in evident allusion to the triumph of the Greeks over the barbarians.

The chief local historians admit this theory, but do not agree exactly as to dates. Gioffredo states that Nice was built three hundred and twenty years before Christ, and two hundred and sixty years after the foundation of Marseilles, or at least—as he says—after the restoration of that city. Durante says that the Asiatic Phocæans built Marseilles six hundred years before the Christian Era, but, according to most chronologists, the date of this event is supposed to have been five hundred and thirty-nine B.C. Here, then, would be an error of sixty-one years in Durante's statement, and of forty-one years in Gioffredo's, but these writers are neither of them famous for accuracy.

However that be, it is on record that, at the beginning of the first Punic War, Nice, which was a colony of Marseilles, repelled the attacks of the Carthaginians, and it was thanks to the devotion of the inhabitants of Nice that Marseilles was enabled to make an advantageous alliance with Rome, which Power, having expelled the Carthaginians from Sicily, became the undisputed mistress of the Mediterranean.

The first centuries of the history of Nice are

wrapped in obscurity, beyond the fact first recorded, but it is known that the town followed the fortunes of the Mother City, and that when this part of Gaul fell under the sway of the Romans, Nice, as well as Marseilles, was permitted to govern itself by its own laws, and to preserve the privilege of electing its own magistrates.

The legend of the primal cause which led to its first settlement has been picturesquely related by Miss Dempster, in her valuable book on the Maritime Alps. Nann, the King of the Segobriges, held high festival, and all his chieftains were gathered round the board. The occasion was an auspicious one, for the banquet was held in honour of the betrothal of the fair Glyptis, the King's only daughter. The warriors filled their bowls, and pledged the maiden who entered the hall white-robed, with hair falling to her knees. The King would not coerce his daughter, and promised that she should wed him to whom she gave the cup of wine now brimming in her hands. Around her were all her father's trusted friends, each man of whom, as he praised her loveliness, hoping that the choice might fall on him. But the victory is not always to the strong; Glyptis had known these rude soldiers, with their thick beards and gruff voices, and

drinking exploits, since her childhood. As her eye wandered over the hall, it fell upon a strange face far down at the other end near the door. That must be the Phocæan youth of whom King Nann had spoken, and whom he had bidden to his board so that young Portis, when he returned to the Greek Isles, might tell his comrades how men feasted in the halls of a king, all of whose warriors were valiant, and whose only daughter was beautiful. Glyptis gazed at him, and hesitated; she knew that he came from the lands of the sunshine, that his speech was softer than that of the nobles round her, and that he himself looked like, in beauty, one of the gods whom his people worshipped. The Princess hesitated but a moment, then, gliding through the rows of disappointed Gauls, she placed the troth-cup in the willing hands of the astonished Portis. The marriage was celebrated forthwith, and proved a very happy one. Portis and Glyptis (or Eumenus and Gyptis, as some call them) founded in the dominion of Marseilles a city of which Chateaubriand could say that she was Athens' youngest rival. Nice and Antibes were the children of this parent colony, but were naturally less well fitted to resist the fierce native tribes which harassed them almost unceasingly. It was the Greeks of Antibes who

first summoned the Roman Legions to their assistance in 237 B.C., and the district was so obviously tempting to the Romans that this first expedition was followed by others, and the Latin element thus introduced into the Maritime Alps soon took root, and after no long period became the dominant one.

But, for a time, the two civilizations flourished side by side. When the bold descendants of Portis and Glyptis had definitely conquered and dispossessed the uncouth Ligurian shepherds, who were the first masters of the land, they drove these hairy mountaineers to the recesses of the deep gorges, of the mysterious caves, and of the sombre forests still soaked with the blood of the victims offered by the Druids to appease the terrible god Teutates. The genius of the Greek colonists, however, did not stop at the cultivation of the soil, and the planting of vineyards and fig trees. Remembering that they were exiles from the country which was the cradle of science and the arts, they tried to create a new Greece in Provence. So, at the mouth of the Paillon (Paulon in Greek) they built their city. The Celtic hovels were swept away to make sites for temples with majestic Corinthian façades, houses adorned with statuary recalling those of Athens sprang up hard by,

and strong fortifications surrounded them against the attacks of the barbarians.

The Præfects of Cimiez watched the rise of the Greek city with friendly feelings, and the alliance between Marseilles and Rome bore its fruit here in offensive and defensive operations. This lasted till the day when the Mediterranean coast was declared a Roman province, which occurred in the reign of Augustus. Cimiez, the more populous and flourishing town, was made the capital of the Maritime Alps, and Nice became its port, just as the Piræus was that of Athens, and Ostia that of Rome. From that day the importance of the city on the hill increased in proportion as that of the town on the sea-shore diminished. A great blow to Nice was the removal to Fréjus of the arsenal, by the Emperor Augustus, a step which took away much of its importance from the town, and was, naturally, the means of decreasing its population. But that it was still a considerable place is evidenced by an inscription which has been found at the Château, bearing no date, but which is evidently posterior to the reign of Augustus. Gioffredo mentions this in his "Nicæa Civitas" (1638). The stone was dedicated by his friends to Caius Memmius Macrinus, who held, among other offices, those of *Episcopos* and *Agonotheta*, that is to

say, chief of the police and steward of the public games of the people of Nice, a proof that the town was still of sufficient importance to have its public fêtes. But, to all intents and purposes, the brief splendour which marked the Greek city of Nice was at an end, and the interest of the story shifts to the capital on the hill which, for nearly four centuries, was the favourite dwelling-place of those Roman patricians whose sole aim in life was to enjoy it, and who laid the wealth of the whole then known world under contribution to minister to their pleasures.

CHAPTER II

The Roman dominion—The visits of the Empress Poppæa and of the Empress Julia Cornelia Salonina—The introduction of Christianity—The martyrdom of Saint Pons—A legend of the amphitheatre of Cimiez—The contest between the Emperors Vitellius and Otho—The Emperor Pertinax—The development of the province—The dancing boy of Antibes.

CIMIEZ is one of those sites which seem to have been inhabited since the earliest times, and though history has not been diffuse in the knowledge which it has transmitted to the present generation, yet legend and tradition supply its earlier story. By some its origin is attributed to Ligurus, son of Phaeton, who went to Greece from Egypt, and finally came to this coast, where he is said to have founded the city of Cimiez. Whatever be the truth of this suggestion, it is evident that the Roman town took the place of an older one, proof of which is shown by the Cyclopean walls, parts of which are still extant, close to the plateau on the east side of the Roman ruins. Other authors would assign to it a Trojan origin. Gioffredo, in his "Storia delle Alpi Marittime" (1839), says, "Crediderim nomen Cemenelion fuisse ejus urbis

conditoribus; Cemenilion id est inter Montes Cemenos Ilion" ("In my opinion, the name bestowed on that city by its founders is derived from Cemen-ilion, Ilion among the Cemenean Mountains"). He bases his belief on the fact that at different times a great quantity of vases, statues, bas-reliefs, medals, and bronze coins have been found here, on many of which are to be seen the Genius of Troy, the figure of Æneas carrying his father Anchises on his back, and holding the Palladium in his right hand, while he leads his son Iulus with his left, with the inscription ΙΛΙΩΝ (Ilion) underneath. The ancient name of the city is spelt in many ways; it is usually written Cemenelum, which is the denomination used indifferently with Cemelum by Antoninus. Ptolemy calls it Cemeneleon; Pliny alters the penultimate syllable and writes it Cemenelio; Cluverius sometimes names it Cemelio, and sometimes Gemelio. Ptolemy and Pliny both speak of it as the chief town of the Vediantii, though this does not prove that the people of this tribe were the original founders of the city, for the Vediantii came from Greece, like the Phocæans, and obtained a concession of that part of the Cemenean Mountains (in the Maritime Alps), which stretched from Monaco to the Var. The mild temperature, the fertility

of the soil, and the proximity of the sea, all materially assisted them, both in increase of population and in the development of the industrial resources of the country.

History proper commences with the erection of the Maritime Alps into a Roman province, by Augustus, who included therein all the tribes between Genoa and Embrun, fixing the capital at Cimiez. To attach the population, which was known to be of a restless and unsettled character, more firmly to the Roman Empire, it was prudently resolved to accord the *jus latium* to the inhabitants of the new province. From this moment the old capital of the Vediantii increased both in prosperity and in population; and its extent, as well as the new and splendid edifices which were erected, placed it among the most important of the cities of Gaul. Under the governorship of a Roman Præfect, with a permanent legion to guard its walls, by the advantages of its position and its climate, it speedily gained a great reputation for salubrity, and consequently attracted a crowd of patrician families, who came to settle there; or, at all events, who regularly travelled thither to escape the rigours of a winter in Rome.

The Government was on the strict lines of Roman precedent; at its head was a Præfect—

belonging to the Equestrian Order—who was responsible for the administration of justice; Quæstors, who collected the taxes; a Pontifex Maximus to look after religious affairs; and all the usual subordinate officials of a Roman administration. There were three classes of citizens, the Senators, and the members of the Equestrian and Plebeian Orders; while a strong garrison was kept up for the defence of the province. In the time of Nero the Twenty-second Legion, which was stationed here under the command of Claudius Paternus, bore the proud title of *Pia et Fidelis* (Leal and Faithful). When the position of the Cemenelum of this period is considered, it must be remembered that it formed one of the chain of Roman cities along the Via Aurelia—or, as it was called in earlier days at this part of the coast, the Via Julia Augusta. This road was carried by Augustus from Vada Sabato (Vado) through Turbia (La Turbie) to the Var, in 12 B.C., and was, of course, a continuation of the Via Aurelia, which afterwards imposed its name on the whole length of the highway, from Rome to Arelate (Arles).

The scanty remains of the public edifices of Cemenelum which are still in existence bear eloquent evidence to the grandeur which the city must ultimately have attained. The scarred

walls of the amphitheatre — more of which have been negligently suffered to disappear and crumble into dust during recent years, than probably in several preceding centuries—prove by their dimensions that an audience of at least four thousand people could be seated therein, which, according to the calculations usually adopted, would show the population of the city to have been twenty thousand—no mean number in that age. Some authors have doubted these figures, but apparently without much justification when the actual measurements of the amphitheatre are considered, approximately two hundred and ten feet in length, and a hundred and sixty-five feet in breadth from the outside walls. From the method of building employed, it would appear to date from the end of the third century. Although the level of the interior has naturally been considerably raised in the course of centuries, yet it is tolerably certain that the original depth from the arena to the podium was not more than eight feet—a foot deeper than at present; this is practically proved by the fact that the remains of an aqueduct exist, the arch of which is nearly level with the soil. From this it may be deduced that the amphitheatre was not, primarily, built for games in which wild beasts were introduced—although we have later

II. RUINS OF THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE AT CIMIEZ

instances where this was so—as in that case the depth was always nearly double—but was intended to serve for gladiatorial shows, dancing, and gymnastics. Up to the end of the nineteenth century, the holes wherein had been inserted the sockets for the poles supporting the *velarium* were still to be seen on the higher part of the ruins, but they are no longer in existence. The baths, as in all Roman cities, were of great importance, and it is within comparatively recent years that their remains have been allowed to disappear. It is related that early in the nineteenth century a large basin of white marble, surrounded with the remnants of a covered colonnade, still existed. The valuable marbles were removed, and the remainder naturally fell into ruin. In the late 'eighties the clearly defined remnants of the hypocaust were to be seen near this spot, and a pavement composed of alternate squares of green and white marble—each some six inches in diameter—of which no trace is now to be discovered. Adjoining the site of the baths is the building—still used as a peasant's cottage, as it has been for generations—known as the Temple of Apollo. Some writers have pretended that this was merely a large hall for the recreation of the bathers, or perhaps a dressing-room divided

into small cubicles ; but there is strong evidence for believing it to have been really the Temple of the Sun-god. Durante, in his " Histoire de Nice," refers to it as such, and quotes from the martyrology of Saint Pons that the Præfect Marcus Claudius, from his seat in the amphitheatre, vainly exhorted this Saint to go and sacrifice to the god here, " Ecce proxime venerabilis Apollinis templum accede et sacrifica " (" Lo, hard by is the sanctuary of the god Apollo, go thither and offer sacrifice to him "). The edifice in question was known to the ancients as the Basilica, and Sulzer and other travellers after him believed they recognized some traces of the sacred portico, where the high priest delivered the oracles of the god. Statues and other fragments—all of which go to prove the cult of this divinity—were discovered here in early times. What remains to-day, encumbered by the peasant's lodging before referred to, is an apse facing to the south, and a carved cornice in the interior. There is no sign of any entrance to the north, as would be expected, and access to the temple was probably obtained on the west side, where a fine arch remains; there are also traces of lateral staircases. Arches, too, are to be seen on the eastern side, which may have supported a crypt. The whole building is

composed of square, rough stones, some six inches on either face; and these are interrupted every six feet with a layer of thin Roman bricks, three deep.

The Temple of Diana rose but a few yards away, on the site of the present Monastery Church. When the foundations of this sanctuary were being dug, in 1450, the workmen brought to light many tombs, marble coffins, funeral urns filled with ashes, silver and bronze lamps, and a number of medals, coins, and other curious antiquities, most of them bearing inscriptions which prove the existence of the temple of the goddess on this spot. Many other objects were found at later periods—notably in the seventeenth century; and in 1628 the Consuls of Nice offered a great number of these antiquities to the Duke of Savoy (Charles Emmanuel the Great)—who enriched the Museum of Turin with them—and to Honoré Grimaldi, Prince of Monaco, who had already a fine collection in the galleries of his palace. The modern Cimiez has been built chiefly outside the walls of the ancient city, and but few finds are now to be recorded. Sufficient, however, remains to prove—in conjunction with the mention of the town by contemporary writers—that Cemenelum was a rich, populous, and prosperous city, frequented by

many Roman patricians, and the capital of a flourishing province. But the details of its life are practically entirely lacking; and its ultimate destruction was so complete that for many centuries no hamlet ever called to mind its former greatness.

It is not difficult, however, to form a picture of the sort of city that Cemenelum must have been in the heyday of its splendour and prosperity. The villas of the rich patricians had probably overflowed the circle of Cyclopean walls which defended the town, and spread down the pleasant vine and olive-clad slopes, almost to the gates of Nice, clustered round its rocky citadel. Within the town the amphitheatre, with the two temples of which we know, and possibly others beside, the baths, the three colleges mentioned by ancient writers, and the imposing house of the Governor, on the plateau, sweeping the whole wide range of view to the far Esterel Mountains in the west, with the houses of Nice clustered near the edge of those blue waters now known as the Bay of Angels, which stretch away to the distant battlements of Antipolis (Antibes), "the city opposite to Nice." It must have been a town of gardens and pleasant places, for Nature is bountiful on this favoured soil, and the forests which spread out towards the

mountains behind must have afforded considerable sport to those who cared for the pleasures of the chase; for it is known that wild boar, wolves, and other fierce beasts were plentiful in that district.

Such, then, was the town, one of those luxurious provincial capitals which the Romans multiplied as the Empire waxed, and which flourished almost everywhere, until the sudden end. Distinguished visitors were not lacking, for it is recorded by Tacitus that the Empress Poppæa, the wife of Nero, made a triumphant entry into Cemenelum after her first childbirth. Two centuries later, some time between A.D. 260 and A.D. 268, the Empress Julia Cornelia Salonina, wife of the Emperor Gallienus, spent the winter here, as an inscription recovered from the ruins of the baths shows. The sojourn of this Empress was marked by several incidents, one at least of which is worth rescuing from oblivion. The towns of Cemenelum and Nicæa were great rivals at this epoch, never forgetting their different origins. So it happened that during the Empress's stay important games were arranged to be held in the amphitheatre, in the presence of the Augusta, at which two champions were to defend the renown of their respective cities. The Greek *retiarius* Pteros was to

fight to the death the champion of Cemenelum, who was called Lantulus. The combat was a superb one, and for an hour the heroes struggled as victory seemed to lean now to one side and now to the other; then, at length, as the net was thrown, Lantulus escaped by swiftly leaping aside, and stood facing his adversary, his short sword raised against the trident, almost breast to breast. The Empress, thrilled with the valour of the champions, rose in her seat, and ordered them to stay their hands. Frantic applause broke out from the crowded amphitheatre, and the Præfect, Aurelius Januarius, seizing an olive branch from the hands of a priestess, leapt into the arena and interposed it between the combatants, who removed their helmets and gave each other the kiss of peace. At this happy moment a shriek rang through the air, for the Empress recognized in the so-called Lantulus her son Valerianus, the heir to the Imperial Crown. He had been standing beside her earlier in the day, at the commencement of the games, and she had not noticed his absence. The mother blamed the temerity of the son, but the Sovereign forgave the rash act which was intended to uphold the honour of the Latin race against the Greek champion.

But the residence of the Empress Julia

Cornelia Salonina was marked in a more important manner, for during her stay at Cimiez she stopped the bloodthirsty persecutions of the Præfect Marcus Claudius against the Christians.

The exact date of the introduction of Christianity into these parts is unknown, but it was undoubtedly at a very early period. Nash records a curious old legend telling how, in the year A.D. 62, the Jews of Palestine, enraged at the progress of the new religion, and attributing a great part of its success to some of the favoured friends of Jesus, determined to get rid of them altogether. Seizing, therefore, Mary Magdalene, Salome, Lazarus, Joseph of Arimathea, and others, they thrust them into a barque without sail or rudder, and let them drift on the Mediterranean. The vessel, however, was under Divine protection; impelled by an unseen hand, it glided over the waters, and at length landed its freight in safety on the shores of the Riviera. Here the voyagers separated, Lazarus to evangelize Marseilles, and Mary Magdalene to make known the Gospel at Nice. The valley through which the Magnan flows still bears her name, and the little church there is called, to this day, the church of the Magdalen. The number of Christians steadily increased here, but it is not to be supposed that their lot was different

from that of their co-religionists elsewhere. In the time of Claudius it is recorded by Paulus Britius that Saint Barnabas successfully preached the Gospel in Nice and made many converts. The Genoese (according to Fitzpatrick), who were independent of the Imperial authority, say that Christianity was introduced into their city between the years A.D. 46 and A.D. 53, and that they gave shelter to many of the early Christians flying from persecution. The people of Genoa were converts of the Saints Nazarius and Celsus; the former came from some part of Africa and baptized Celsus, the son of a noble lady of Cimiez. They afterwards went to Genoa, and subsequently suffered martyrdom, some say in Rome, others at Milan, during the persecutions of Nero. From their first conversion in the reign of Constantine, the Christians of Nice continued to suffer from pagan fanaticism, particularly under Diocletian, and many were martyred; but the progress of Christianity was not hindered. Saint Dalmatius conveyed the good tidings of a Redeemer to the inhabitants of the mountains; Saint Bassus, his disciple, became the first Bishop of Nice, and gloriously expired in torments inflicted on him by Perennius, the Roman Præfect at Cimiez, in the year A.D. 253. Saint Pontius, a patrician who fled

from Rome to escape the fury of the Emperor Decius, succeeded Saint Bassus both as an Apostle and a martyr.

Many are the stories related as to the martyrdom of Saint Pons, as he is generally called. It has already been recorded how the Saint refused to sacrifice to Apollo, when ordered to do so by the Præfect, Marcus Claudius, who had succeeded Perennius, the executioner of Saint Bassus. Sentence of death was therefore passed upon him, which was confirmed by the Emperor Valerianus, for a Senator could not be put to death without the Imperial warrant. It is related of Saint Pons that he was the son of a Roman named Marcus, and of Julia, his wife. During twenty-two years of marriage no child was born to them, and the gods turned a deaf ear to their prayer that they might be blessed with offspring. At last they prayed to the Unknown God, and Julia conceived. Some months afterwards, when she entered the Temple of Jupiter, the high priest drove her out, crying, "The child which this woman bears in her womb shall overthrow this mighty temple." The boy was born, and in due time became a Præfect and a Roman Senator; upon his conversion to Christianity the prophecy was fulfilled, for the temple was turned into a church, and so

remained for seven years, until the persecution of Valerianus and Gallienus broke out. On May 11th, A.D. 261, the Saint, being condemned to death, was again brought into the amphitheatre, but the two bears who were intended to devour him knelt at his feet and refused to harm him. Torture was tried in vain, for the instruments of torment became blunt; they endeavoured to burn him, but the flames did him no hurt; so he was hurried down the hill to an eminence overlooking the bank of the Paillon, and here they cut off his head. But even then further miracles took place, for, like the legend of the martyrdom of Saint Paul the Apostle in the Campagna at Rome, it is related that the head of the martyr made three bounds and rolled into the river, while a spring immediately burst out at each of the three places where it had come into contact with the soil. The local legend goes on to say that the head of the Saint floated between two lighted torches on the waters of the Paillon down to the sea. It was picked up by some fisherfolk near the Islands of Hyères, and they bore it to the church of Saint Victor, at Marseilles, where we are also told that the body of Saint Pons was transported in the night which followed his execution, borne thither by two angels.

It was in consequence of the martyrdom of the Saint that the Empress Julia Cornelia Salonina prevailed upon the Emperor Gallienus to stop the persecution of the Christians, and she procured the dismissal of the Præfect, Marcus Claudius, who had instigated it, and the appointment of Aurelius Januarius in his stead. In gratitude for her goodness, the inhabitants of the town set up an inscription on the principal gate of the city, which is still extant.[1]

We hear no more of this noble lady, except that she drank the waters of Roquebillière—a little country place not far distant, which was then much frequented for this purpose, and which still exhibits some remains of Roman constructions—for her health, and was much benefited thereby.

One more story of the old Cemenelum of this period must be repeated, for it is a legend as curious as any which is found on this countryside. During the persecutions of the Christians about this epoch, Tatia, a young convert,

[1] It runs as follows :—

Corneliæ Saloninæ
Sanctissim Avg.
Conivg. Gallieni
Ivnioris Avg. N. ordo.
Cemenel. Cvrant.
Avrelio. Janvario.
V. E.

refused to burn incense on the altar of Jupiter. She was haled into the amphitheatre, but as the panthers were being loosed on her, she recanted, and offered incense to the god; a fortnight afterwards she died from shame and remorse. A thousand years later the painter Randazzo (who was a pupil of Raphael) was caught in a storm one night, and took refuge in the ruins of the amphitheatre, which were, at that time, very considerable. To him appeared the wraith of Tatia, who conducted him to a room richly decorated with mosaics, and lighted by Etruscan lamps. Here they feasted, served by kneeling Ethiopian slaves. After supper she carried her ghostly complaisance so far as to be anxious to repeat before his eyes the scene of a thousand years before; and, taking the painter by the hand, she drew him into the arena, which gradually filled with patricians and warriors, while wide-jawed lions growled, and fantastic lights appeared. As the wild beasts rushed on their prey, Randazzo made the sign of the Cross, and found himself standing alone in the deserted amphitheatre, in the pitchy darkness of night, with no sign of Tatia, or any of the phantom crowd which had surrounded him a moment previously.

In regard to the immediate neighbourhood

of Cimiez and Nice there is but little to record under any of the Cæsars. The twin towns must have been neutral, and spectators only of the contests between the troops of Otho and Vitellius, and afterwards between the armies of the latter and those of Vespasian, for it would have been folly to intervene, although the hostile factions were sometimes fighting almost within sight of their walls. Beyond the main results of these operations little is known. The armies of Vitellius and Otho met in battle at La Brague, but the victory was to neither of them, for both were so exhausted after the combat that Vitellius withdrew his troops to Antibes, while Otho retreated as far as Albenga. Thus, on this occasion, the succession to the throne of Nero remained still undecided. There is a village in the interior of the country, some ten or twelve miles from Ventimiglia, called Breglio (prælium—a battle), which is supposed to have been the place where the partisans of Otho tried to get into the mountains, but no credit is given by serious writers to this tradition, though it may have been here that Marcus was defeated. The memory of such events is extraordinarily preserved at times, long after the real facts have been obscured, and this is especially so in this case, for the field where the action was

fought is still called "La Piazza Rossa" (the red place), and a plain above it where the war-cry of the assailants was heard is known as "Cribella."

One figure stands out somewhat prominently at this epoch as a native of the county of Nice, that of the Emperor Pertinax, who was born somewhere between Nice and Monaco. But it is not only as a native of the place that he has powerful claims to distinction, but also on account of the excellence of his life in a corrupt age, when the Roman name was becoming smirched with hideous vices, and her citizens were drunk with the blood and gold of so many other nations. Fitzpatrick tells us that Pertinax was the son of a slave, or freedman, who earned his livelihood by making charcoal. The future Emperor was called Helvius, and he gained his surname of Pertinax from his obstinacy in refusing to follow his father's trade. Though Pertinax was born in so humble a sphere of life, he overcame his early lack of instruction and educated himself, acquiring so good a knowledge of Greek and Latin that he ventured to teach those tongues not only in Etruria, but even in Rome. He did not, however, make a success of this profession, and soon left it to enter the Army. He was not long in attaining to the

rank of Centurion, and was afterwards Præfect of a Cohort which served in Syria and Britain, when he defeated the Caledonians. The Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, raised him to the Senate, gave him the command of the First Legion, and sent him to the Tyrol to conduct a campaign against the people of Rhætia, whom he subdued. He also held the government of Mœsia (modern Servia), and after serving as Consul, was appointed Governor of Rome by the Emperor Commodus.

When, shortly afterwards, the Roman Empire was freed from this tyrant the people unanimously acclaimed Pertinax as his successor. The charcoal-burner's son accepted the throne with reluctance, but having done so, he fully justified the choice which had been made by the modesty, prudence, justice, and humanity which he displayed during his brief reign of eighty-seven days, at the end of which time he was murdered by the Prætorian Guards, who mutinied in consequence of reforms which it was intended to introduce into their discipline. The character of Pertinax was an unusual one for the times in which he lived; he refused to confirm the titles usually conferred on the wives and sons of Cæsars, and objected to having his own name inscribed on public places, which, he said,

belonged not to the Emperor, but to the public. He sold all the dresses, horses, arms, slaves, and other instruments of pleasure and luxury which had belonged to Commodus, as well as his silver statues, and by this means raised so large a sum for the service of the State as to enable him to abolish the taxes on rivers, ports, and roads, which had been imposed in the previous reign. He recalled those who had been sent into exile, and restored to their former dignities all of the victims of Commodus who survived. He pardoned the Consul Falco, who conspired against him; and in the end died as nobly as he had lived, for—contrary to the advice of his friends—he refused to conceal himself from the three hundred revolted Prætorians who had surrounded his palace, and appeared boldly before them, asking whether they, who were sworn to defend their Emperor, were come to shed his blood. His intrepidity so affected some of the mutineers that they began to withdraw, when one of the bolder and more seditious among them hurled a javelin at the Emperor, exclaiming, "The soldiers send you this!" The crime was immediately consummated, for the others joined in its perpetration, and Pertinax—covering his head with his mantle—fell, invoking the vengeance of the gods on his murderers.

But to return to the story of Cimiez and its sister towns; the life of pleasure and luxury went on as the years glided into centuries, and the Roman power spread over and civilized every part of the country, leaving memorials of its greatness on all sides, many of which are extant to this day; these will be dealt with later, under the headings of their respective localities. Still, to show how widespread was the development of the country-side, it may be mentioned that inscriptions have been found as far afield as Châteauneuf, which prove it to have been an important military station, and remnants which disclose the existence of a temple of Juno at Bendejun. Most of these inscriptions are but the dry records of historical facts, but here and there one comes across some little touch in their stiff Latinity which seems to make the stones cry out, and to annihilate the centuries by the flash of human interest which suddenly appears.

Such a one is that pathetic epitaph of a bygone world which commemorates a Roman lad of Antipolis, which is to be seen on the outer wall of the Hôtel de Ville, at Antibes, to-day. Here it is: "D(ivis) M(anibus) pueri Septemrionis anno æ(tatis) XII qui Antipoli in theatro biduo saltavit et placuit" ("To the manes of the

boy Septemrio, aged twelve years, who danced and pleased for the space of two days in the Theatre of Antibes"). Many writers have noticed this funeral stone; one of the best known of the modern school of French authors has even written a story round it, a story spoilt entirely by the unwarrantable change of sex. The whole interest of speculation would disappear were the stone but the record of a dancing girl; it is the almost unique fact of a memorial of this sort having been erected to a boy which invests it with so much curious wonder.

Arazi thus describes the charming ornamentation of this tablet, on which two stems of ivy and three cypresses surmount the inscription: "The feathers show the agility of the boy Septemrio, the urn which receives the ashes of the young and old, the two roses which spring from it—one in bud, the other full-blown—signify the frailty of life in youth and age, and its connection with the time and act of the boy; while the leaning position of the two roses shows that the lad died in the flower of his age. The other pair of roses—set one on either side—is in accordance with the ancient custom of adorning with flowers the tombs of those who left behind them the sweet perfume of some praiseworthy deed."

Who was Septemrio, and what caused his death? The answer we shall never know; yet in fancy we can see again the theatre of Antipolis risen from its scattered dust, the steep tiers of seats—thronged with an enthusiastic crowd of applauding citizens—stretching up to the blue sky, only visible a little space under the sides of the vast purple and gold-spangled *Velarium*. "For two days Septemrio danced and pleased." That is all we know; the manner of his passing is hidden from us, and the reasons which caused so brave a monument to be set up above his ashes have vanished as completely as that dust itself. But the little touch of Nature remains, and we realize that men loved, and lost, and mourned in the days of old Rome as deeply as they do now the world has grown greyer. Sleep in peace, Septemrio, for it is thy reward!

On how many of our tombstones could the record end with "et placuit"?

CHAPTER III

The coming of the Lombards—The sack of Cimiez and the destruction of Nice—The legend of Saint Hospice—The passing of the Franks—The plague—The Saracen incursions—Gradual evolution of the County of Provence—The Saracens' power broken—Religious fervour of the times—The ejectment of the Knights Templar by Charles of Anjou—Guelphs and Ghibellines—The tale of Queen Joanna—First appearance of the House of Savoy—The county raised to a dukedom—Amadeus VIII elected Pope as Felix V.

THE Western Empire received its final blow in the deposition of Romulus Augustulus in A.D. 476, and the Roman sway was at an end. A kingdom of Italy was formed under Odoacer as its Sovereign, and a treaty made between this monarch and Euric, King of the Visigoths, fixed the River Var as the boundary between the countries of Gaul and Italy. But when a great Empire is dissolved, the evolution of new nationalities and the construction of fresh states is naturally a slow process, for time is required for the scattered elements once more to cohere and consolidate. So, though Nice and Cimiez were geographically included in the kingdom of Italy, they were actually politically unattached for long years. At the end of the fifth century, however, Gondebaud

invaded the land at the head of his fierce Burgundians, and Nice was sacked and reduced to a condition of the greatest misery. Not long afterwards Theodoric, leading an army of eighty thousand Visigoths, again brought desolation into the country, flooding the basin of the Var with his hosts, while driving before him the forces of Clovis, King of the Franks. During these invasions Cimiez seems to have escaped, but the day of its fall was drawing nigh. Saint Hospitius (or Hospice, as he is generally called), a pious anchorite who dwelt in an old tower at the end of the promontory which now bears his name, foretold the event some years previously. " Venient in Galliam Longobardi, et vastabunt civitates septem " (The Lombards shall invade Gaul and totally wipe out seven cities "). Bouche, in his " Chorographie de Provence " (1664), makes Saint Hospice add, " pour la punition des grands pechez qui regnoient en Gaule principalement en Provence " (" . . . eo quod increuerit malita Gallorum in conspectu Domini ").

The events which led up to this invasion and their sequel are well summarized by Durante in his " Histoire de Nice." He explains that on the death of Alboin in A.D. 574, the principal chiefs of the Lombards divided his kingdom

among themselves; they formed a confederation which lasted ten years, and during the whole of this period Italy—governed by ten dukes—lay helplessly bound in the chains of an iron despotism. At the expiration of this period, that is to say in A.D. 584, Amond, Zaban, and another Alboin formed a project to go and punish the Franks and Burgundians for the ravages which they had unceasingly committed during the troublous times of the confederation. Amond crossed the Alps by way of Embrun; Zaban followed the road by Digne, and Alboin advanced to the banks of the Var along the coast of Liguria. Their undisciplined hordes spread over the country-side breathing destruction and vengeance. Wherever they went they left a name of terror behind them, for they were wantonly cruel. It is reported of them that, coming into the country while the corn was yet unripe, they cut it down for fodder for their horses; and they not only pillaged, but massacred and outraged the inhabitants without regard either to age or sex. The resistance which they experienced only added to their fury, and in a very short space they had overrun the whole country. The cities of Nice and Cimiez alone remained standing, but their fate was not long in overtaking them. When the barbarians at length

approached Cimiez, its inhabitants, trusting too implicitly in the lofty walls which had up to that time preserved their independence, resolved to defend the town, and obstinately disdained the threats of Duke Alboin, who, irritated by an obstacle which was hindering his advance into Gaul, swore to leave no stone upon another in the offending city.

The siege was long and deadly, but at length the Lombards forced an entry over the ramparts of Cimiez, and, like tigers excited by the lust of blood, they spread themselves through the town, fire and sword in hand, massacring pitilessly every living soul, man, woman, and child, who came in the way of their fury. When the effusion of blood was stayed from sheer weariness, the soldiery, in their greed for loot, swept through the private houses, temples, and public buildings, and crowned their ghastly vengeance by setting fire to the four quarters of the city. In the middle of the nineteenth century some cellars were discovered full of wheat blackened by time and fire, which are believed to have dated from this epoch. So fell the capital of the Maritime Alps, celebrated for its power, its noble memories, and its venerable antiquity, experiencing, as Paul the Deacon remarks in his "Historia Langobardorum," the fate of Troy, from which

it may have originally sprung. All the remains found attest the completeness of the destruction of the city by fire; everything must have been utterly wiped out, except the debris of those massive edifices which still remain, and which were so strongly built as to withstand even the ravages of the flames.

It was now the turn of Nice, on the sea-shore, and the invaders were in no mood to extend mercy to it. The catastrophe of Cimiez had served as a lesson to the inhabitants of that place, and they endeavoured to conjure the storm by making prompt submission. But the haughty Lombard chief, influenced by the conquest of the old Roman city on the hill, as soon as he was master of the town, delivered it in like fashion to the flames. Ardisson, in his MS. "Delle cose di Nizza," vouches for this, and it is also referred to by Jean Baptiste du Guesnay, in his "Histoire de Marseille": "Sed paulo-post, Alboinus Langobardorum Dux cum magno exercitu ex Liguria venit, armis et igne fere omnes urbes Galliæ Narbonensis destructas miserabiliter oppressit, Cemenelum, Niciam, Antipolim," etc. ("But not long afterwards, Alboin, Duke of the Lombards, came with a great army out of Liguria, and destroyed and wrought great havoc on nearly all the cities of Gallia Narbonensis—

Cimiez, Nice, Antibes, etc., with both fire and sword"). Saint Hospice, who had predicted these events, speaks in these terms of the depredations of the soldiers of Alboin. "Cuncta deripiunt, vastant, incendiunt, demoliuntur quæ obviam inveniunt" ("Everything which they come across do they cast down, lay waste, burn, and utterly destroy"). Legend relates that the Saint was horribly tortured by this godless soldiery, and would have been beheaded, but the arm of the barbarian who had raised his sword for that purpose was suddenly stiffened, and he was unable to lower it; it had become, in the words of the old chronicler, "heavier than brass and colder than marble." So the long Roman civilization disappeared from the Riviera, and the clock was set back by several centuries. The few inhabitants of Cimiez who had escaped the barbarous slaughter of the Lombards betook themselves to Nice, and with the pitiful remnant left in that town, endeavoured to restore and fortify it as best they could. But Cimiez was never restored, and disappears completely from the page of history. How utterly all memory of the past had been wiped out was evidenced by the name, still remembered late in the nineteenth century, by which the peasants of the locality knew the amphitheatre—*Tina di fada*, the Fairies' Cup!

But the troubles of Nice were not yet over. Some ten years after the fatal invasion of the Lombards the town became subject to the Franks, who easily captured it before crossing the Var in order to make war on the Lombards. The presence of these new enemies brought fresh calamities on Nice, which did not cease until a treaty—purchased with a heavy sum—delivered Italy from their presence. Nice, however, was retained by Childebert, King of Austrasia, and was formally ceded to his successor Clotaire II, in A.D. 614. To the horrors of war were sometimes added those of other descriptions. It is recorded that there was a terrible visitation of plague in A.D. 589, and in A.D. 618 the town suffered from the combined scourges of plague, famine, inundations, and earthquake. This latter was felt all along the sea-coast, from the Pyrenees to the southern extremity of Italy; the country round Nice suffered considerably, and the valleys of Roquebillière and Lantosque were metamorphosed. Leprosy also appeared at this time, introduced from Asia, and a large hospital for the reception of persons afflicted with this disease was founded in Nice by a monk named Gaton, sent by the Irish Saint Columba, to succour the sick and give them the consolations of religion.

The history of the city is henceforth a moving

one, for in succeeding centuries it passed through every variety of good and bad fortune. Harassed for close on three hundred years by the Saracens established at Saint Hospice, worried later by the Genoese, mixed up in the interminable quarrels of the Counts of Provence (for Charlemagne had created the county in the eighth century), the Dukes of Anjou, the Princes of the House of Savoy, and the opposing interests of the Emperor Charles V and Francis I of France, it was a battle-ground almost without cessation. Besieged again and again, it suffered frequently from plague and famine, always on the defensive, till the day when Berwick's guns blew the citadel into the air, and terminated the value of the town as a stronghold of war, which it had possessed for over sixteen centuries. But these developments will be shown later.

It was towards the end of the tenth century that the presence of the Saracens in the vicinity became intolerable, and William I, Count of Provence, determined to break their power. After a hard struggle he accomplished his aim, and destroyed all their fortified positions, but he thought it politic to temper victory with clemency, so instead of putting his adversaries to the sword, he distributed them as slaves in various localities, where they have left an

impress of their language in many strange words of Arabic origin, which crop up frequently in the *patois* still in use. Gibelin de Grimaldi employed many of the Saracen prisoners in public works, notably in repairing the fortification of Nice, and until late years a quarter of the town used to be known as "lou cantou dai Sarrains," from the fact of their residence in it.

Another calamity said to have been brought on the town by these pirates was the prevalence of the plague, which in the beginning of the eleventh century afflicted Nice. Perhaps it was this circumstance which gave rise to the singular truce called "La Trève Sainte," agreed on between the military chiefs, according to which it was settled that no acts of hostility should be committed from Wednesday evening to the following Monday in every week. It was at this period that Count William destroyed the thick woods on Cap Ferrat, after his defeat of the Saracens, so that they should at no future period afford shelter to his enemies.

The times now brought about an extraordinary display of religious feeling, Fitzpatrick tells us, which arose from the general belief that the end of the world was approaching. Indeed, through fear of this catastrophe vast numbers of persons abandoned all mundane affairs, and occupied them-

selves entirely with the welfare of their souls. Immense donations were made to monasteries and other religious establishments; and many of the richest lords of Nice and the county believed in this prediction, and gave away extensive lands to the Abbey of Saint Pons. One, Vaison, gave the Castle and fief of Drap to the Bishop of Nice, with the title of Count, which is still retained by that Prelate, although his tenure of the lands entirely ceased in 1849.

In A.D. 1066 the same author relates that the government of Nice was divided between two factions, one headed by Cais, devoted to the Sovereigns of Provence, and the other—of which Badat was the leader—to a Republic, but at first no results of importance followed these dissensions. In A.D. 1095 a paroxysm of religious fanaticism seized the principal part of the people of Europe, who all madly enlisted for the First Crusade. This event completed the affranchisement of the confederate cities, which, from that time, independently chose their own governors. Among these was François Raimbaud, or Raimbaldi, of Orange, Lord of Castillon, who married Guillelmine Cais, of Nice, and having obtained the right of citizenship through the fiefs brought him by his wife, had been elected to the chief place in the municipality,

and governed jointly with two others, Pierre Laugiero and Guillaume Assalit, who were called Consuls. From documentary evidence, this is known to have occurred in the year A.D. 1108, and some of the statutes and municipal regulations of Nice go back to this date. The military command was placed in the hands of Raimbaud of Orange.

Here it is necessary to observe, continues the historian, that the Counts of Forcalquier, who had separated themselves from the Kings of Arles, had also exercised for some time previous to the appointment of Raimbaud of Orange a nominal suzerainty over Nice, and that at the death of Gilbert the last descendant of Boson, King of Arles, there being no male issue, he had instituted as his heiress Douce, his eldest daughter, wife of Raymond Bérenger, Count of Barcelona; and it was on this ground that Raymond claimed the Sovereignty of Nice, although William, Count of Forcalquier—who was a minor—was living. The city of Nice refused to admit this claim, and to strengthen their resistance the civic authorities formed an offensive and defensive alliance with the republic of Pisa, whose vessels soon afterwards appeared on the coast of Provence, and so much intimidated Raymond Bérenger (who was already

engaged in another dispute with Jourdain, Count of Toulouse) that he desisted from any further proceedings against Nice. This alliance with Pisa was the first entry of the city into the general movement of the Italian Republics. Raymond Bérenger, having made peace with Jourdain in A.D. 1125, retired to a monastery of the Knights Templar, where he died not long afterwards. The pretensions of the House of Berenger to the Sovereignty of Nice were continued by the son and grandson of the claimant, both of whom bore the same names; the son was killed at the siege of Melgueil, in A.D. 1144, and left an heir who was placed under the guardianship of the Count of Barcelona, his uncle. An attempt was made by Pierre Armandi, the Bishop of Nice, to establish the rights of the Count of Barcelona's ward, and though this attempt was successful so long as the Count was at Nice with his troops, the popular party triumphed on the Count's departure. Ultimately the young Raymond Bérenger, who returned and invested the town with an army by land, and with the galleys of the Republic of Genoa by sea, was killed in escalading the fortifications.

On the death of this Prince his dominions were recognized as having fallen to Alphonso I, King of Arragon; the latter, therefore, came to

Aix in A.D. 1167, to enter into possession as Sovereign of Provence, of the two territories which belonged to him, among which Nice was included. But the city still opposed the heir of the Bérengers, and it was not until nearly ten years had elapsed from the accession of Alphonso that he succeeded in reducing the people of Nice to submission. This he ultimately effected by surrounding the town with a numerous army and fleet, so that the want of provisions obliged it to surrender. The capitulation made on this occasion was most favourable to Nice, as the city was confirmed in all its ancient privileges in perpetuity, on condition of paying as a gift twenty-five thousand Melgorian sous for war expenses, and an annual tribute of two thousand of the same coins. Nice was also to furnish one hundred cavalry for war service between the Var and the Siagne (which empties itself into the sea to the east of the Esterel Mountains), and fifty more for service from thence to the Rhone. If hostilities broke out in the country, then all men capable of bearing arms were liable to serve. This convention was ratified in a singular manner, the King and his two brothers kissing the Consuls of Nice on the mouth.

In the year A.D. 1229 we hear of the town submitting itself to Raymond Bérenger IV, who

appointed Romeo of Villeneuve as its first Governor, and completed the construction of its Castle, for it had considerable fortifications at this time. When, at a later date, Charles of Anjou enjoyed the Sovereignty of Provence, he made it a free port, and created its ship-building yards and its arsenal. But the most striking event in the reign of this Prince occurred towards its close, when he effected the ejectment of the Knights Templar from their dominions, and secured their complete dispersion. The instigator of this important measure, says Nash, in his "History of Nice," was Philip the Fair, King of France, who, professing to be shocked at the immorality and impiety of the Templars, had decided on the dissolution of their Corporation. The celebrated Order being of a religious as well as of a military character, he needed the highest religious authority in Christendom. This he obtained without difficulty, for Pope Clement V, who then occupied the Chair of Saint Peter, owed his elevation to Philip the Fair, and throughout the whole of his Pontificate was little more than a tool in the hand of the French King. The necessary plans were cleverly contrived, and were executed with promptitude and secrecy. On October 13th, 1307, soldiers presented themselves before every establish-

ment of the Templars throughout France; the superiors were arrested, and the subordinates dispersed. At Nice everything was done so quietly and so suddenly that Knights and people alike were taken entirely by surprise.

The Templars often having been very serviceable to the poor, it was necessary to satisfy these latter, and indeed the public generally, as to the justice of their expulsion. Immorality was the plea; but in this case, as in that of the suppression of the monasteries in the time of Henry VIII, the cupidity of the Sovereign was undoubtedly the motive power. Had these Orders been less wealthy, less would probably have been heard of their immorality. What is certain is, that in both cases the Kings filled their coffers with the spoils of the dispersed communities.

Charles died in May, 1309, and was succeeded by his son, Robert, Duke of Calabria. Here, continues Nash, one cannot help remarking on the greatly improved condition of the family of Anjou, as compared with what it was at the commencement of the previous reign. When the late Prince inherited the paternal titles, he was himself a prisoner, a great part of his inheritance was in the hands of the enemy, and other parts were aiming at effecting their independence. Robert, on the contrary, enjoyed an

undisputed title to his possessions. The Countships of Anjou and of Provence, and the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, descended to him without opposition. Powerful Princes, moreover, acknowledged his supremacy. Such was the case, for instance, with the Count of Orange and the Dauphin of Vienne. The Genoese were pleased to elect him President of their Republic, and as if to fill up the measure of his honour, Clement V appointed him commander of all his forces, naval and military. His was not a war-like character, yet he behaved with promptitude and energy when war was necessary, and was generally successful.

The party strife between Guelphs and Ghibellines being fierce in his time, he was prepared to support the side he had espoused. In 1318 Lascaris, the Lord of Tenda, a state near Nice, allied himself with Spinola, of Genoa, and Doria, of Dolceacqua, for the furtherance of Ghibelline principles. Guelphic Nice, being in their neighbourhood, attracted their attention and invited attack. Robert dispatched twelve thousand of his lances for the protection of his town, sending at the same time a certain number of ships to prevent the enemy's approach by sea. Beaten then, or thwarted in all directions, these Ghibelline chiefs sought for peace.

The struggle between the rival parties was maintained much longer in Italy, where Louis of Bavaria had many and powerful partisans, but being worsted in a decisive battle by the Guelphic champion, Robert of Anjou, in 1330, he made overtures for a cessation of hostilities, which, being favourably received, resulted in a treaty of peace.

A very extraordinary event followed the signing of the treaty; one unique perhaps in history—it being nothing less than the abdication and self-denunciation of a Pope. We learn from Nash's history that, on August 9th, 1330, Nice was in a state of perplexity; everybody was summoned to the Cathedral, and no one knew why. At an early hour crowds streamed thitherward from all quarters, so that the sacred building was thronged. Never before had there been so vast a congregation, never one so brilliant. Robed and mitred, and seated on his episcopal throne, was the Bishop of Nice. Within the altar rails were other Bishops, as well as Cardinals from France and Italy. Near them were nobles of Provence and other important personages. It was indeed a goodly assemblage; for the conveners of the meeting, understanding the importance of the occasion, had brought there the most distinguished and

influential men from several neighbouring countries—from Anjou and Provence, from France and Italy.

The aspect of the meeting was not a gay one, however; there was no appearance of religious festivity, still less of a civil fête. An air of gravity prevailed, for few among the multitude present knew what was to take place; and all believed it to be something serious. After a lengthened and almost painful silence, a simple monk was seen to emerge from the passage leading into the vestry. Arrived at the door, he hesitated for a moment, as if unable or unwilling to proceed, but, with evident effort, collecting all his strength, he entered the church. Then, with slow step and head bowed down low, and humble mien, he advanced towards the altar. Having knelt on the altar step for some time, he arose and faced the expectant crowd. How few who saw that bared head knew that it had lately worn the triple crown of Christendom! or imagined that his Friar's dress had replaced the gorgeous vestments of the Roman Pontiff! yet so it was. Here, in the Cathedral of Nice, was Nicholas V, acknowledged by a great part of the Church as Pope; and he had come here to abdicate his functions and denounce himself as an impostor. In a voice scarcely

audible from emotion, he began his address to the people. He was aware, he said, that the majority of persons present knew not why they had come together that day in that sacred edifice; but with shame and sorrow he confessed that he was the cause of it.

In an evil hour, and under the influence of Satan, he had set himself in opposition to the Lord's Anointed; he had committed sacrilege in going through the ceremony of coronation as Pope, while the true Pontiff was yet living; he had created a scandalous schism in the Church; he had disturbed the faith and diverted the obedience of many from their proper object; and he was there that day to express the deepest sorrow and contrition for his faults, and to ask pardon of God and man for his crimes. He was there, moreover, to absolve all men from any supposed allegiance to himself, to declare himself Antipope, and to acknowledge John XXII as the true successor of Saint Peter. It is not necessary to dwell on the effect on the public of this extraordinary scene; it can be imagined better than described. When it was over the principal figure in it—Peter de Corvaria, the Franciscan Friar who had been won over by Louis of Bavaria to set himself up against the real Pope—retired quietly to the Convent of

Franciscans at Nice, whence, in a few days, he was conducted to the Papal residence in Avignon, where he passed the remainder of his days in prison.

One of the most curious things in the story of Nice is the number of unexpected figures which we come across either in connection with its development, or the unlooked-for personalities who sometimes flit for a brief moment across the stage of its activities. Such an one is that of Queen Joanna of Naples, although there was sufficient reason for her appearance here, since she was Countess of Provence.

Some eighteen miles to the north of Nice, near the little village of Coaraze, are to be found the ruins of the Castle of Rocca-Sparviera ("The Hawk's Rock"). It was in this Castle, hidden among the mountains, that Joanna, Queen of Naples, when she was driven from her kingdom and pursued by her brother-in-law, Louis of Hungary, took refuge, in the year 1348, with her little twin children, her old nurse, and her chaplain, Don Pancrazio. The latter regretted Naples, and consoled himself in his exile by making a minute study of the different vintages in the neighbourhood; so that he was nearly always in a state of semi-inebriety, between the vintage of Falicon and that of Bellet—which

he preferred to all others. Don Pancrazio was of a talkative nature, especially after a bottle of wine, and the people of Coaraze soon learnt that Queen Joanna had already become a widow when she was eighteen. Her first husband was Andrew of Hungary, to whom she had been betrothed at the tender age of seven. There was a vast difference of temperament between the two, for Andrew was as ugly, cold, and sulky as Joanna was pretty, voluptuous, and gay. It is undeniable that her premature widowhood was the work of the Queen's lover, Louis of Tarentum, who afterwards married her. As a result, Louis of Hungary straightway marched on Naples to avenge the death of his brother, and the Neapolitans abandoned their Queen, and refused to support her until she should receive absolution from the Pope for the crime which they laid at her door. So Joanna embarked for Marseilles, with her two children, her old nurse (Dame Peppina), her chaplain, and ten faithful, trusty servants. She was on her way to Avignon, to throw herself at the feet of Pope Clement VI ; but as she was ascending the Rhone she imagined she detected some spies of her brother-in-law among a company of merchants who were betaking themselves to the great Fair of Beaucaire ; then, at Avignon itself, as

she was crossing the famous bridge of Saint Benezet, she was recognized and abused by some fisher-folk. Frightened to death, she hastily fled from the town of the Popes without having seen Clement VI, for she knew that Louis of Hungary specially desired to wreak vengeance on her twin children, whom he considered the fruit of her adultery ; and for three months she wandered from castle to castle, to avoid the watchfulness of her enemies, and to try and save her babies. This unhappy Queen, who was not afraid of running the greatest dangers, nor of sacrificing a crown to defend her children, soon gained the sympathy of all mothers, says the old chronicler.

So Joanna, watching constantly over the twins, left the Castle but rarely ; Don Pancrazio, who was not troubled with the same solicitude, took his walks abroad freely, and made friends with the rustics in the neighbourhood. Among these were certain cattle merchants, recently arrived from Piedmont, and quite unknown in the country-side. They appeared to have plenty of money at their disposal, and were great drinkers, and a glass of excellent wine, which recalled his favourite vintages of Posilippo, was always at the disposal of the chaplain.

On Christmas Eve Joanna sent for her chaplain

in the afternoon to arrange about the midnight service. Unfortunately, Don Pancrazio had begun rather too early in the day to fête the Birth of Our Lord, in his own fashion, and the Queen, seeing that he was in no condition to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice, decided to go and hear Mass at Coaraze, despite the cold of the night and the dangers of the road. So, having commended her darlings to her nurse and to the chaplain, Queen Joanna locked the gate of the Castle, put the big key in her pocket, and started off on horseback, with four men bearing torches to light up the rocky path.

On arriving at the door of the church she heard a voice singing :

"La regina va à la messa !
Cora ven trovera taoula messa !"

("The Queen goes to Mass, she will find the table set when she gets home.")

The couplet troubled her, but she thought it could not possibly be meant for her, an exile in this Hawk's Nest ! Why should the table be set when she returned, and with whom should she sup, poor forsaken soul ? She prayed long before the Infant Christ, beseeching Him to protect her children.

After her mistress had left Peppina settled

herself in the children's room, and drawing up a chair to the big fire-place where the Yule log was burning, she soon fell asleep over her beads. Don Pancrazio, who hated being alone, went down to the cellar to fetch a bottle of old wine to keep him company until the Queen returned. All of a sudden he heard his name called, and looking out of the window, found his new friends the cattle merchants, who came to suggest to him to pass Christmas Eve with them, as all good Christians should, in prayer first and rejoicing afterwards; for this purpose they had brought a skin of Sicilian wine, as fiery as the volcano on which the vine had grown which produced it.

The chaplain had not the heart to refuse a suggestion so much in accordance with his desires. Unluckily the bars of the cellar were solid, and all the gates of the Castle were closed and guarded; however, by a providential piece of luck, the merchants found a ladder, which enabled them to get into the castle by a window. So the evening began with psalm-singing, but drinking songs soon got mixed up with it, as Don Pancrazio emptied glass after glass, while his companions merely dipped their big moustaches into the draught, which contained a strong narcotic.

As the Queen left the church at the end of Mass she again heard a voice call out with a strong Neapolitan accent :

"Cora ven trovera taoula messa !"

Frightened out of her wits, she jumped on her palfrey and galloped up the mountain-side to the brilliantly lit castle. She opened the big gate and rushed to her children's room, calling, "Peppina, Peppina," but the nurse had disappeared and the cradle was empty ; she then ran frantically to the great hall, where she saw Don Pancrazio fast asleep, and on the table in front of him a great dish strewn with herbs, on which lay her two children, with hunting knives driven through their hearts. At daybreak Dame Peppina, who had succeeded in freeing herself from her bonds, rushed up from the cellar, and found her unfortunate mistress stretched on the floor without sign of life.

Next morning, as a few of the villagers were climbing to Rocca Sparviera for the Christmas Mass, they saw tongues of flame suddenly shooting through the roof of the Castle ; and on the keep appeared the figure of the unfortunate Queen, half clothed, with her hair flying in the wind, and they heard her voice crying, above the crackling of the fire :

"O rocca rocchina,
Un giou vendra
Que aissi non cantara
Plus ni gal ni gallina!" *

Legend tells us that Joanna threw herself into the furnace, which consumed her body and those of her two children; but we need not waste too much pity on the victims, for history reveals that Queen Joanna regained possession of her throne, and spent a very merry time at Naples, where she held her Court for more than thirty years, and where she welcomed all the great writers of Italy of that age—notably Boccaccio, who wrote the "Decameron" for her. Her fate was none the less a tragic one in the end, as she was suffocated between two mattresses by her cousin and adopted son, Charles Durazzo, whom she had brought up.

The more probable ending of the story is, that Joanna left the Château early next day, surrounded by her retinue, after setting fire to the Castle, where lay the corpses of her children, and the still intoxicated Don Pancrazio, who was naturally never heard of again.

After the death of this much harried Queen

* O rugged rock,
The day shall come
When here shall crow
Nor cock nor hen!

in 1382, Louis of Anjou, whom she had adopted, tried to exclude Charles Durazzo from the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and from the County of Provence. Nice rallied to the side of Charles, and after his death, in 1386, supported his son, Ladislas, who was still a minor. Provence, divided between the two claimants, was a prey to civil war. Nice, enfeebled by a long resistance, was on the eve of falling into the hands of Louis of Anjou, and sent a message to Ladislas—who was then at Gaeta—to point out to him their urgent need of immediate help; but the Grimaldi, who were the most influential people in the country, appealed to Amadeus VII (the Red), Count of Savoy, and Nice, by a deed drawn up on September 28th, 1388, passed to the House of Savoy, which retained its protectorate up to 1792.

During the reign of Amadeus VIII illustrious strangers visited Nice. One of these was Benedict XIII, the rival of Pope Gregory XII. He held Court here, making the place gay and busy, a sort of Rome in miniature. With a view to a meeting with the Pontiff, and in the hope of healing the divisions in the Church, the Emperor Sigismund was attracted to the city. He came in great state, escorted by a thousand cavalry and eight hundred private gentlemen, with many

Cardinals. Frederick of Aragon and the Count of Savoy were in the Imperial train. The latter was certainly born under a lucky star. All circumstances turned in his favour. Even this visit, failing in its chief object, through the non-attendance of the Pope, resulted to his advantage; for the Emperor, gratified by his zeal, as well as impressed by his talents, raised his Countship to a Dukedom, and conferred on him the title of Imperial Vicar, or representative in Italy. The culminating point of his glory was reached when, in 1440, the Council of Bâle elected him Pope, under the name of Felix V. He occupied the Papal Chair for nine years, and then retired to Ripaglia, where he died in 1451.

CHAPTER IV

The Congress of Nice—Pope Paul III, Francis I, and Charles V—Mediæval history—Sieges of Nice—The Château and its destruction by the Duke of Berwick—Nice under the Terror—Napoleon's visits—Pope Pius VII and the Queen of Etruria—Napoleon and the Prince of Monaco—Nice finally becomes French.

THE sixteenth century was a stirring time for Nice, and several great historical events took place within its walls in which the greatest and most prominent potentates of the age figured. We learn from the works of J. B. Toselli, and of Gioffredo, that, in the year 1538, Francis I had invaded the County of Nice, to the great detriment of Duke Charles III of Savoy, who was in alliance with the Emperor Charles V. The Emperor, on being appealed to, immediately took steps to occupy the rest of the Duke's dominions, under the pretext of a guarantee, and marched against the King of France. Paul III (Alexander Farnese, formerly Bishop of Vence), who was Pope at that time, to prevent war, and to put an end to the critical position of the Duke, proposed a Conference between the two Sovereigns, and Nice was chosen as the place of meeting; whereupon the Pontiff

required that while the Conference was sitting the town and citadel should be confided to his charge alone.

The Duke replied that he would do his best to contribute to the work of peace which the Pope was pursuing, but before handing over the Castle he was waiting for the answer of Francis I, to whom he had referred the matter. This answer led to long negotiations. On May 9th 1538, Charles V entered Villefranche harbour with twenty-eight galleys, bringing a great number of important people, and three thousand infantry as his guard. A story is told of the Emperor's arrival in the neighbourhood, which is probably apocryphal, as the scene of it is laid near La Mortola. It is said that his retinue stopped short when nearing their journey's end, and on Charles riding up to enquire the cause, he was informed that some stones had fallen from a tower on to the road, and that the soldiers thought it was a bad omen. "March on at once," he said. "Do you not see that the very stones do me homage?"

Immediately after the Emperor's arrival at Villefranche, he sent fifteen galleys to fetch the Holy Father, who was waiting at Savona. On the 14th he sent again to require the Duke of Savoy to give over possession of the fortress

of the Château to the Pope, for the thirty or forty days which the Conference was likely to last. The Duke, who had received several messages from the King of France advising him not to hand over the Castle to any one, replied firmly that as he was occupying it himself, he was unable to accede to the request. The wily Pontiff intended to get hold of the Château to hand it over to Charles V, but luckily the people of Nice were on the look-out, and frustrated every move made by the Pope. First he petitioned to be allowed to lodge there, then, seeming to yield on refusal, he attempted to get possession of the place by stratagem. He begged that some of his servants might be permitted to enter the Château with his baggage. The Governor, examining the baggage, discovered to his indignation that, instead of sacerdotal robes and vestments, it consisted of swords, pikes, pistols, and other weapons. Thereupon he ordered the drawbridge to be raised, and the Papal servitors to be driven off. The Pope next tried force, sending a number of armed men under the command of his kinsman, Prince Farnese, against the citadel. This led to a riot with the populace, which effectually put an end to the interested pretensions of His Holiness.

The Emperor was naturally much put out with the Duke and the people of Nice for the turn which matters had taken, and he dismissed the former very unceremoniously when he went to see him at Villefranche. The Pope disembarked at Nice on May 17th, on the spot where is now the Rue du Congrès; he lodged at the Monastery of the Holy Cross of the Brothers of the Observance. The Duke immediately sent Jean Badat, the First Syndic, to offer him, in the name of the people, a residence in the town, with nine hundred soldiers—all of them Niçois—for his guard. The Pope replied coldly that he was very well lodged where he was, thus showing his rancour at having been unable to make himself master of the impregnable fortress of the Château.

Francis I arrived on the last day of May at the Château of Villeneuve, with his wife, Eléanore (the Emperor's sister), the Dauphin Henri, Charles, Duke of Orleans, Princess Marguerite, and a large suite of nobles. The King of France was accompanied by six thousand infantry and sixteen hundred cavalry; he had a lodging prepared in the Beaumettes quarter, at the Torre de Capean, so as to be able to have an interview there with the Holy Father. Their first meeting took place in this temporary

residence, on June 2nd, with a good deal of pomp, and a considerable display of force on both sides. Francis I bestrode a magnificent horse with trappings of blue velvet embroidered with gold. He was clothed in blue velvet, with embroidered ruffles, and buttons of gold set with precious stones; he wore a cap with a blue feather, and a plume of the same colour adorned the head of his horse, which pranced about to the admiration of all the people, who praised the clever horsemanship exhibited by Francis.

The King's interview with Paul III lasted more than four hours. Duke Charles of Savoy was not present at it, and the Emperor remained at Villefranche. These two monarchs mistrusted each other to such an extent that, when they came to visit the Pope, they were always surrounded with troops, which caused Paul to remark, "I nostri Augusti anno paura" ("The Princes are afraid"). Shortly afterwards Francis had a second interview with Paul III, at the mill on the Var, but nothing resulted from it. The negotiations dragged on, and on June 5th the Constable of France (the Comte de Saint Paul) and many French lords paid a visit to the Duke. On the 8th Queen Eléanore and the Princess Marguerite met the Pope at his

lodgings. On the 9th the Pope had an interview with the Emperor; on the 11th the Duke informed the latter of the proposals of the King of France; on the 12th Queen Eléanore and Princess Marguerite went by sea to pay a visit to the Emperor. As they passed before the town the Château saluted their ships with twenty-one guns, and the Emperor's galleys paid them the same honours when they entered Villefranche harbour.

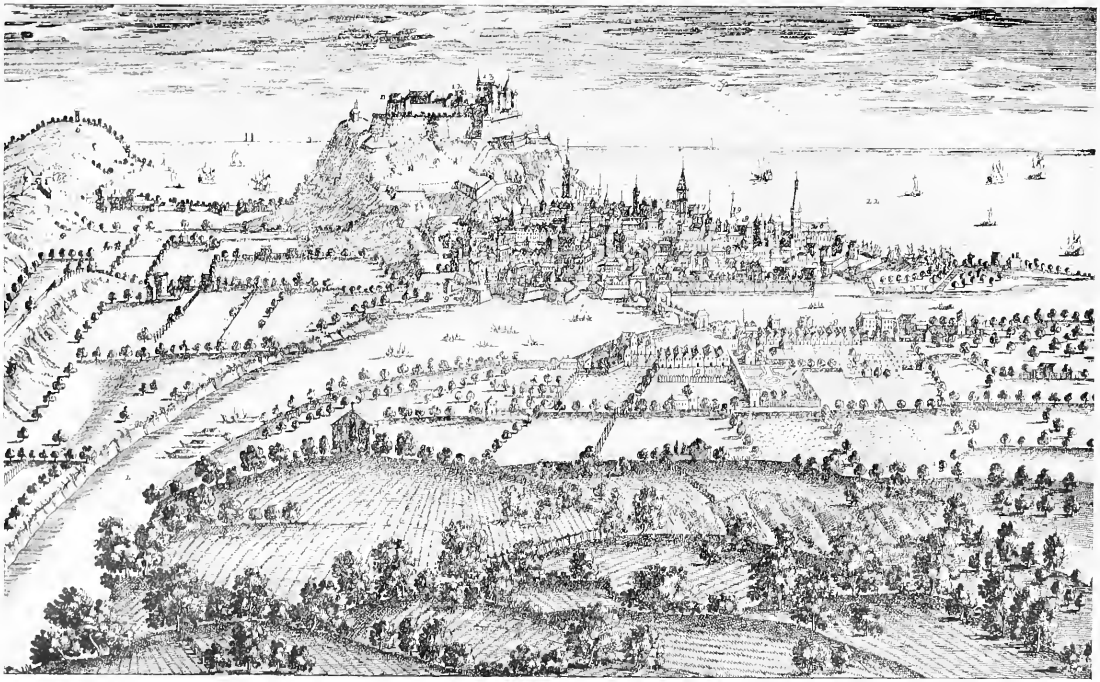
This visit was marked by an accident which, fortunately, had no serious result. The Emperor had had a very luxurious pavilion erected on the beach, from which a bridge of boats communicated with the galley of Prince Doria (who was in command of the Imperial fleet), on board of which the Emperor was staying. The Queen of France and Princess Marguerite had to cross this bridge to visit the Emperor; they were followed by a numerous *cortège* of ladies-in-waiting, courtiers, and pages. The bridge could not support the weight of so great a number of people; it gave way, and every one was thrown into the sea. The sailors jumped into the water, and managed to get them all safe to shore. So Queen, Princess, and ladies-in-waiting got off with a ducking.

The conferences continued without hope of suc-

cess. Paul III realized that he could not heal the enmity which existed between the two monarchs, so he wisely abandoned the futile project of making a treaty of peace, and proposed as an expedient "The Ten Years' Truce." The two Sovereigns were weary of war, and gave their consent, and on June 18th, 1538, the Armistice was signed by the Emperor at Villefranche, and by the King of France at the Château of Cagnes. They exacted that, during the period of its operation, the Duke of Savoy should add no fresh fortifications to the Castle of Nice. This was the end of the famous Congress of Nice.

The Pope, before leaving, made a present of a magnificent silver cross adorned with his arms to the monastery where he had lodged. He embarked from the beach at the spot where the Consuls of the town of Nice afterwards erected the Croix de Marbre (which still exists there), in memory of his sojourn.

Notwithstanding this truce, five years later, in 1543, the Turks sent a fleet of three hundred vessels under the command of Barbarossa, and a French army easily occupied the town; while the Castle itself was almost captured by an assault of the Turks, who were only repulsed in their attack on the bastion of Sincaïre, thanks



III. MEDIÆVAL NICE

to the intervention of a washerwoman, Cathérine Ségurane, called La Maufaccia on account of her extremely plain features, whose courage restored the ardour of the defenders : of her more later on. The allied forces raised the siege, but the Turks, apart from a quantity of booty, carried off five thousand two hundred of the citizens as prisoners, whose captivity, however, was fortunately not a long one, for the squadron of the Knights of Malta, and that of Naples, met the Turkish fleet, and forced its Admiral to restore the prisoners to liberty.

After this eventful siege numerous fresh fortifications were built. Hitherto much had been lacking for the defence of the town, and until the fifteenth century it had not been fortified to any great extent ; but at that epoch great works were carried out, and early in the sixteenth century its Castle had become a redoubtable stronghold. To make it so, not only were a large number of houses demolished, but the Cathedral church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary (Notre Dame de la Platea), which was situated in the middle of the upper town, was sacrificed, and a new Cathedral dedicated to Saint Réparate was founded in the lower town, at the foot of the rock. The city was thus split into two parts, and while the

Castle was very strong, the lower town was at the mercy of any invader who came, as has just been shown. The citadel was now erected on the north of the plateau, and this lower town was surrounded with bastions and towers ; Nice was then considered an impregnable stronghold.

The wars which devastated Europe during the seventeenth century always found the city ready to defend itself. Attempts made by the Spaniards in 1616, and by the French in 1617, to get possession of the town and Castle were doomed to failure. The renown of becoming master of the Château of Nice was reserved to Maréchal de Catinat, whose attack on the town is related in a manuscript written in a mixture of Niçois and Italian, which has recently been translated by General Toselli, and put into French by Monsieur Alphonse Navello. From this we learn that in the middle of March, 1691, the French Army, under de Catinat, attacked the forts at Villefranche and Saint Hospice, which surrendered after two days' bombardment. The French then turned their attention to the fort on Mont Alban, and this capitulated as soon as the first shots were fired, not without a suspicion that the commander, Saint Armand, had been corrupted with a heavy bribe to do so.

Maréchal de Catinat then sent an officer to Nice to summon the town to surrender within three days, failing which it would be bombarded without further delay. After the first round of the bombardment it would have to pay the sum of sixty thousand francs, after the second it would be obliged to hand over all the bells and metal which could be melted down, and finally, if it should be necessary to fire a third round, all the inhabitants would be put to the sword. On receipt of this terrifying summons two gentlemen were sent to beg Maréchal de Catinat, who was quartered at the monastery at Cimiez, to extend the time until eleven o'clock, so that the Council General might meet, a request which was granted. The Council met forthwith in the Cathedral, and after a lengthy examination of the situation, came to the conclusion that it was impossible for the town to offer any resistance, as provisions were scarce and the garrison inadequate, and that it would speedily be reduced to ashes by the fire of the enemy; so it was decided to capitulate. The act of surrender was publicly read to the people in the Cathedral, and it was notified that the town would continue to enjoy the same privileges as under the Dukes of Savoy. The capitulation was signed and

conveyed to the French commander at Cimiez, who immediately ratified it.

The French troops entered the town in the night of March 26th, and having taken all their dispositions, three days later they opened fire on the Château. The following day, at eleven o'clock at night, a shell fell on the powder magazine in the keep of the Castle, which blew up with such a noise that it seemed as if the whole town of Nice was blown to pieces. The report is said to have been heard at a distance of thirty miles. This disaster caused the death of a large number of soldiers, as well as of many private persons who had fled there for refuge. It is stated that more than nine hundred people perished in this catastrophe, in addition to the numerous French soldiers who were killed or wounded at the palisades. On the 31st of the same month another powder magazine was blown up, and in consequence of this double disaster scarcely a single gun remained which could be fired. Two days later, on April 2nd, the Comte de Frussasque, Governor of the Castle, capitulated.

The Château was besieged for the last time in 1706, by a French army under the command of the Duke of Berwick, and was captured and entirely destroyed. This great leader, though a

Marshal of France, was an Englishman of the Blood Royal, being a natural son of the Duke of York, afterwards King James II. He was born in 1670, and died in 1734. His first lessons in warfare were learnt in Hungary, where he was present at the siege of Buda-Pesth, when only sixteen years of age. After the Revolution of 1688 he took a very active part in the various schemes which were set on foot with a view to the restoration of his father to the throne of England. When he at length realized that the Royal cause was lost he became a naturalized Frenchman, and served under Luxembourg and Villeroi, speedily developing great military talents. In 1704 Louis XIV gave him the command of the French troops in Spain, and in the following year sent him against the Camisards of Languedoc. He became a Marshal of France in 1706, and it was in this year that he won the glory of the capture of the citadel of Nice. This feat of arms had a great bearing on the future of the city, for although the Peace of Utrecht restored its tranquillity to Nice, it ceased to be a military town in the sense of making history.

The French Revolution of 1789 not unnaturally affected Nice from a variety of reasons, and ended by making it a part of France, which it remained until detached in 1814 by the treaties

of the Holy Alliance. When the Terror spread over France many Frenchmen took refuge in Nice, among them being a great number of priests. Steinbrück tells us that, on Holy Thursday in the year 1792, three hundred *curés* and four Bishops took part in the services of the Cathedral. In the Corpus Christi procession, which was held on the first Sunday in June, more than six hundred French priests and seven French Bishops were present.

The news which arrived from France, the same chronicler continues, kept the town in an incessant state of turmoil, and religious and anti-religious manifestations took place daily. Finally, on September 29th, the Sardinian troops which garrisoned Nice were ordered to withdraw into the mountainous districts inland. This grave step alarmed the *émigrés*, who fled in haste, as did most of the chief families of the town. Nice was given up to the fury of an unrestrained and undisciplined populace, who pillaged and looted the city. A deputation of the citizens, headed by the Bishop of Nice (Monseigneur Valperga), was sent to Antibes to beg General Anselme to put a stop to the disorders of the mob. French troops entered Nice, and public worship ceased in the Cathedral, as all the priests had fled. The church of Saint Dominic

was turned into a club, and the Royal Palace (now the Préfecture) was sacked, all the furniture being thrown out of the windows and the archives destroyed. Monks and nuns were all turned out of their monasteries and convents, and one church after another was closed; the precious archives of the Abbey of Saint Pons were burnt, and Nice was given up to the most complete anarchy. The Cathedral was closed in July, 1794, and the pompous inscription, "Temple of Reason," was painted on its doors. It was in this year that Napoleon Bonaparte first came to Nice. He was then General of Brigade and Commandant of the artillery of the army of Italy. He arrived at Nice towards the end of March, with his brother Louis, his aide-de-camp Junot, and the brother of Robespierre, who had been appointed Præfect of Nice. He was billeted at the house of Comte Joseph Laurenti, on the old road to Villefranche, who received the future Emperor very cordially. Here Bonaparte lived for many months, occupying himself solely with his military duties, and apparently taking no part in politics. It is said that he evinced great affection for a negro servant whom he had brought with him, and who was taken ill and died during his master's stay in Nice. The fall of Robespierre, on the

9th of Thermidor, brought about Bonaparte's disgrace, as he was suspected of being one of his partisans, and he was arrested in his host's house and interned in the fort at Antibes, where he remained in the custody of a couple of gendarmes for two months, at the end of which time he was released through the influence of his friends in Paris. Comte Laurenti is said to have made himself answerable for his prisoner in order that the latter might be allowed to walk in the garden. Bonaparte left at once for the capital, but he did not forget to leave a fowling-piece for the Comte as a souvenir of his gratitude. Still, apparently he did not like the reminiscence of this part of his career, as he always afterwards treated with coldness all Niçois who had any official business with him, his friend Masséna, "l'Enfant chéri de la victoire," alone excepted.

Just two years later Bonaparte came to Nice as commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, which, from want of pay, clothing, and provisions, was at this moment in a complete state of disorganization. Two regiments went so far as to mutiny on the Place Victor (now the Place Garibaldi) as they were marching out of the town, but one of Bonaparte's forcible and pithy harangues speedily brought them back to their

obedience. After waiting to see all the troops off, he found time to return to his former lodgings, where he embraced Comte Laurenti, and bade him good-bye. The endeavours made by some writers to fasten a charge of ingratitude on him in this connection are not worthy of serious notice. They represent Napoleon as exhibiting the basest want of gratitude to a man who had been the means of saving him when his life might have been sacrificed, and assert that from the day he left his prison at Antibes he never troubled himself at any future time either to thank his benefactor—to whose efforts his freedom was due—or to make him the slightest return for his friendship. This is disproved not only by the fact just quoted, but by subsequent events, although it is doubtful whether the two ever met again.

There is little else to record specially connected with Nice during the reign of Napoleon. Many of the great generals of France visited the city, and other distinguished personages resided in it. The Villa Carlone, in the Rue de France, was at one time the scene of the captivity of the Queen of Etruria. Here she was living when Pope Pius VII, himself a prisoner, was being conducted to Savona. He was brought from Rome to Grenoble, and thence through the South of

France, and was to pass through Nice on his way. Arrived at the bridge over the Var, he was met by an immense crowd of Niçois, with the Queen of Etruria at their head. According to the description given by Nash, Marie Louise fell on her knees before the Holy Father, kissed his feet, and testified by her tears—for her emotion was too great for utterance—her sympathy with his pitiable condition. The Pope's three days' sojourn in the city was a continuous triumph for him, for every class of citizen visited him, and multitudes surrounded his lodgings, imploring his benediction. The Holy Father was greatly comforted by these demonstrations of respect, taking them not for himself personally, but for the religion of which he was the head and representative. The Queen of Etruria was accorded two lengthy audiences, at the latter of which the Pope would have given her a souvenir of the occasion, but he was reduced to such a state of poverty as to have nothing suitable to offer; cutting, however, the button from his cap, he presented it to her, and begged her to keep it for his sake.

Pius VII passed through Nice again in 1814, and this passage was a more joyous one than the former, as he was now returning from captivity,

instead of going to prison. The Princess Pauline Borghese, sister of Napoleon, who was then living in the city, as well as all the authorities, paid their respects to the Sovereign Pontiff, while the people received him as before with unbounded enthusiasm. He never forgot the treatment which he received here, and alluded to it with pleasure on many subsequent occasions. He even had his portrait painted, which he presented to the citizens, and it hung for many years afterwards in the old Hôtel de Ville. The people on their side, desirous of perpetuating the memory of two such interesting visits, erected the marble column standing before the Palais Marie Christine, in the Rue de France, directly facing the Croix de Marbre, which commemorates the presence in Nice at an earlier day of Pope Paul III, of the Emperor Charles V, and of King Francis I of France.

There is one other monument of Napoleonic history in the country, namely the column set up close to the shore at Golfe Juan, between Cannes and Antibes, to mark the spot where the Emperor landed from Elba on March 1st, 1815, and began that extraordinary triumphal march across France, which ended in the Tuileries, and the brief splendours of the Hundred Days, ere the clouds of exile finally closed round

his head. It is recorded that, as Napoleon landed, the Prince of Monaco, who had just been reinstated in his principality by the consent of Europe, was travelling there post-haste to take possession of his throne. He was met by the Emperor's soldiers, and arrested by order of Cambronne, who wished to seize his horses. Napoleon, however, on being informed of the occurrence, gave orders to allow the Prince to proceed, but before continuing his journey he was to have an interview with the Emperor, whom he found on the seashore in rather an irritable mood. " Où allez-vous ? " asked Napoleon. " Chez moi," was the equally curt reply. " Dame ! et moi aussi," retorted the first speaker, and he turned his back on the traveller. Another account of this interview states that Napoleon urged the Prince to return to Paris with him, offering to send him back to Monaco later on, if he still desired to go, as Sous-Préfet !

From 1814 Nice was once more united to the fortunes of the House of Savoy, and so it remained for close on half a century, when the political developments of the times brought about its return to France, under Napoleon III. The treaty made on March 24th, 1860, by which the Kings of Sardinia renounced their protectorate

over the town and County of Nice, was ratified by a popular vote of the inhabitants on June 14th in the same year, when 25,773 voted for the annexation, against 160 who opposed it, out of 30,702 voters.

CHAPTER V

Matrimonial alliances of the House of Savoy—Some letters of a Queen of Spain—The worthies of Nice—Catherine Ségurane—The painter, Vanloo—The astronomer, Cassini.

FROM early times the Sovereign Princes of Savoy saw fit to consolidate their position by means of matrimonial alliances with their more powerful neighbours, which on more than one occasion proved most beneficial at critical moments. We read that the Princess Margaret of Savoy, daughter of Duke Amadeus VIII (afterwards Pope Felix V), was married by proxy to Louis III of Anjou, King of the Two Sicilies and of Jerusalem, and Count of Provence, and that she embarked at Villefranche on December 11th, 1434, on the Neapolitan galley sent to take her to her kingdom.

Nearly three centuries later a similar marriage took place, and of this we have some very interesting details from the pen of the young Princess herself, contained in a series of letters to her mother, which not only give us a vivid picture of the times, but also throw a pleasant light on the character and talents of their writer,

who, although only a child at the date of her marriage, yet lived to leave a certain mark in history, and who secured for herself a very warm place in the hearts of her adopted people.

Among the many Princesses who have shared the throne as Queens-Consort of Spain there is no more charming and sympathetic figure than this of Marie Louise Gabrielle of Savoy, wife of Philip V. This little Princess was the second daughter of Victor-Amadeus II, Duke of Savoy, and of his Duchess, Anne of Orleans. She was born on September 22nd, 1688, and was married by proxy at Turin on September 11th, 1701, when she had not completed her thirteenth year, to His Majesty Philip V of Spain, then aged close on eighteen. Her grandmother, known as Madame Royale—for she had acted as Regent during the minority of Victor-Amadeus II—was the Princess Jeanne-Baptiste of Nemours, an ambitious and far-seeing woman, who had anticipated for her granddaughters the possibility of Royal marriages. The elder of the two was already the wife of the Duke of Burgundy, grandson of Louis XIV, and heir to the throne of France.

From her earliest years Marie Louise was confided to the care of the Comtesse Françoise de Lucinge, a lady of exceptional talent, who was

enabled to develop the good feelings and intelligence of the little Princess by the careful education she bestowed upon her, and to whom much of the credit must be given for the wisdom and tact displayed by the Princess in her later life. Her wedding at such an early age was, of course, merely a question of high politics. Philip V was anxious to keep on good terms with the Duke of Savoy, and so—with the consent of the King of France—asked the hand of his younger daughter in marriage. This was willingly accorded, the more so as it affirmed the eventual right of succession which Victor-Amadeus had acquired under the will of Charles II.

The marriage was celebrated by proxy with considerable pomp at Turin, and on the following day, September 12th, 1701, the little Queen Marie Louise started for Nice, where she was to find the combined fleet of Spain, France, and Naples, under the command of Don Emmanuel Sylva, awaiting her, either at Villefranche or Monaco, to take her to Barcelona. The rate of progress was slow, for on the 17th the Queen had only reached Sospello, where she rested all day at the house of the Baron Blancardi de la Turbie, and received with the greatest affability a present offered to her by the Syndics in the name of the town. On the previous night the

cortège had slept at Tenda, Her Majesty being lodged by the Chianea family. From here the girl Queen wrote the first of that touching little series of letters to which reference has already been made, which have been taken from the Royal Archives at Turin.

From Tenda Marie Louise wrote as follows to her grandmother, Madame Royale :

" TENDA,
" *September* 16th.

" I am quite sure, dearest grandmamma, of the grief you have felt at our parting, from the kindness which you have always shown to me. I entreat you not to address me as ' Your Majesty,' for the name of your dear grandchild is much more to my taste. It is not necessary to remind me to keep my affection for you, dearest grandmamma, for that is very great, and imbued with the greatest respect. . . ."

The next day the first letter to her mother was dispatched, as soon as she arrived at Sospello ; the gorges which so depressed the little Queen must have been those of Fontan and Saorgio, in the valley of the Roya.

" SOSPELLO,
" *September* 17th.

" I am very glad, dearest mother, that Madame Cavalieri forgot my box, since it has given me the pleasure of receiving your dear

letters. Carlino arrived this morning just as we were coming out of church, and gave me news of you which pleased me, since it was good. I forgot to tell you, in my last letter, that we slept at Tenda. I made the Baroness Pallavicini, Madame de Cirié, and the Marquis de Sales play at *ombre*, and I kept coming and going, and took Madame de Cirié's hand to make her learn. Instead of dining, I had some tea, as I had a headache, and after that we went to Benediction in the Cathedral, which is quite a fine church considering the size of the town. Just before supper Monsieur de Castel Rodrigue came to my room with the Marquis de Dronero, who told me they had not the regulations for my journey with them, and that they did not know at all what was arranged under the head of eating alone or with the ladies-in-waiting; that they thought it possible I should eat by myself on the ship, and so it would be uncivil to the ladies not to sup with them, and that we could do so if we liked, so we began yesterday evening with great content.

"We started this morning at the same time as yesterday, and arrived at Breil at eleven o'clock; and set out again at three, for Sospello, where we have just arrived. We could not see the sea from the top of the hill, as the weather was cloudy. This morning we passed through a most gloomy country, for of a truth all these mountains and rocks are terrifying and frightful.

You compliment me, dear mother, on my high birth; it is rather my duty to thank you for having brought me into the world. Yesterday evening Monsieur de Castel Rodrigue wanted to show us a Spanish compliment, to make us play at *Quintillo*—that is, a five-handed *ombre*—and was desirous of giving us gold counters that he has had made. But he could not do so, as we did not play.

"My dear mother, there is a great sadness in my heart, very great, and chiefly at night when I wake up and find myself all alone; I assure you, my dear mother, that I am indeed very sensible of the goodness you have shown to me, by the love which I feel for your dear self; and I am very sorry I am not clever enough to express it better to you, as well as the reverence which I have for you, and which will be very great all my life."

The arrival of Her Catholic Majesty at Nice on the next evening, September 18th, was a solemn affair, and is recorded by the chroniclers Torrini and Louis Durante. The former relates that the Queen's entrance was very splendid. As soon as she arrived at the Porte Pairolière the guns of the Château fired a royal salute of one hundred and fifty guns, while the town batteries added a further welcome of twenty-four guns. The city was so brilliantly illuminated that it was

like daylight. There was a great crowd in the Rue Droite, where the Queen passed, carried in a sedan-chair, with her ladies-in-waiting, and gentlemen on horseback; and the windows were packed with people. On her arrival at the Palace the fisher-folk commenced their ball on the Grande Place, but the most attractive sight of all was that of the twelve galleys which were close in shore, in full view of the Palace, each brilliantly illuminated—especially the flag-ship, which fired a triple salute. The ships did not leave till after midnight, and the town gates remained open too.

Durante adds a few details to this account. He says that Nice had never before presented such a sumptuous appearance. On the Queen's arrival, she was saluted by the booming of cannon, the ringing of all the church bells, and the unanimous acclamations of the populace. Her Majesty, who had travelled in a palanquin, descended at the Porte Pairolière, where the Governor of the Senate, the High Steward, the Consuls, and all the principal persons of the city awaited her. A guard of honour, composed of the chief gentlemen of the town, was admitted to Her Majesty's presence, to serve as a bodyguard; she was conducted to the Palace, in conformity with ancient custom, under a canopy; the streets

traversed by the procession were garlanded and strewn with flowers, while the crowd of gentlemen in attendance, equerries and pages, showed a great variety of costumes and richness of apparel.

On the following day, September 19th, the Queen went to hear Mass at the Cathedral of Saint Réparate, where she was received by the Consuls in their official robes, and the Bishop in his Pontifical vestments. During the ceremony an ode of homage to the Queen, composed by the Archpriest Ludovic Raiberti, was sung. In the evening the town was again illuminated as on the previous night, and the fish-wives had another ball, at which they sang a song in *patois*, composed by Canon Garino.

On the 20th the Pope's Legate, Cardinal Giuseppe Archinto, Archbishop of Milan, sent by Clement XI to greet the new Queen-Consort of Spain, and to bear her the Golden Rose as a proof of His Holiness's affection, arrived at the Monastery of Saint Pons. His Eminence insisted on being received with all the honours due to his rank, but the Queen's suite, pretending to have received no orders, protracted the preliminary arrangements. The Duke of Savoy was not then on good terms with the Pope, and would have been delighted to do his Ambassador a

bad turn; so he put forward the suggestion that the Legate should be received by the Queen on Spanish territory, that is to say, on board His Catholic Majesty's galleys, either at Antibes, or at Monaco, but in any case, beyond the borders of his own States. Finally it was decided to receive His Eminence at Nice, and this was done somewhat summarily, as if it was desired to get rid of him as soon as possible.

During this period of waiting the Queen found time to write to her mother a naïve little letter, in which public and private matters are touched upon in a charmingly childish way.

"NICE,
"*September 24th.*

"I am very happy, dear mother, for I received your dear letters to-day. The first days after my arrival the sea was quite calm, but yesterday and the day before it was very rough, which frightened us a little.

"I do not mention the magnificence of the galleys, for Madame de Besteng will soon tell it you far better than I can, and indeed I have not yet seen them. My four ladies and Madame de Masserano went one morning to Villefranche to look at them, being afraid that if they waited they would be unable to see them at all. They

went by sea, and not one of them felt ill. Madame des Noyers went on the sea, but she only stayed a few moments, and did not feel ill either. Yesterday she wished to go again, but beginning to feel a little indisposed, she did not care to go further. Thérèse, who went, was ill, but it is true that the sea was not very smooth.

" We thought up to this moment that I should receive the Legate at Monaco. Monsieur de Castel Rodrigue had already sent to tell the Prince of Monaco, who, I believe, is much annoyed to know now that the meeting will not take place there. The Legate is very pleased about it. I believe everything will be done to-morrow, and that we shall go on board on Monday. I thank you heartily, my dear mother, for your prayers to the Almighty for my health, which is very good at present, thank God. The mallows which I took had no effect, and did not prove efficacious, even once.

" I gave your messages, my dear mother; in fact, I went beyond your instructions, for I have also given your compliments to all my ladies, as I feared they might be hurt at your remembering Mesdames de Masserano, des Noyers, and de Besteng, and not mentioning them; I do not think you will be annoyed with me. I shall always continue, as far as in me lies, to make myself loved by my behaviour, since that is pleasing to you, and also contributes

to my happiness. I do not send any message to grandmamma, as I am going to write to her.

"I will end by begging you to be so good as ever to continue your affection for me, which I will merit by the reverence and affection I have for your beloved and lovable person. I beg you to kiss my dear little brothers for me, and thank the elder one for what he has written. If I might venture, I would beg you, too, to give my remembrances to the Princess de la Cisterne, and to the Marquise Delmare. If I thought it would please them, I would write to them."

On the 26th, matters having at length been arranged, the Cardinal-Legate left the Monastery of Saint Pons, whither the Marquis de Sales, one of the gentlemen-in-waiting, went to fetch him, with a brilliant following, and made his entry into the town in the afternoon of the same day, escorted by a company of halberdiers. He was accompanied by a great number of gentlemen and Italian Prelates, magnificently habited. The Bishop of Nice, at the head of his Chapter, went to meet the Legate beyond the Paillon bridge, and received him under a canopy of cloth of silver. After acknowledging the greetings of the Comte Maurice de Roubion, Introducer of Ambassadors, at the gates of the

Palace, he was met half-way up the staircase by the Comte de Balbian, the Queen's Major-domo, who conducted him to the guard-room; after a few moments' rest here the Grand Master of the Household, the Marquis de Saint Georges, came to inform him that Her Majesty awaited him in the Throne Room.

Marie Louise, in full Court dress, was seated on a dais hung with crimson velvet, fringed with gold; she rose on the Cardinal's entrance, and made several steps forward, without, however, descending from the dais. His Eminence expressed to the Queen how great was the satisfaction of His Holiness at a marriage which ought to consolidate a lasting peace between France, Spain, and the House of Savoy; he then offered her the customary good wishes for her private happiness, and presented the Golden Rose.

The Legate was reconducted, with the same honours as before, to the Palace of the Comte Lascaris, where he gave audience to the clergy, the nobility, and all the persons of eminence in the town. Three days later he started on his return journey to Milan, taking the road over the Col di Tenda, very well satisfied with the reception which had been given to him. Marie Louise herself does not seem to have been greatly im-

pressed by the Cardinal; she wrote, the same evening, to her mother, the following very full account of his visits:

"Nice,
"*September* 26th.

"I am writing you three letters to-day, my dearest mother, with very great pleasure. You will have news of me from Marseilles, for the Comte de Sales is coming as far as there. I must tell you that Madame la Princesse des Ursins[1] has evidently received instructions, for she has not yet been to see me; so I shall see her to-morrow for the first time. I have just received, my dear mother, the three audiences of the Legate; he made his entry this morning. He was habited in such a fashion that I could not keep from laughing. Madame of Besteng will tell you what he looked like. We went to the Bishop's Palace to see him pass; he went straight to the Cathedral, where the *Te Deum* was sung,

[1] I have throughout these letters preserved the French orthography, though here the title of Princesse des Ursins would look more familiar if written "Orsini." This lady was, by birth, Marianne de la Tremoille, whose first husband was the Prince de Talleyrand; she married a second time, shortly after his death, her new lord being Prince Flavius Orsini, Duc de Bracciano and San Gemini, a grandee of Spain, and a Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece, who at this time had been dead some two years. The King of Spain, on his marriage with the Princess Marie Louise, had appointed her to be chief lady-in-waiting to the new Queen, which caused much jealousy among the principal ladies of the Spanish nobility. Madame des Ursins played a prominent part at Court throughout the Queen's lifetime.

and then he came directly here: before five o'clock we had his second audience, and an hour later his last, when he gave me the Golden Rose, the *Corpo Santo*, and some *Agnus Dei*, and presented his suite: he is very pleased with this morning's dinner, and I think he will be equally contented with the supper this evening. He should have blessed the galleys this evening; but as the sea is somewhat rough, they have not been able to come. Monsieur de Castel Rodrigue has given the present to Madame des Noyers for the Cardinal-Legate. I beg you, dear mother, if I ought to write some letters, to let me know, I mean, to what ladies you think it would give pleasure. I am sending the *Corpo Santo* to the Chapel of the Holy Shroud, as well as the Golden Rose. As to the *Agnus Dei*, I have made one box of them for Mother Mary of the Angels, and another for Father Valpé. I have written six letters this evening, and this is the seventh; you cannot say that I am lazy; that I assure you I will never be, since I am always so happy when I can find an opportunity of begging you to love a daughter who has so great an affection for her dearest mother, that she cannot express it."

On the 27th, after considerable delay, the little Queen set out for Spain; but the fleet only got as far as Antibes, and it was a somewhat uncomfortable crossing, if we may judge by the

frank remarks written to the Duchess by her little daughter. It is a sad letter, this last one which follows; the final wrench at parting, not only from her dear ones, but her country as well, to face an unknown future in a foreign land as the wife of a husband she had never seen, making her tender young heart almost too full for words. She laments the parting from her ladies, but adds, touchingly, "I hope the King will quite console me."

"ANTIBES,
"*September 28th.*

"I am very pleased to have an opportunity of giving you my news, my dearest mother. I will begin by telling you that I thought I should never start yesterday, for it had been arranged for the morning, and when it was time they came to tell me I could not go on board: there was a great fuss; at one moment they said I could not go, the next minute they declared the opposite. In the end I started from Nice at three o'clock: I received your dear letter a moment before leaving, I thought that the messenger who had been sent to you would return—I was quite taken aback when Monsieur de Castel Rodrigue told me he would not come back. I executed your commission to Madame des Ursins; I assure you she is very kind, and has much wit; but all the same, I cannot help

regretting my other ladies very much, to whom I have said good-bye with real sorrow. Yesterday I felt ill, and was sick, which has made me afraid of the days to come. Last night Madame des Ursins slept in my room, as well as Madame des Noyers, who suffered a great deal too. We all three had bugs, which kept us awake the whole night; all the same, I am very well. This morning the wind was against us; so, after dinner, we came here to sleep, and to avoid the bugs. I should have begun my letter by describing to you the magnificence of the galley, but being ill somewhat disgusted me with it, which made me very anxious for my crossing to be finished.

"I am feeling very sad here, for it is the most miserable village you can imagine. I was forgetting to tell you the best of all: as soon as we arrived, Monsieur de Lucque offered me a handsome collation, and afterwards there was some rather pretty music; but you will understand, dear mother, that that did not much rejoice me. I begin to wonder how I shall be able to live in Spain without a single lady of Piedmont in my suite, for at this moment, when I have some still, the prospect begins to produce an effect on me; but, on the other hand, I hope that the King will quite console me.

"I am very sorry to hear of my father's illness, but I trust it has been no more serious than mine. You regretted, dear mother, that

you did not come to Nice; I assure you that I have felt the same regret on my side; but even had you come there, we should be parted at the present moment; so one must be patient. My heart is so full that I can say no more to you about it, except, dearest mother, to assure you of my affection, and to embrace you with all my heart."

Here, then, is the end of this charming series of child's letters, which shows the spirit in which Marie Louise of Savoy entered on her life as Queen-Consort of Spain. History does not belie their promise, for, forced to play a great rôle in very critical times in her adopted country, the young Queen was idolized by the Spanish people. Twice did she rule the kingdom as Regent, in 1702 and 1709, and on her early death at Madrid, on February 14th, 1714, when she was not yet twenty-six years of age, great demonstrations of grief showed the affection and esteem in which she was held by the whole of Spain.

But though Nice has been intimately connected with many personages of Royal blood, who from the accident of their birth have lived in the eyes of the world, and have come down to posterity more on account of the positions which they occupied than through their own

distinguished merits, yet she has also been the birth and death-place of famous men and women who have achieved greatness from their own efforts, often in spite of, rather than on account of, the state of life in which they were born. The memory of Catherine Ségurane, the washer-woman who, by her energetic conduct, saved the town from being taken by the assault of the Turks, is still gratefully preserved, and she is often spoken of as the Niçois Joan of Arc. A statue of her is shortly to be erected on one of the public places of the city; for though one once existed, it has long since disappeared.

Among artists who own Nice as their native place, the earliest and one of the best known is Ludovic Bréa, who flourished in the latter part of the fifteenth century. His pictures are to be found in many churches, and his "Crucifixion" in the monastery at Cimiez is known to all; it is rich in colouring, as in imagination, and is historically interesting from the view of the Château of Nice, as it appeared in 1475, which is to be seen in the background.

The eminent artist, Carlo Vanloo (son and grandson of Dutch painters settled in France), was born in Nice in 1684. He became well known, and was appointed painter to the King of Sardinia, in whose employ he amassed a con-

siderable fortune, but he was ruined through the investment of his money in the Mississippi scheme. He thereupon removed to England, and took up his residence in London, where he was very successful, becoming the fashionable portrait painter of the day. There is a picture of his in the old Palace of the Lascaris, in the Rue Droite, and another fine work of his brush may be seen in the Picture Gallery belonging to the town. Vanloo died in the year 1765.

The celebrated astronomer, Cassini, and his two nephews, were natives of the County of Nice. Giovanni Domenico Cassini was the restorer of astronomy in France, as to Galileo fell the honour of its development in Italy, and to Copernicus in Germany. Davis tells us some interesting details of the life and work of this celebrated astronomer. He was born in 1625, and after having finished his studies at Genoa, he devoted himself entirely to astronomy. He had made such progress in this science that he was chosen professor of it in the University of Bologna, before he was twenty-five years of age. During his residence in that town he traced his famous meridian. By means of this admirable invention the diurnal course of the sun could be observed, as it approached, or retired from, the zenith of the town. He bestowed such unre-

mitting attention on this subject that a celebrated astronomer is said to have exclaimed that he was more than human. In consequence of the observations he made on this meridian, he published more correct tables of the sun than any that had appeared before that time. He determined the parallax of that body, established the theory of the comets, and discovered four of the five satellites of Saturn; in short, there was no branch of this sublime science in which he was not profoundly skilled. His celestial occupations, however, did not prevent him from attending to terrestrial objects. The inundations of the Po caused frequent disputes between the inhabitants of Bologna and Ferrara. He regulated them to the satisfaction of both towns, and was, in consequence, made by them superintendent of that river.

Louis XIV, who was ambitious of glory of every kind, wished to induce Cassini to come into France, and accordingly ordered Colbert to write to him. Cassini replied to this invitation that he could not accept the honour that was intended him without the consent of the Pope, and of the Senate of Bologna. The King, supposing he could not succeed on these terms, requested them to allow him to reside a few years in France, a request which was granted.

Cassini arrived in Paris in 1669, and was received by Louis in the same manner that Sosigenes, when he was called to Rome to reform the Calendar of Numa, had been received by Cæsar. Some years after the Pope and the Senate of Bologna demanded his return, with considerable warmth; but Colbert disputed their authority with as much, and had the satisfaction of succeeding. Cassini married soon after, which was very agreeable to the King, who had the politeness to say that he was very happy to see him become a Frenchman for life.

In the presence of all the Royal family he predicted the course of the famous comet of 1680. He had made a similar prediction at Rome before Queen Christina, with respect to the comet of 1664. Both of them followed the course he had traced. Towards the latter part of his life he lost his sight. The same misfortune happened to the celebrated Galileo. This made Fontenelle say, in the true spirit of fable, that these great men, who had made so many celestial discoveries, resembled Tiresias, who became blind in consequence of having seen some great secret of the gods. He died in 1712, aged eighty years, without disease and without pain; his only infirmity was his loss of sight. His mind resembled his body, his temper was equable

and mild, and never ruffled by those fretful irritations which are the most painful and most incurable of diseases.

There are still some families of his name in the country. In the church of Perinaldo there is a large picture representing the souls in purgatory, of which he made a present to his native place in 1663. The date is on the lower part of it. He was at that time Professor at Bologna.

CHAPTER VI

Masséna, "l'Enfant chéri de la Victoire"—Paganini, his death and strange obsequies—The wanderings of his coffin, and its final interment—Giuseppe Garibaldi—La Bella Rosina—Alexandre Dumas—Queen Victoria at Cimiez—Other Royal guests—The Maharajah Duleep Singh—Father Gapon.

IN these bygone times the glamour of romance has thrown its many-coloured robe over great personalities and strenuous lives; they have had their day, and their memories are woven into the glittering fabric, some forming the golden strands which shimmer in the web of history, others but part of the sombre background which throws the brighter colours into relief. This was never more noticeable than in the epoch of the Napoleonic wars, when men came to the front with meteoric speed, or at best in a space which, in days of peace, would have been an impossibility. Look at the case of Masséna. The Niçois may well be proud of him, the son of poor parents, fourteen years in the ranks before he became a sergeant, and finally Prince of Essling, Duke of Rivoli, and Marshal of France. "The most famous of her Marshals," Disraeli tells us, in "Coningsby," not forgetting to add

that, like many other heroes, he was a Hebrew, and his real name Manasseh. Nice and its country-side are full of traces of the little dark-eyed Jewish lad, who began life as a pot-boy, and was intended to finish it as a fencing master, had not a strange destiny been reserved for him. The boy's parents were peasants at Levens, and his mother was on a visit to Nice when the child was unexpectedly born on May 6th, at a house which is now 21 Quai Saint Jean Baptiste. He was baptized in the church of Saint Augustine, which has since disappeared.

Jew or Gentile, says Dean Hole, all France echoed the title which his chief, the great Napoleon, gave him, of " l'Enfant chéri de la victoire, le brave Masséna," and when Fortune turned her wheel, we know with what consummate skill he effected his retreat, although we may be permitted a small smile of incredulity at the French account of it : " S'il bat en rétraite c'est plutôt en vainqueur qu'en vaincu ; Wellington (*sic*) ne le poursuit qu'avec crainte et lenteur." He will ever be remembered for his great defence of Genoa, where he kept at bay twenty-five thousand Austrians under General Ott, thus making the victory of Marengo possible for Napoleon. During the siege, it is related that he invited his staff to dinner, and when the covers

were removed, the *pièce de résistance* was found to be a cat surrounded by twelve mice. Though he was openly hostile to the establishment of the Empire, he was none the less covered with honours by Napoleon, who said, "Masséna has done more than any of my lieutenants; everyone must admire his great military qualities, and if he has faults, one must forget them, for what man has not?" That he had genuine military abilities is admitted by all, but he also developed qualities very alien to his race as his career progressed; and a barbarity of which Miss Dempster quotes the Duke of Wellington as saying, in reference to his retreat, "that it had seldom been equalled, and had, luckily, never been surpassed, as it was revolting to human nature." He died a rich man; when he surrendered his command to Marmont, and retired to Bordeaux, he took with him over four million francs; but his life was shortened by debauchery, and it cannot be forgotten that, brave as he undoubtedly was, he was never at heart thoroughly loyal, either to the Emperor or to the Bourbons. There is a spot near the Quatre Chemins, on the upper Corniche Road, which old Niçois used to point out as having been the place where the Marshal once breakfasted. He died in 1817, and his memory has been kept green

among the people of Nice. His statue rises in the heart of the town, and the Palace of his descendant dominates the Promenade des Anglais. The ashes of Marceau rested for some years in Nice. He fell near Coblentzin 1796, and his body was cremated and brought here according to his wish, where it remained until the year 1889, when the remains were transferred to the Panthéon in Paris.

It is a curious fact in history that the lives of some of those men who make their mark in the world—whether in the arts, in politics, or in warfare—come down to succeeding generations as clearly defined as if they had lived in the days in which their descendants read of them; while in the case of others a mystery grows with years, until it is almost impossible to separate the true from the false. Such a case is that of Nicolò Paganini. Although the death of the great violinist only occurred in 1840, many of the facts of his life, and all those concerning the history of his remains subsequent to his decease, are so obscure that even after the lapse of this comparatively short period we are reduced to supposition rather than proof as to what actually took place.

Much has been written on Paganini's life, but little attention has hitherto been paid to the

strange and renewed burials which were bestowed upon his body. Monsieur Georges Maurévert, to whose research many of the facts set forth below are due, not long ago endeavoured to elucidate the mystery, and collected much interesting information without coming to any very definite conclusion.

Everything to do with Paganini bears the impress of mystery, his life, his talent, his death; and the truth as to the peregrinations of his embalmed body has been so obscured as to be difficult of elucidation. Paganini died in Nice—then, of course, still Italian—on May 27th, 1840, in a house at the corner of the Rue Sainte Réparate and the Rue de la Préfecture, where a marble tablet records the fact in the following graceful inscription:

"Poichè da questa casa, volgenda il giorno XXVII, di maggio MDCCCXL, lo spirito di eterna armonia. Giace l'arco potente di magiche note ma sulle aure soavi di Nizza, ne vive ancora la dolcezza suprema." (C. Bonelli pose A. G. Barrili detto, MDCCCLXXXI.)

"His magic notes still vibrate in the soft breeze of Nice."

Family archives relate that this historic house was then the property of the Marquis de Châteauneuf, a Niçois. The Marquis's *homme de con-*

fiance was a man named François Amba, who—when he found that the clergy refused the last rites of the Church to the illustrious dead—begged his brother-in-law—Jules Bessi Cadet, a hatter—to allow him to deposit the coffin of Paganini in a cellar which he had rented in the said house, and this was done on the morrow, May 28th. But here, at the outset of the story, the mass of contradictory detail which obscures it, begins to confront the enquirer; for a contemporary, Francesco Regli, in his "Storia del Violino," relates as follows:

"When passing through Nice, not long after the death of Paganini, as I was anxious to visit whatever was curious and interesting in the town, I went to the hospital, where I saw—not in a *cantine*, as I had been told, but in an apartment on the ground floor—a case. As we came to it, I noticed my guide's face flush, and he turned and said to me, in a tone of vexation, 'You are looking at that case; your instinct tells you something. It contains the remains of the famous Paganini. Monsignor Galvano, our Bishop, learning that he was *in extremis*, sent a Canon to speak to him about receiving the Sacrament. He made his confession, but as he was suffering from constant vomiting, the doctor would not allow him to take the Communion, and gave a certificate to that effect.

So he died without receiving the Sacraments, and Monsignor refused him burial in consecrated ground. His son, Achillino—who has inherited his entire fortune—has brought an action against the Bishop, but no one can tell how long it will last, as these priests stick to their principles, and don't give way easily.' "

The story is continued by Fétis, the well-known musicographer :

" In vain his son Achillino (whose mother was the singer, Antonia Bianchi), his friends, and most of the *artistes* in Nice, begged leave to have a service celebrated for the repose of his soul, alleging that—like all persons suffering from consumption—he had not thought death near, and had passed away suddenly. The Bishop, however, refused permission, and contented himself with granting a certificate of death, with leave to transport the body wherever they wished. This solution was not accepted, and the matter was taken into Court. The decision of the Tribunal of Nice was in favour of the Bishop. An appeal was then made to Rome, which annulled the decree of the Bishop of Nice, and appointed a commission, consisting of the Archbishop of Turin, with two Canons of the Cathedral of Genoa (Paganini's native city), to hold an enquiry into the Catholicity of the deceased. During all this time the body remained in a room in the hospital at Nice."

From this point we plunge straight into legend, but a legend which supplies the motive for the first translation of the remains. It is asserted that the population of Nice began to get uncomfortable. Men declared that, nightly, lamentable cries issued from the room in the hospital in which Paganini's body was enclosed, devils were said to be seen dancing round the coffin, and the wildest gossip was rife on all sides. The authorities, fearing unpleasant demonstrations, decided to remove the remains to the lazaretto at Villefranche. The disorder of Paganini's life, and the little respect he had evidenced for religion, might, in some measure, account for this legend, but his extraordinary personality—attached to the marvellous dexterity through which he had made his name famous by playing on a single string the most complicated and surprising variations—doubtless went far in the readiness with which diabolical interference was credited by a superstitious populace.

The word-picture of the violinist painted by Théodore de Banville, in his "Mer de Nice," goes far to prove this.

"I seem to see again," he writes, "that terrible grandiose, fear-inspiring head of Paganini so imperiously modelled by genius and by grief. His burning eyes were hollow like a deep abyss,

where an infinite ocean of disenchantment seemed to roll in fitful waves. His thick, bushy eyebrows bristled round that eager glance so often wounded; his dilated nostril sought the breath of freedom; his mouth was distorted at once by ecstasy and irony; and on his thin and powerful neck the fine locks of his hair fell in caressing curls, like tired snakes."

This is flamboyant writing, but produces the picture of no ordinary countenance.

But his playing, even more than his appearance, gave currency to the tale that he had sold himself—body and soul—to the Evil One. A story is still told in Nice that a blind man, hearing him play at the Opera House, demanded how many musicians were performing. "It is Paganini," was the answer. "But how many are with him?" "No one, there is only Paganini." The blind man replied, "Come, friend, let us go, that is no man, it is a devil" ("Es un diaoù"). A Viennese amateur was so convinced of the truth of this, that, at a concert given by Paganini in Vienna, he publicly declared that he had seen the devil assisting the performer. On another occasion his music had unexpected results. He was giving a concert in the old Teatro Saut-Agostino at Genoa, and the audience was, as usual, wrapped in an ecstasy of delight.

Suddenly a piercing shriek came from a box. It was found that a woman there, under the powerful charm of the artist's incomparable music, had been prematurely delivered of a child. The boy, born under such strange circumstances, was Sivori, who became the favourite pupil of the *maestro* a few years later.

The cause which led to Paganini's first exile from Genoa (which was his native place), and so indirectly set him in the way of travel which brought him so often later to Nice, was somewhat curious. In the year 1825 King Charles Felix was present at a concert given by Paganini in Genoa. Carried away by his enthusiasm at the artist's performance, the King sent a chamberlain on to the stage to congratulate the great player, and to beg him to repeat the *morceau*. Paganini accepted the congratulations, but replied drily to the chamberlain's request, "Paganini never gives *encores*." What he intended to convey was, as all musicians and amateurs know, that, as he nearly always improvised his most surprising effects on the spur of the moment, it was absolutely impossible for him to play the same piece in the same manner, twice consecutively. The King did not realize this and, furious at not having his wishes immediately obeyed, he exiled the artist from his realm.

But to return to our story.

The transference of the remains to the lazaretto at Villefranche appears to have been carried out with but little delay, and here they remained a full month, waiting a decision from Rome on the subject of their interment. The statement in the "Grand Dictionnaire" of Larousse, that they were kept for five years in a cellar of the hospital at Nice, is evidently erroneous, and has doubtless arisen from the fact that it was not till five years later (in 1845) that the body—at the suggestion of the Empress Marie Louise, then known as Duchess of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla—was transported to Parma, and buried in the property which had belonged to the artist at Gajona, in her States.

It is the history of these five years that is so obscure, and the statements as to the disposal of the remains during that period are so confused and contradictory, that the light thrown on them by the investigation of Monsieur Georges Maurévert is of the highest interest. After the coffin had been lying at Villefranche for a month the odour of decomposition—in spite of the fact that the body had been embalmed—became so insupportable that the authorities decided to get rid of it, and it was actually deposited close to the sea by the side of a fetid rivulet

formed by the refuse of a neighbouring factory, where oil was extracted from olives in the primitive method of the country. There it remained for some days, no one having the courage to risk the displeasure of the ecclesiastical authorities, or the phantasmal terrors of excommunication, by giving it decent burial. But among the friends with whom Paganini had been on terms of intimacy at Nice was one bearing a name respected for many generations among the Niçois nobility, the Comte de Cessole, whose son was a well-known figure in the public life of the Riviera until his death a few years ago. This worthy gentleman, who had held Paganini in high esteem, not only as a personal friend, but also as a great *virtuoso*, was himself an amateur violinist of no mean order, and he had received from the *maestro*—not many days before his death—the present of an Amati of great value.

The Comte de Cessole was, not unnaturally, highly indignant at the treatment accorded to the remains of his friend by the bigoted and ignorant ecclesiastics who then ruled the diocese of Nice, and he decided to bury them with decency at his own risk and peril. He made known his project to four friends, two—the Comte Urbain Garin de Cocconato and the

Comte de Pierlas — whose names were well known in the country, and two others, a young sculptor called Alexis de Saint-Marc (who was then at Nice, working on a bust of the Comtesse de Cessole), and Félix Ziem, the famous artist, who was at that time about twenty years of age. It was Ziem who, towards the close of a long life, recalled the incidents of the drama in which he had taken an active part over half a century previously.

On the day following their conference, the Comte de Cessole and his four friends met at Villefranche at midnight, having taken the precaution to furnish themselves with torches and cords. They found the coffin in the place indicated, and by the uncertain light of the torches, with the help of the ropes and long sticks, it was got out upon the seashore, and placed on a hand-litter, which the sturdy arms of the peasants bore in the direction of Saint Jean. The night was starless, and the waves dashed at the feet of the *cortège*, wetting the coffin with spray, while the shrieking of the wind brought to the minds of those engaged in the adventure the demoniacal tales that had sprung up among the populace of Nice. Monsieur de Cessole marched ahead with a torch, and slowly the procession fought its way along the peninsula,

until it reached a property belonging, not to the Comte de Cessole, as has currently been reported, but to Monsieur de Pierlas. It was at a point on the extremity of the Cap Saint Hospice, just below the ancient Saracen Round Tower, that the tomb of Paganini was made. The coffin was laid upon a rock, some yards from the edge of the sea, which in stormy weather completely covered it, and a marble slab inscribed only with the name "Paganini" was set over it. M. A. Blanchi, a lute-maker at Nice, relates that his father had seen it in 1850, and long afterwards described to him the tomb of the great violinist; and he himself affirms that he recently found traces of masonry on the spot indicated to him many years before by his father. This is the first stage in the strange Odyssey of the dead artist.

The events that follow are not quite so clear, but it would appear that the body rested here from about the end of June, 1840, till a date—a year or even two years later—when Paganini's son, Achillino, decided to transfer the remains to Genoa, where his father had been born. The coffin was embarked on board a ship, which set sail for that port, but on arrival permission to land it was rigorously refused, as the vessel had started from Marseilles, where

a severe epidemic of cholera was then raging. The little ship therefore returned along the coast to the Lérins Islands, where—possibly as a result of another refusal for permission to land from the Cannes authorities—on the Islet of Saint Ferréol, the body of Paganini was again entombed. On this tiny isle, only rarely visited by a few fisher-folk, a hole is still shown under the name of " Trou de Paganini," where it is believed the coffin rested. Guy de Maupassant describes Saint Ferréol in " Sur l'Eau " in a few vivid phrases :

" We pass near a bare red rock, bristling like a porcupine. So seamed is it with pointed teeth and fangs that it is scarcely possible to walk on it ; you must set your feet in the hollows between its tusks, and advance with caution ; it is called Saint Ferréol. A little earth, come one knows not whence, has gathered in the holes and crevices of the rock, and from it have sprung a kind of lily, and some delicious blue iris, whose seed seems to have been dropped from the skies. On this curious reef in the open sea the body of Paganini lay hidden below ground for five years."

So far the writer is accurate—except that it is impossible that the coffin could have remained so long a time here, but the rest of his narration is worthy of little credence. He

mixes up the refusal of the clergy of Nice to give Christian burial to the remains with the sanitary reasons which induced the Genoese port authorities to refuse them admission to their city, and states that Paganini had died of cholera instead of laryngeal phthisis. He also mentions a return to Marseilles before the burial at Saint Ferréol, for which there appears to be no valid authority. An old print gives the date of the second translation of the coffin to Genoa as August 15th, 1844—though Fétis states the year as 1845—when on the demand of Marie Louise (as has been mentioned above) it was taken to Parma, and interred in Paganini's own property at Gajona. Here the body of the *maestro* rested until the year 1853, when it was once more exhumed for hygienic reasons, and some fresh process of embalming resorted to. At last, in 1876, thirty-six years after the death of Paganini, the Papal Court authorized the transference of the remains to the church of the Madonna della Steccata at Parma—a church specially affected by the Chevaliers of the Order of Saint George, which had been founded by Charles II of Parma, when Duke of Lucca, in the 'thirties, and membership of which had, by him, been conferred on Paganini. Hither, after his many wanderings, the great violinist was at

length borne. The translation took place at night by torchlight, and a vast concourse of people lined the banks of the torrent Baganza, along which the *cortège* passed. The mourning was conducted by the Baron Attila, nephew of Nicòlo, and the tardy rites of a solemn requiem were celebrated over the body of the man who had died six and thirty years previously.

Here it might have been hoped that the much-travelled remains might be allowed to rest undisturbed, but such was not the case. In April, 1893, the Hungarian violinist, Ondricek, of Prague, was staying at Parma as the guest of the Baron Achillino Paganini—now a venerable old man—and on his solicitation the coffin was opened, and a few friends were permitted to view the corpse. But even this was not the final disturbance of the tomb. Another exhumation, described as being imposed by "urgent necessity," took place in 1896. A Genoese journalist, who was present at the ceremony, wrote in the "Caffaro" that the identity of the corpse was undeniable, and the features still well preserved. "The black coat," he says, "was in tatters, but its cut was still clearly discernible on the shoulders. The lower and middle part of the body are no longer anything but a heap of bones. But the face, after lying

for more than half a century in the grave, still preserves its indescribable expression."

A photograph was taken of the head, and the aged son then placed his father's body in a fresh coffin, into which a pane of glass had been let, so that the features could be observed. Since then Paganini has lain in peace.

Strangely do these great men alternate among the worthies of Nice; for the next name which comes on to the page of history is that of one whose only knowledge of music was the roar of cannon and the whistle of the musket-ball. Giuseppe Garibaldi, even more than Masséna, is a child of Nice, for whereas the former was born there by a fortuitous accident, the latter was the son of Niçois parents, whose forefathers had long dwelt in the town. His history is too recent and too widely known for it to be necessary to record it here in detail. The Liberation of Italy was an achievement which is written in letters of gold in the literature of every country in the civilized world, and the Liberator is as familiar a figure to Englishmen as to his own countrypeople. Suffice it to say that on his arrival from Montevideo, on July 6th, 1848, the town made a magnificent ovation to the patriot, and an enthusiastic manifestation in his honour took place at the port.

Another link connects Nice with Garibaldian times; for here was born La Bella Rosina, afterwards known as the Countess Mirafiori, the morganatic wife of Victor Emmanuel II. Her birth took place at 17 Rue de la Condamine, in 1833, and she was baptized in the church of the Gesu; her father was a drum-major in the Queen's Regiment.

One winter's day in the 'fifties Alexandre Dumas established a momentary connection with Nice, and we read that his yacht came into harbour with its purple sails rigged with silver cordage. On board were a gay company of painters, poets, and musicians, *en route* for Sicilian seas.

Not long afterwards came the annexation, and from that day forward the town has steadily increased both in prosperity and magnitude, until the old Italian city has become a modern capital of palaces and pleasure-gardens, frequented by the great of all nations. So the tale of the worthies of Nice draws to its close, but there are still a few of the visitors of recent years who must be briefly called to mind.

To Britons the chief of these figures at the end of the last century was naturally that of Queen Victoria. For five successive seasons did she pass the springtime at Cimiez, gathering

health and strength in her green old age for the performance of those duties of State which she carried out unflinchingly to within a few days of the end. Her sojourns here were very quiet and restful, and the warm-hearted Niçois people gave her a very sincere and genuine welcome, which she much appreciated. No state was kept up; in the mornings the Queen drove in her donkey-chair among the gardens of the villas hard by, or in the lanes of Cimiez, usually accompanied by Princess Beatrice or Princess Christian, who walked by her side; and sometimes, too, by the young Princess who is now Queen-Consort of Spain. Few guests were received, and perhaps the only ceremony which took place during those five spring-tides, if ceremony it could be called, was once on Princess Beatrice's birthday, when a display of fireworks was given in the gardens of the hotel, and a choir of Niçois children sang "God Save the Queen," which they had taken pains to learn in English. Deafening cheers went up from the big crowd collected, which were renewed a hundredfold when the fireworks died down, and the Queen's venerable figure, supported by an Indian attendant, was seen on the balcony bowing her thanks.

But it is not the great Queen of England who

lives in the hearts of the Niçois, it is the memory of a pathetic little figure in black, with an old-fashioned mushroom hat, and a small black silk sunshade, who was daily seen driving about the country-side, taking her tea at a halt on the high-road, ordering her carriage to fall in among the mourners at the funeral procession of some poor peasant, or following quietly in the wake of some religious procession which she accidentally met; that is the picture which the people remember, and that is why they have set the Queen's statue near the hotel where she dwelt, that the memory may be preserved to future generations. Other sovereigns, too, are bound up with the later years of Nice. King Edward, when Prince of Wales, stayed many a time at the old Cercle de la Méditerranée, and raced in his famous yacht "Britannia" in the days when other well-remembered yachts of equal size sailed the blue waters of the Bay of Angels, "Walkyrie," "Satanita," "Ailsa," and many another; with oftentimes his brother, Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg, as his guest, on board. King Leopold II of the Belgians, with his daughter Princess Clémentine, were well-known figures at one time, and His Majesty's daily walks must have been a trial to his *entourage*. Later on he built himself lordly pleasure-houses at Cap

Ferrat, and went to Versailles for the models of the pavilions he scattered over his grounds; motor drives took the place of long walks, and the Princess Clémentine spent the winters at Saint Raphael.

The Maharajah Duleep Singh was another guest of Nice in the early 'nineties, who drew a certain amount of attention. He liked to be known as the King of Lahore, and when in temporary difficulties with the Government of India over his too freely expressed overtures to the Russian Government his pension ceased for a time to be paid, many of his jewels were said to have found their way into the brilliant shops round the Public Gardens.

King Oscar of Sweden was a frequent visitor, as his son, King Gustav V, is still; both his present Majesty and the Crown Prince are well known on the Nice Lawn Tennis Courts. The King of Denmark and his family are other faithful habitués; and so are the Royal Family of Montenegro.

The Russian Grand Dukes one and all make of the Riviera a second home, and none is more popular than the Duke of Leuchtenberg. Statesmen of all countries take their winter holidays here; Lord Salisbury used to spend all the time he could spare at the pleasant villa he

built high up on the hill-side above Beaulieu; and the Christmas holidays bring down most of the British Cabinet and half the House of Commons. Not long ago an unwelcome General Election called back some dozen gentlemen who had hoped to pass a long and pleasant vacation here at the beginning of the year. Loud were their lamentations, and sad their farewells. But their constituents took pity on them, and they were speedily back again, having one and all failed to secure re-election; unkind rumours will have it that they were all Conservatives!

A politician of another type came here not many years ago, arrived in secrecy and stealth, and left as silently as he came. This was George Gapon, the Russian priest who at that time seemed destined to lead his countrypeople in the successful way of revolution. He was surely one of the strangest figures of the last century. When he escaped from Saint Petersburg on that fatal Red Sunday, when so many of his compatriots were shot down before the Winter Palace, his comrades managed to get him out of the country, and he lay hidden here, where he was least likely to be looked for. In the assumed character of a Roumanian priest, he escaped notice for many weeks,

and might have continued to do so had it not been for the strange irregularity which his life suddenly assumed. He gave way to notorious excesses, and spent most of his days at the gambling tables, choosing one by preference where a certain Grand Duke was playing. Well, he disappeared, and the end is known to all, how months after his dead body was found in a lonely cottage in the outskirts of Saint Petersburg, with a paper pinned to it, to say he had been executed by his comrades as a traitor and a police spy.

The Riviera has become so cosmopolitan of recent years that it cannot be said that the natives of any one particular country predominate over the others; and the lines of demarcation between the different foreign colonies have been practically obliterated, even more so than has been the case elsewhere. But what Nice has lost in intimacy it has gained in splendour, and its sun is as prodigal of its welcome as are its people.

CHAPTER VII

Religious piety in former times—The patrons of the city—Monuments and palaces—The town gates—The Pont Vieux—The port—The terraces—The Hôtel de la Préfecture—The Tour Bellanda—The Mint—Palais Lascaris—Palais Marie Christine—The churches of Nice—The Cathedral of Saint Réparate—The monasteries of Cimiez, Saint Pons, and Saint Barthélemy—Old inns.

THROUGHOUT the history of Nice it is impossible to avoid being struck with the devotional spirit that animated its rulers; we read of churches being built in consequence of vows, of benefactions made in return for favours granted by Heaven, and of a general piety of which no trace whatever now remains, either in the public or in the private life of the city. Read what Monsieur Burnel wrote on the fêtes of Nice, no further back than the middle of the nineteenth century. "No public fête takes place in Nice without the co-operation of the Army and the clergy. The festivals of the Church are ushered in by the discharge of cannon. The cannon of the Château at midnight on Christmas Day announces to the Niçois the birth of Christ. Cannon again, on Easter Eve, glorifies His Resurrection; every Sunday the regiments of

the garrison march to their parish church with the band playing and drums beating; all kneel at the Elevation of the Host. This picture of material force, inclining itself to moral force, has always seemed to me a moving spectacle. Like to the ceremony which occurs every spring, when the Bishop, surrounded by his Chapter, blesses the sea and country-side. The Prelate, in full pontificals, standing on the beach, extends his hands in blessing over the waters which provide the principal food of his flock. On the morrow he betakes himself with his clergy to the Place Victor (now the Place Garibaldi), and from thence he blesses the country-side, where the wheat is growing and the fruits of the earth are ripening. Finally, a third day is devoted to the blessing of the mountains, which produce the olive trees, and which send down their fertile waters on the fields."

But let us go back to the sixteenth century. At this date Saint Sebastian and Saint Roch were the protectors of Nice, and in accordance with a vow made on January 20th, 1581, to these two Saints, whose prayers were believed to have delivered the population from the plague which was then raging, a *Te Deum* and the Litany of the Saints were ordered to be sung in the Cathedral of Saint Réparate

every year on their festivals, January 20th and August 16th.

In 1631 two additional protectors of the town were proclaimed, in the persons of Saint Rosalie and Saint Francis Xavier. The former was designated because it had become known at Nice that the town of Palermo had, through the intercession of this virgin-martyr, been delivered from the plague which was raging there. The Senate of Palermo granted some recently discovered relics of the Saint to the town of Nice, and these were sent in a magnificent silver reliquary bearing a suitable inscription. The Consuls of Nice, in return for this fraternal gift, sent a beautiful wrought silver lamp to be suspended before Saint Rosalie's shrine at Palermo, and voted an annual sum of money to keep it perpetually burning. At the same time, a chapel dedicated to the Saint was constructed at the public expense, in the Cathedral of Saint Réparate.

Close on a century later, on October 11th, 1677, the Bishop and members of the Synod, which was held on that day at Nice, proclaimed the Virgin of Laghet Protectress and special Patroness of the Town of Nice, and the Consuls caused her statue to be placed on each of the four gates of the city, with this inscription, "Ego murus et ubera mea quasi turris."

At this time Nice had four gates, the Porte Pairolière on the river side, near the Pont Vieux, the Sea Gate, and the Porte Saint Antoine and the Porte Saint Eloi on the other sides of the town. The origin of the Pont Vieux is somewhat obscure, but it is known that a bridge existed here before the thirteenth century. This, according to Steinbrück, was carried away by an extraordinary flood of the Paillon on October 9th, 1530, and was restored in the following year. On the bridge was a chapel dedicated to Our Lady. During the siege of the town by Barbarossa, two arches of the Pont Vieux were destroyed, which were not restored until 1545, and these were rebuilt again some twenty years later.

Dr. Davis, who describes himself as "one of the British captives from Verdun," and who seems to have been the first physician to write on Nice as a health resort, thus delivers himself in the year of grace, 1807. "The ancient splendour of Nice has greatly suffered from the many sieges it has been exposed to. The triumphal army of Francis I, and the fleet of the Ottoman pirate Barbarossa, almost consumed the town and destroyed its edifices. The effects of its deterioration were, for a while, lost sight of in the repairs accomplished by the generosity

of the House of Savoy, but, gradually losing its former consideration, and ever involved in war, the monastery, churches, convents, and other public buildings have almost all since fallen into decay. Anterior to the French Revolution Nice was infinitely more interesting than at the present, though its pristine magnitude and importance had already been considerably reduced. Of its ancient suburbs there only existed at that period the relics, and especially of those which ran in a north-easterly direction from the gate of the Pairolière. The extensive suburbs, which equally embellished the road on the western side of the Stone Bridge, are now reduced to those of the Croix de Marbre, but being of modern architecture, are spacious and lofty, and the usual residence of opulent strangers." This reads strangely a century later, when the city has spread far into the country both west, north, and east.

The present port of Nice is not the original harbour of the town. The old harbour—known as the Port Saint Lambert—was at the mouth of the Paillon, and is mentioned as far back as 1205, but it seems to have gradually silted up. In very early days it was but the roadstead between the river and the Castle rock, and in bad weather the ships were drawn up on the

shelving beach, just as the fisher-boats are to-day. In the time of Charles Emmanuel III it was decided to make a new harbour, which should be a free port, and the Duke issued a decree to that effect. Two projects were put forward, one to improve the existing harbour at the mouth of the Paillon, the other to create a new port on the other side of the Castle. This latter scheme was decided upon, and the new port was known as Lympia; the works were carried out under the direction of the Comte de Robillant, and were completed in 1749. The old harbour at Saint Lambert, left to itself, soon entirely disappeared under the action of the waves. About this time the first of the terraces which front the sea between the market and the Quai du Midi was constructed; this was commenced by a syndicate of house-owners in 1750, but was not finished till thirty years afterwards; the other was built in 1844. For many years they were the promenade of the fashionable world, which congregated here every morning and afternoon to discuss the gossip of the day. But they fell on evil times, and became the haunt of doubtful characters, so that the authorities decided to close them, and they only come to life now when the firework display which marks the burning of King

Carnival is fired from their neglected alleys ; for the rest of the year they are barred and deserted.

When the Palaces of Nice are to be brought to notice, naturally the first of them to be described is what is now the Hôtel de la Préfecture, which has existed in more or less its present form for some three centuries. The seat of Government at Nice was originally established at the Château in the fortified *enceinte* which comprised the old Cathedral and other public buildings which have long since completely disappeared, and there was the residence of the Governor. But the various Sovereign Princes and Counts of Nice established their dwelling in the lower town. The Ducal Palace, which was situated at the foot of the Château close to Ponchettes, was destroyed by fire on May 8th, 1610, and the new Palace was built by Duke Charles Emmanuel I on a site belonging to the Abbey of Saint Dominic, which he acquired for the purpose. This was situated between the churches of Saint Gaetan—then known as the Miséricorde (which still exists)—and that of Saint Dominic, where the present Palace of Justice stands. The foundation stone was laid in the year 1611, and the Duke inaugurated it in person in January, 1614. When the Dukes of Savoy, in 1700, took the title of Kings of Sardinia, it became the Royal Palace,

by which title it was known until the French Revolution of 1792. It was completely sacked by the Republican troops called in from Antibes to restore order in the city, and was then turned into a military hospital. During the reign of Napoleon it once more served as a Royal Palace, where the Emperor himself stayed, and where Pope Pius VII, journeying to Paris for the coronation of Napoleon, was lodged.

After Nice was restored to the kingdom of Sardinia it became once again a Royal abode, and was occupied by King Charles Albert, and by King Victor Emmanuel I, but was generally used as the residence of the Governor of the Province. When Nice, by the practically unanimous vote of its inhabitants, declared for annexation to the French Empire, in 1860, and became a French town, Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie stayed there for some time, and the Emperor Alexander I of Russia also visited it. For the last fifty years it has been the official residence of the Préfet of the Alpes Maritimes, and the seat of the Government of the Department.

So much for the history of the building which so fitly dominates the old town of Nice, facing the market-place, the great centre of the commercial life of the working part of its population.

The building has, of necessity, undergone many enlargements and improvements from time to time, and it is difficult to realize that the barrack-like edifice shown in prints at the time of the annexation is the Palace, with its beautiful *façade* and handsome *loggie*, which is to be seen to-day. The arch surmounting the main entrance has recently been embellished with a mass of handsome sculpture, a Roman galley wreathed with roses, with the *fasces* on either side bound and supported with oak and olive foliage, and the rich fruits of flora which the Riviera bears, the pomegranate, grape, orange, lemon, and others. This is due to the clever sculptor, Michel de Tarnowsky—whose work is well known in America—himself a Niçois by early adoption. The garden in front of it retains its old charm, with its big date-palms and verdant foliage, while the peculiarity of a public passage through the centre of the building still remains, recalling the many princely abodes in Italy where rulers resided in the midst of their people, who demanded the freest approach to them.

The first restoration and embellishment of the building took place in 1822, and it was further enlarged in 1862 and 1863, the year before the visit of the Emperor Alexander I. Since then, at various epochs, additions have been made,

new galleries substituted for old constructions, and the existing *façade* erected. During the present Republic three Presidents have been lodged at the Préfecture, Monsieur Carnot, in 1890, Monsieur Félix Faure, in 1896, and Monsieur Fallières, in 1909.

The interior of the building is extremely well arranged for large receptions and functions of an official nature. A handsome monumental staircase leads to the state rooms on the first floor, which open one from the other round the entire quadrangle. The grand *Salle des Fêtes* was built under the *régime* of Monsieur Arsène Henry, and is beautifully painted by Leriche; it is also adorned with a fine marble group by the sculptor Lombard. Quite recently a gallery has been added, decorated with paintings by Chéret, in which the famous artist has caught to the full the brilliant colour and sunlight which harmonize with the Niçois scenes which he has depicted so faithfully.

Not far from the Préfecture may be seen the Tour Bellanda, the only remnant which has remained of the ancient fortifications of the Château. Originally the name it bears seems to have been derived from two Celtic words, "Bel," which means "fine," and "Lande," which is Celtic or Gaulish (ancient French) for

" country," Bellanda, fine country, a name justified by the glorious view obtained from it. A miracle is recorded as having taken place in this tower, when Saint Honorat saved the innocent Gualbore de Bellanda under the ordeal of fire, as is related in a very curious and popular Provençal poem, written by a monk of Lérins in the thirteenth century. The tower was destroyed, together with the other fortifications of the Château, in 1706, but less completely than the others, and it was rebuilt in 1825. Above it the site of the Château makes a pleasant park, and the panorama of Nice and the surrounding country, seen from its summit, is unequalled. The hills slope up to the north, covered with villas and gardens, and olive woods, and the bare heights of Mont Chauve stand out backed by a circle of snow-clad Alpine peaks, in strange contrast to the warmth and brilliancy of the landscape spread all around.

In the heyday of its independent life Nice established for itself a mint, known as the " Zecca "—this was about the year 1529—and the Dukes of Savoy coined money there until 1590, and again, after a short interruption, until 1624. Finally it was definitely suppressed by Duke Charles Emmanuel II, in 1651, and no trace of the building now remains. Of the old

IV. STAIRCASE OF THE PALAIS LASCARIS

Palaces, long fallen from their high estate, and turned into tenement houses, the best existing specimen is the Palais Lascaris, situated in the Rue Droite, in the heart of the old town This was the family residence of that ancient house, which was connected with Nice as early as 1261, in which year Theodore Lascaris, Emperor of the East, who had been dethroned by Michael Palæologos, fled thither. He gave his daughter Irene in marriage to William Grimaldi, Count of Tenda and Ventimiglia, whose descendants kept the name of Lascaris, and possessed the Countship of Tenda down to 1579. Here was lodged the Cardinal-Legate sent by the Pope to present the Golden Rose to the newly-wedded Queen Marie Louise of Spain, in 1701. To-day all that remains of the former splendour of this great house is the battered grand staircase, and a couple of large saloons with finely painted ceilings and carvings, from which the gold has perished; all else in the Palace is divided up into the humble homes of the lower strata of the population.

The Palais Marie Christine, in the Rue de France, is so called from having been long inhabited by Queen Marie Christine, wife of King Charles Felix; it has no features of either architectural or historical interest. Princess

Pauline Borghese (one of the sisters of Napoleon) lived in it at one time, and a low-built house close by, the Maison Barralis, was the residence of Marie Louise, Queen of Etruria, sent here in exile by Napoleon in 1810. The old Croix de Marbre, of which mention has already been made, stands before this Palace. It was removed in 1792, but replaced in 1810, at the expense of the Comtesse de Villeneuve. This quarter of the town was formerly called Assegnador, because legal proclamations and sentences were promulgated there, according to some authorities, or on account of its being the place of execution for criminals, according to others. The white marble column commemorating the passing of Pope Pius VII also stands on this spot.

The churches in the town of Nice itself are of no great interest for the memories attaching to them. Of the old Cathedral on the Castle rock no trace remains beyond the few foundations which have of late years been brought to light. Nor is there any record as to its appearance. Lenthéric tells us that some remains of the marble torn from the Tower of Augustus at La Turbie were employed for the decoration of the high altar of this church, but when the explosion of a powder magazine threw down the entire nave in 1691, during the siege by De

V. LA CROIX DE MARBRE

Catinat, this altar was buried under a mass of rubbish, which was cast away as worth nothing.

The present Cathedral of Saint Réparate is built on the site of a smaller church dating from the eleventh century, and it became the Cathedral in 1531. The See of Nice was founded in A.D. 250, and no less than seven of its occupants have been canonized. The first Bishop of Nice was Saint Bassus, who was martyred in 253. He was succeeded by Saint Pons, whose story has already been related, and who suffered martyrdom in 261. The other sainted Prelates of the See were Saint Valerius, 433–443; Saint Valerianus, 443–452; Saint Duterius, or Deutherus, 490–493; Saint Siagrius, 777–787; and Saint Anselm, 1100–1107. Another list, however, exists, which differs somewhat from this; it is as follows: Saint Bassus, 253; Saint Pons, 260–261; Saint Amantius, 382; Saint Valerianus, 438; Saint Deutherus, 468; Saint Siagrius, 777; and Saint Anselm, 1100–1108. The church itself is a well-proportioned and handsome building, such as may be met with in any Italian town. It was entirely restored some few years ago, a restoration which was effected with considerable taste, though much of the old work which was done away with might have been preserved with advantage. The organ loft was

adorned with marble sculptures which had been whitewashed and painted, and these were thrown down in the belief that they were merely wooden, which, of course, caused their total destruction. Baring-Gould falls foul of this Cathedral, which he calls a *rococo* construction in the barbaric taste of its period, and he relates how, on March 16th, 1705, a bomb fell and exploded in the nave, killing many people. "If it had blown the whole church to atoms," he adds, "it would have caused no loss to art!" The bodies of Saint Réparate (its Patroness), of Saint Alexander, and of Saint Victor are piously preserved here. In the Treasury was, until recently, the famous *Baiser de Paix* in chased silver, with Limoges enamel, dating from the fifteenth century. This exquisite reliquary was exhibited in the Paris Exhibition of 1900; portions of it are gilt, and the transparent enamel is very beautiful. It has not yet been restored to the Treasury by the Ministry of Fine Arts. The chief relic remaining of the Cathedral is the so-called mitre of Saint Bassus, in Oriental tissue, which must have belonged to a Bishop, not of the third, but of the ninth or tenth centuries.

Of all the churches of Nice, undoubtedly the most interesting is that of the former Franciscan Monastery at Cimiez, now become the parish

church. It is, indeed, very worthy of a visit. On the *place* in front of the *façade* some gigantic ilex trees, the pride of the Franciscan monks, now exiled from their old home, throw a grateful shade. This little *piazza* is further adorned with the famous Cross of Cimiez, although this has no fundamental connection with the group of monastic buildings with which it is now classed, for it was erected in Nice itself as long ago as June 5th, 1477, and it was the vicissitudes of the French Revolution which led to its ultimate removal to this spot. It is not only a work of art of great merit, but it is remarkable as being one of the very few extant representations of the Crucified Seraph of the Vision of Saint Francis of Assisi, for it is not a crucifix in the ordinary sense of the work. That Vision, unknown to most who look casually on the Cross, is well described by Montgomery Carmichael, in writing of La Verna in Tuscany. He tells us that early in the morning of September 14th, 1224, on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, ere day had yet dawned, certain shepherds in the plain below saw the holy hill irradiated with a light as of the risen sun. And certain muleteers, believing that the sun had indeed risen, started on their journey by the Romagna, only to be overtaken by darkness, when that supernatural

light had failed. For the light came from heaven, and it shone upon Francis, wrapped in the love of God. And as he looked, he beheld a Seraph with six wings, descending swiftly towards him; two of the wings hid the Angel's face, two others covered his body, while with the other two he winged his rapid flight to earth. And as the Seraph drew nigh, the Saint looked and saw that he was nailed upon a cross like the Lord Himself. In that heavenly visitation Francis was sealed with the Five Wounds of the Passion. His reception of the Stigmata was the first recorded case of such an occurrence in hagiography, and remains to-day the best authenticated and the most marvellous.

The Cross is of white marble, raised on a pillar of the same material. Local authorities differ as to the name of the donor, the worn Latin inscription being variously rendered; but it seems to have been ordered and given to the Monastery of Saint Francis in the old town of Nice, by Louis Terrini—a Minorite Friar—or by a Prelate, Bertin Serrazzi or Serrassi, Bishop of Cyrene, on June 5th, 1477. It was set up in front of the Franciscan Monastery, and there remained until the troublous times of the French Revolution, when, for a brief period, Nice was united to France. The Revolutionists cared

naught for works of art, and the spirit of iconoclasm did not spare this venerable monument, which was thrown down and broken. Fortunately the fragments were rescued by a man named Sardina, who concealed them in his stable. After the Concordat, on June 19th, 1804, a solemn procession was organized, with Sardina at its head, and the Cross was borne with loving and reverent ceremony to Cimiez, where it was set up before the church, and there it has ever since remained. The work is remarkable; in the centre, facing the noonday sun, is the form of the Crucified Seraph. The three branches of the Cross on this side terminate in trefoils, bearing medallions respectively of Saint Francis, Saint Louis of Toulouse, and a pelican. In the centre of the other side is a Madonna, and on the lateral extremities are Saint Bernardine of Siena and Saint Clare. At the top is a representation of God the Father, holding an orb, symbolic of the world.

On the wall of the columned portico of the church is depicted in fresco an earlier incident in the life of Saint Francis. Anxious to unite his numerous followers in a brotherhood or Order, he went to Rome to ask the sanction and blessing of the Pope. Innocent III, knowing little or nothing of the applicant, at first declined to

accede to his request; but in the night, after the interview, the Holy Father dreamed that he saw the pillars of Saint John Lateran giving way, and about to fall, and that Francis held them up with a mighty effort, and saved the building from destruction. In the morning the Pope sent for him, and, acting upon this "Signum cadentis ecclesiæ," confirmed the rule of his Order.

In regard to the church itself, it stands on the site of the Roman Temple dedicated to Diana. A small chapel was built here in the eleventh century, which was rebuilt and enlarged some four hundred years later, and became a monastery of the Franciscan Monks of Nice, who settled themselves there in the sixteenth century, after the destruction of their monastery in the town by Barbarossa, in 1543. The eighteenth-century *façade* is fantastic and unpleasing, but within the church is beautiful. The high altar of inlaid marble is of exquisite workmanship, and the quaint carved and gilded reredos behind it is both curious and pleasing. The low vaulted roof is covered with paintings, chiefly of Franciscan Saints, and incidents in the life of Saint Francis. The church possesses three altar-pieces by the great Niçois painter, Ludovic Bréa. Of these the retable in three panels is the most remark-

VI. THE MONASTERY CHURCH AT CIMIEZ

able; the centre one represents Our Lady of Sorrows kneeling by the dead Christ, with an interesting view of the Château of Nice as it was at that epoch, and the side ones bear the figures of Saint Martin of Tours, and of Saint Catherine of Alexandria. The other two altar-pieces are equally noble in conception and rich in colouring; all three were given to the Franciscans by the illustrious Philippe de Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Grand Master of the Order of Saint John of Jerusalem, in 1529, when he left Nice, where he had resided since the capture of Rhodes, in 1522. They were saved at the destruction by Barbarossa of the monastery in the town, and were brought here in 1546, when the Franciscans took possession of the church, which had been given them by the Benedictines in exchange for the site of their destroyed Monastery of Holy Cross. The outer cloister has a quaint well in the centre, and is hung all round with gruesome woodcuts representing the martyrdoms of the various Franciscan Saints. In the inner one a deserted garden weaves a thick tangle round the rose bushes, and all is silence and decay. From the monastic gardens beyond may be seen the finest view of Nice to be obtained anywhere; the town spread out below, the hills clothed with their suburbs, and the Bay of

Angels stretching out towards the distant headland of Antibes, and the far Esterel Mountains—all this in the foreground—while behind are the snow-clad summits of the Alps, the bald crest of Mont Chauve, with Mont Agel and the Berceau rising far to the heavens towards the east, and in the valley the Paillon wending its devious way from the mountain gorges to the sea. This old garden was closured to the world for centuries, and no woman's foot was allowed to pass its gates. The Empress Eugénie and Queen Victoria were the sole exceptions in the last century—until the monks were driven out, the kindly old brown-robed men who lived for charity and well-doing, whose home was confiscated with thousands of others under the baldest of pretexts of political necessity. Whereever else in France the monks may have been a menace to the development of the State, it was not at Cimiez that these poor followers of the rule of Saint Francis did aught but good. Their peaceful garden and its ilex grove are given over to the noisy beanfeaster on holidays, and the restfulness and quiet charm of the old-world spot has fled for ever.

As we bid a lingering farewell to the monastery, an Italian inscription painted in the porch must be noticed; here is the translation of it: "Cimiez,

a Greek colony, strengthened with Roman blood, rich in monuments pagan and Christian, the civic and religious capital of the Maritime Alps, had Saint Barnabas for its Apostle, and gave two martyrs to Spain, who became its immortal protectors. Alboin burnt it, Charlemagne raised it from its ruins, and erected it into a county"; and on the other side of the door: "This church was built on the ruins of the Temple of Diana, about the ninth century. The first sanctuary of the Virgin Mary in the Maritime Alps. In the sixteenth century it was handed over by the monks of Saint Benedict to the Franciscan Fathers. Enlarged since then, and embellished with a *façade* and frescoes: witness of the piety of the departed, a promise and an inspiration for those who shall come after. 1858."

On an eminence by the side of the Paillon, down below the monastery of Cimiez, is the famous Abbey of Saint Pons. It was built in 775 by Saint Siagrius, Bishop of Nice, who was the son of Carloman, and nephew of Charlemagne, on the very spot where occurred the martyrdom of Saint Pons, in the year 261. The early Abbots of Saint Pons were not under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Nice, and bore the title of Counts of Cimiez, conferred first on Saint Siagrius by

Charlemagne; no monk could be admitted to the monastery who was unable to show proofs of noble descent. Charlemagne covered the Abbey with favours, and stayed there on two occasions, the first time when he returned from Italy in 777, after crushing the power of the Lombards, and their King Desiderius, when he is said to have opened the coffin of Saint Pons, and to have found the body therein, but without the head, a statement that does not tally with the legends previously related of angelic intervention after his martyrdom. Charlemagne stayed here again in the year 800, when he went to Rome to be crowned Emperor of the West; and a stone found in excavating bears an inscription of which the words "Domino Karolo" can be deciphered, which are supposed to make some allusion to these visits. The monastery and its buildings were destroyed in 970 by the Saracens, but were rebuilt some thirty years later by Fredonius, Bishop of Nice. Subterranean passages are believed to connect it with the monastery on the hill above, but all trace of them has long been lost. Recently some important finds were made here, showing the existence of a Gallo-Roman cemetery, and a fine stone sarcophagus was disinterred, in which a number of pins, brooches, and objects of personal adorn-

ment were discovered; all of these are now to be seen in the town Museum. But, like the monastery of Cimiez, "Ichabod" must be written over the Abbey of Saint Pons; it is in even worse plight to-day, for its church is closed, and fast falling to decay, while the cloisters where the monks lived their quiet lives are turned into auxiliary wards for the city hospital, and new and hideous buildings for the same purpose have been built right up to its walls. It would have been better to let the old Abbey vanish with its memories into the night of history.

A third once famous monastery still exists in little better plight, that of Saint Barthélémy—now the parish church of the quarter. It was founded in 520, and the Knights of Malta gave the church a statue of the Madonna. There is nothing of interest left in it now, with the exception of a couple of good pictures by masters of the Niçois school. The old tower has been pulled down, but the new one which has arisen in its stead—if not adapted to the rest of the architecture of the building—is still not an unpleasing figure in the landscape. It is related that Meyerbeer, when staying in Nice, one day took a walk in the direction of Saint Barthélémy, and came to the monastery. He asked some

peasants whom he met to tell him where he was. They replied that it was the Monastery of Saint Barthélémy. Hearing this, the imagination of the great composer was stirred, and the idea came to compose that great opera of his, "Les Huguenots," which he shortly afterwards put into execution. Of the other churches in the town there is not much to be said; that of Saint Augustine, now destroyed, was famous from the fact that Martin Luther celebrated Mass there on June 20th, 1524, when he was passing through Nice, and Masséna was baptized in it. The monastery was converted into the present barracks.

As to other old buildings of interest, they may be counted on the fingers, for the craze of destruction has, of late years, been rampant, and the ancient must give way to the modern; while that device of the Evil One, the "*plan rectificateur*," must assimilate the streets and boulevards of Nice to geometrical accuracy of proportion. Of the old inns of Nice but one remains, and that transmogrified out of all recognition; the Chapeau Vert, on the Boulevard MacMahon. Its sign to-day shows a green Tyrolese hat with a jaunty feather, but the meaning of it is quite different. As Cardinals wore hats with tassels of scarlet, so did Bishops

have theirs adorned with tassels of green, and this was probably so called from the site being one of the halting-points of the religious processions in which the Bishops of Nice so frequently took part, naturally wearing the green hat as part of their official outdoor costume. The Chapeau Rouge, where Cardinals may have stayed, on the other side of the river, which had come to be a mere drinking-house for country carters, was pulled down in 1910 to make way for the extension of the Lycée buildings.

There is a fine old building in the Parc Impérial Quarter, formerly standing in the centre of a large park, which served as a hunting-box of the Dukes of Savoy. Now it is built round, and cut up into tenements. Except a graceful *loggia*, it shows no sign of its former greatness, and is doubtless soon destined to disappear.

CHAPTER VIII

The history of Nice and its worthies written in the names of its streets, squares, and public places—The Château de Montboron—The English and Russian churches.

THE history of a town is written in the names of its streets, and though a sudden national upheaval may oftentimes sweep away old landmarks, yet they usually continue to exist on the lips of the people, although they are no longer officially recognized. Such a case is to be seen in almost every town in Italy, where the ancient designations of the principal thoroughfares have almost universally been re-baptized after Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi. Yet who ever speaks of anything but the Corso in Rome or the Toledo at Naples ? The old names cling, and it takes a long time to obliterate them. In Nice there has been a strong tendency of late years to abolish the names of streets called after Saints. In the old days of piety, we can easily understand that the Patron of the parish church gave his name as a rule to the street in which it stood ; but the modern view, which is, after all, reasonable enough, is that the churches in themselves sufficiently re-

present the names of the Saints they bear, and that the thoroughfares of the town should, as a general rule, perpetuate the memories of those departed worthies who wrought for its welfare, or of the events connected with the actual site. So we shall see in this chapter, not only how the world-famous names of Sovereigns and generals, and such big people are preserved, but also how the memory of the lesser lights who helped to make history in Nice are kept green; while that history itself will often be elucidated by recalling the successive appellations of streets and squares during succeeding generations and epochs.

At the present day in Nice, three names stand out before all others in street nomenclature, those of Garibaldi, Masséna, and Gambetta. Let us take the Place Garibaldi first, for since Nice overflowed the walls of the old city it has been the chief spot for historical events. It was created in 1780, by King Victor Amadeus III of Sardinia, and was called after him. It became the Place Napoleon when the great Corsican rose to power; later it was the Place de la République, and ultimately it became the Place Garibaldi. In 1796 Bonaparte reviewed his army—which he was later to lead all over Europe—on this spot; and here, too, in 1860,

Comte de Malausséna, the then *Maire*, offered the keys of the town to Napoleon III, just after the signature of the Treaty which made it French once more.

Masséna, "l'Enfant chéri de la Victoire," shares with Garibaldi the honour of having his statue erected on the spot named after him; both were born in Nice, and of both are the Niçois equally proud. Gambetta has recently been added to form the trio, and has also been honoured with a statue. The "Great Tribune," who died in 1882, lies buried in the cemetery at the Château. His name, which has already been bestowed on a boulevard, made in 1884, on the occasion of the International Exhibition of Nice, has now been given as well to the *place* where his statue stands, displacing the memory of Béatrix, Countess of Provence, and loved by the Niçois to whom she granted many privileges, and who died in the year 1245. That Gambetta should not monopolize too much of Nice, the garden formerly called after him, on the Boulevard Victor Hugo, now bears the name of that King of Würtemberg, Charles I, for whose pleasure it was made, when he spent the winter here in 1888.

Other Sovereigns are duly commemorated, who have been bound up with the later history of Nice. The two approaches to the hotel at

Cimiez, where Queen Victoria lived, are respectively named Avenue Victoria and Avenue Regina. Close by, parallel boulevards bear the designation of Edward VII and Prince de Galles, in grateful souvenir of the regretted founder of the *Entente Cordiale.* Lower down the hill, a road where he often walked is called after King Leopold II of the Belgians. The Boulevard de l'Impératrice at the port recalls the visit of the Empress Marie Alexandrowna of Russia in 1857. The lower road to Villefranche, hard by, was commenced during her visit, and the Empress presided at a fête held on the occasion when Her Majesty cut a green ribbon stretched across the road with a pair of golden scissors, which were presented to her on a silver platter by the Syndic of the town. This road was not inaugurated until shortly after the annexation of Nice to France. It is now known as the Boulevard Carnot, in memory of the visit of President Carnot, shortly before his assassination. The curious Château de Montboron, at the top of it, was built by an Englishman, one Colonel Smith, some half-century ago. It is an extraordinary-looking pink building, unlike anything ever seen before or since on this coast; scarcely a room in it is square, most of them are round, octagonal, or other odd shapes. Colonel Smith had made

a large fortune in India, and this was the third similar palace which he built in different parts of Europe—the general design is believed to have been taken from the battlements of Delhi. He never lived to finish it, and the property was bought and completed some years after, by the late Count Gurowski, who filled it with a great collection of art treasures, and whose son now lives there.

Another Imperial guest of Nice is commemorated in the Boulevard de Tzaréwitch. It was at the Villa Bermond where the Tzaréwitch Nicholas, son of Alexander II of Russia, died in 1865. The house was pulled down with the exception of the room in which death took place, which was rebuilt as a Memorial Chapel; the altar marking the exact spot. The building itself is a gem, and cost no less than thirteen thousand pounds. It is in the Byzantine style, built in granite and marble of various colours. The great door of bronze, set in an archway of pure Carrara marble, leads into the interior, filled from floor to ceiling with exquisite pictures, frescoes, and mosaics, and flooded with a rosy light from the painted glass in the cupola above. The arrangement of the subjects is incongruous, Saint Nicholas, the young Grand Duke's Patron Saint, holding the position of honour. The new

Russian church rises but a few yards away from the chapel, and the former gardens of the Villa Bermond are now filled with villas, and known as the Parc Impérial. It is interesting to recall that the fiancé of the Tzaréwitch Nicholas, Princess Dagmar of Denmark (sister of Queen Alexandra), afterwards became the bride of his brother, Alexander III, and is the mother of the Emperor Nicholas II.

The Place Alziary de Malausséna is still usually known by its former name of Place Anglicane, or Place du Temple Anglican, for the worthy *Maire* whom it now commemorates is remembered in other ways. The history of the English church in Nice is an interesting one. Towards the latter part of the eighteenth century an Englishman was drowned in crossing a torrent close to the sea where is now the Boulevard Gambetta. The British residents bought land there to bury him, and to serve in future as a small cemetery, and it was consecrated—or perhaps only dedicated—in 1780. In 1815 leave was obtained from the Sardinian Government to make a new cemetery, and to erect a chapel therein. This was permitted on condition that the chapel should be as little like an ecclesiastical building as possible. In consequence Trinity Churchyard was laid out, and an ugly villa-like

structure was designed to serve as a church. The authorization for the celebration of the services of the Church of England to be conducted therein dates from the year 1821, and in the Consular Records an entry appears on July 10th, 1821, which says, " The building of the church commences next week, and will be completed by the first week in November." Dean Hole tells us that the authorization was grudgingly given by His Majesty the King of Sardinia, at the solicitation of " the excellent Lady Olivia Sparrow," on the express condition (so it was commanded in the Royal Patent) that the building should not bear, either within or without, the slightest resemblance to a church. Protestantism was not in favour in those days. " I have seen," writes one of the French chroniclers of Nice, about this time, " the funeral processions of Protestants hooted and pelted with stones by a populace blind enough to offer insult to the dead, and to the mourners in their sore distress."

The present church of the Holy Trinity replaced the first miserable makeshift in 1856. The original design of it was a very ambitious one, and in addition to the actual nave, transepts, an apse and tower were to have been provided; but it was thought more desirable to devote the money collected for this purpose to the building

of a second church at Carabacel, and Christ Church was therefore erected, instead of completing the original scheme in regard to Holy Trinity. A third Anglican place of worship is the little chapel at Cimiez, used by Queen Victoria during her sojourns there, which is open during the season. The Americans and Presbyterians have handsome edifices for their followers in the Boulevard Victor Hugo. The Promenade des Anglais, that unequalled road which fringes the Bay of Angels for close on four miles, is of special interest to us, for its name shows the long connection of the English Colony with the town. It is recorded that it was made in the year 1821, as the result of a subscription by the English people in Nice, to provide work for the unemployed that winter, which was a particularly severe one.

The Jardin Public, which branches off from it, has entirely changed its character since the covering in of the Paillon. In olden days it was an extensive marsh, where people shot snipe and wildfowl; then it became, in the course of years, a quaint archaic garden, with a moss-grown fountain in its centre, filled with gold-fish, and surrounded by stone benches set under the drooping foliage of ancient pepper trees. Here, in 1863, a great fête was given by the English

Colony, in honour of the marriage of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra, and the illuminations are said to have surpassed anything ever seen at that epoch. But with the necessary covering of the river all this was changed, a broad road driven through the centre abolished the fountain and its pepper trees, and a more open style of landscape gardening took their place. Of late years statues have been erected at various points, especially the imposing monument of the Centenary of the Annexation of Nice to France, and everything has been embellished and beautified. But the chief treasure of the garden is the beautiful Fountain of the Tritons, which was brought hither by the Imperial family of Lascaris, when they were driven out of Constantinople, in the thirteenth century; this passed through many hands until it was presented to the town by the last of the Comtes Arson. The Avenue des Phocéens, which runs along behind the fountain, is said to be the spot where the Phocæans landed about 600 B.C., after their victory over the Carthaginians and Tyrrhenians in neighbouring waters.

The Quai du Midi, which continues the Promenade des Anglais to the east, lined with its superb row of palm trees, terminates at the harbour, skirting round the Castle rock at the turning

VII. FOUNTAIN OF THE TRITONS IN THE PUBLIC GARDEN

known as Raüba Capëu (hat-thief), where the wind plays havoc with promenaders, coming along with a sudden gust to deprive the unwary passer-by of his hat, and ends at Ponchettes. This is so called from the Niçois word *pounchetta* (little point), on account of the jagged rocks which fringe the sea here. The statue of King Charles Felix stands near by, looking lonely and out of date amid the hurrying motor traffic which is perpetually passing.

The Quai des Deux Emmanuel recalls the name of the Sovereigns Charles Emmanuel I and Charles Emmanuel III, who ordered the construction of the new port of Nice. The name of the Rue Paradis has often caused comment, for it is the most sunless and windy street of any in the new town ; but as a matter of fact, it is so called, not from any celestial association, but after a certain Mademoiselle Paradis, who was the proprietress of the land on which it was built.

The Place Saint Dominique was laid out in 1724, on the ground known as the Goose Market ; when the Terror swept over Nice the guillotine was set up here, and worked with regularity every day. Yet the authorities found time between condemning batches of so-called criminals to execution to sweep away the names

of the streets and squares of the town wherever they appeared to be in any way connected with religion. With ferocious irony new appellations were invented, and Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, Indivisibility, Justice, Morality, Wisdom, Regeneration, Glory, Salubrity, Fecundity, Truth, and Fortune took the places of the Patron Saints of the town; Saint Dominique giving way to Equality! The Cours Saléya, where the market is held, is called after the Saleyans, who were the first tribes established in the Maritime Alps; and to point out the site of the ancient Portus Salea, of which we have no actual knowledge. The Cité du Parc, between the terraces, recalls the Arsenal, established there by King Charles of Anjou, in the first years of the fourteenth century. The Rue Saint François de Paule, which joins it to the Public Garden, contains the Municipal Library of over three-quarters of a million volumes; as well as the Municipal Opera House, now, thanks to recent improvements, one of the finest in France. Its predecessor on the same site was totally destroyed by fire, with great loss of life, on March 23rd, 1881. That again had taken the place, in 1830, of an earlier theatre, known as the Théâtre Maccarani, which dated back to 1766. The church of Saint François de Paule, on the opposite

side of the street, was used as a recruiting office during the French Revolution.

The Avenue de la Gare, now the main street of Nice, was only built in 1865, to connect the new railway with the Place Masséna, which was then, as now, the centre of local activity. The name came naturally enough when the railway was a novelty, but has since been felt to be very inadequate, yet, strange to say, when a local newspaper recently opened a *plébiscite* to suggest a better appellation, not a single name was suggested which met with the slightest degree of popular favour.

It is, of course, the streets of the old town which bear the most interesting names, though many of these have been altered of late years. A good example is the Rue Benôit Bunico ; this was originally the Ghetto, and in the French Revolution became the Rue de la Régéneration ; when, by the Statute of 1848, King Charles Albert gave the right of citizenship to the Jewish inhabitants, it was transformed into the Rue du Statut. This somewhat colourless name was again altered later on to the Rue Benôit Bunico, to recall the name of the *Député* for Nice at the time the Statute was promulgated. In the Middle Ages here, as elsewhere, the various trades usually monopolized separate streets, so

we have the Rue de la Pairolière (from the Niçois word *pairoù*, a caldron), where the coppersmiths dwelt. At its entrance was formerly a pentagonal tower, which dominated the gate which opened here in the town walls. The Rue de la Croix contains the chapel of the same name, founded by the Cordeliers, who formerly gave their name to the street. The present Rue Sainte Réparate was, at one time, the upper half the Draperia (street of the drapers), and the lower the Fustaria (street of the carpenters). The rope-makers, the coopers, the locksmiths, and the armourers were similarly commemorated. Then there was the Cannebière (like the famous street at Marseilles), derived from *canebe*, the *patois* for hemp, where the rope-walks were set up; and the Sabateria, the street of the shoemakers. The Rue de l'Arc was the abode of the armourers and the cross-bow makers. In the Rue du Sénat (where the Court of Appeal formerly sat) was a stone called the *pierre des faillis*, where bankrupts were placed, and solemnly kicked head over heels off it three times by the public executioner. The Rue de la Loge was so called from the *loggia*, where goods seized by process of law were formerly sold by public auction. The old Hôtel de Ville, now the Bourse du Travail, in the Place Saint François,

was originally the Monastery of Saint Jean Baptiste.

In the modern town the streets are named in groups, some uninteresting enough, others as full of information as those in the old town. There is a dull district named after European countries, England, Italy, Belgium, etc., and Verdi, Mozart, Halévy, Gounod, and Meyerbeer form a musical quintet who have little or no continued connection with the town. But the other groups are more satisfactory. The writers are the most numerous. There is Alphonse Karr, the literary market-gardener; Louis Durante, the famous Niçois author, whose works include "Histoire de Nice depuis la fondation jusqu' à l'année 1792," and the "Chorographie du Comté de Nice"; Gioffredo, a still more celebrated historian of the Maritime Alps; Andrioli, a poet and historian, born at Nice in 1766, who died at Turin in 1838; Badat, one of a very old Niçois family which has given to the town Governors and Bishops as well; Bottéro, Secretary of State to Prince Maurice of Savoy, 1648, and author of a "History of the County of Nice," and a "History of the Siege in 1543"; Caïs de Gillette, and Caïs de Pierlas, one of the oldest of Niçois families, dating from the thirteenth century (Comte Eugène Caïs de

Pierlas published many historical works on Nice); Blacas, poet and man of war, whose valour is still proverbial in the country; Cluvier, the geographer; Shakespere and Smollett; and Sulzer, the German *savant*, who published a well-known book on Nice in 1766.

Soldiers include Pertinax, the Roman Emperor; Miron, once Governor of Nice; and Garnier, who was appointed General here on the 28th of Germinal in the year II; and famous sailors are Joseph Bavastro, born in 1760, died in Algiers in 1833; Galléan, who sustained a glorious struggle about the end of the fifteenth century, against the naval forces of the Republic of Genoa, with some small galleys constructed for the town of Nice at his own expense, and Provana, a Niçois Admiral, who distinguished himself in the naval battle which took place in the Gulf of Lepanto. The artists are not forgotten in this goodly company: Ludovic Bréa, the great Niçois painter; Biscarra; Castel; and the modern artists, Cyrille Besset and Pierre Comba. Félix Ziem, Turner's illustrious pupil, still waits for the honour of being godfather to a street in the town where he had been a welcome guest for close on three-quarters of a century. Other famous names we meet are those of Assalit, First Consul of Nice in 1108;

Ferrero, born here in 1682, Cardinal and Statesman; Adélaïde, named after Madame, eldest daughter of Louis XV; Queen Joanna, whose history has already been related; Candia, Governor of Nice in 1834, and father of the famous tenor Mario; and George Washington, *que diable fait-il dans cette galère?*

The Rue de France was so named from its being formerly the highway leading towards the French frontier; it has seen many Royal personages as its guests. In 1810 Queen Marie Louise of Etruria inhabited the Maison Barralis, and Queen Hortense the Maison Avigdor; more recently, Queen Marie Christine occupied the Villa Manotti. In 1830 the Dey of Algiers lived at the Maison Dalmas, which was occupied later on by Meyerbeer. In 1851 the Empress Marie Alexandrowna of Russia lodged at the Villa Stirbey; and King Louis I of Bavaria inhabited the Villa Lions, where he died on February 29th, 1868. The death of Halévy occurred at a house in this street. The quarter of Baumettes, at the further end of it, seems to have derived its name from some small grottos or caves which may once have existed here. Another quarter of the town which has a name of uncertain derivation is Brancolar, which in Niçois means "totter," but the connection is not evident. It is, of course,

an impossibility to mention all the names of the thoroughfares of the town and its suburbs, but enough has been said to show the continued connection by this laudable means, of the modern city with its historical past.

CHAPTER IX

Legends of the country-side—The caterpillars of Contes—The Devil's Bridge at Eze—The capture of the Evil One by the Man of Contes.

IT is a well-known fact that, in the Middle Ages, animals were often made defendants in law-suits both civil and criminal, and the records of many of these trials have been preserved. One of the most curious exists in the archives of the village of Contes, and this has been brought to light by Monsieur Dominique Durandy, in his book entitled "L'Ane de Gorbio." The story is worth repetition as throwing considerable light on the state of mind not only of the peasantry of the County of Nice at the opening of the sixteenth century, but also of their betters.

On the first Sunday in May, 1508, Louis Vérani, the Consul of the Commune of Contes, received a deputation of peasants, who complained to him of the ravages made through all the country-side by vast swarms of caterpillars. So far no methods had been efficacious in destroying them; the priests had blessed the

threatened fields, bonfires had been lit, and supplications offered to the Almighty that the caterpillars, attracted by the flames, might immolate themselves therein; a general fast had been observed during three days in the latter part of April by the entire village. All to no purpose, the *tuora* (as the peasants called them) continued to eat up every living thing, from the young shoots of the vines to the tough foliage of the stone pines on the mountain-sides. When autumn should arrive there would be no pears or apples to store for the coming winter, and during the summer they would be deprived of the plums and peaches which were a source of profit as well as of enjoyment.

The worthy official was nonplussed, and sent for the *curé* to give his advice in the matter, judging that as it was he who had ordered the inefficacious prayers and fastings, so now it was incumbent on him to find some other means of putting an end to the scourge. The *curé* replied that he had thought deeply over the matter, and had consulted the works of various theologians to see what was to be done. His researches had impressed him with the firm conviction that the caterpillars were certainly the daughters and emissaries of the Devil. Had not God said to the serpent, " Because thou hast done

this, thou art accursed among all living creatures and all animals of the earth " ? And again, in Deuteronomy, " Thou shalt sow in abundance, and thou shalt garner little, for the locusts shall eat everything up. Thou shalt dig the vine, and shalt gather nothing from it, for it shall be eaten up by worms." Through the prayer of Moses the plague of locusts was dispersed. Why should not the same proceeding deliver the inhabitants of Contes from the caterpillars ? In the circumstances, could not the Bishop of Nice be invited to undertake the part of intercessor which Moses had so successfully filled ? It behoved them to acquaint their Reverend Father-in-God of the woes which his faithful children were suffering ; His Lordship could then, by employing a severe form of exorcism, stay the *tuora* from their depredations, and send them away in docile and repentant mood, far from the country-side which they were now devastating. The *curé's* advice was accepted with enthusiasm, and the *procureur* of the city of Nice was charged to draw up a humble petition of the inhabitants of Contes, and to sustain the request therein contained before the Bishop's Tribunal.

The aforesaid *procureur*, Isnard Sismondini, thereupon drew up a document in wonted form,

addressed to the judge who presided over the Tribunal as delegate of "The Bishop of Nice, Comte de Drap, Reverend Father in Christ, and Prelate by the Grace of God." The text of the petition, which is still preserved in the archives of Contes, runs as follows :

"The year 1508, the twenty-second day of May, before you, Reverend Seigneur Vicar and Official of Nice, or your Lieutenant, sitting of right in his Tribunal.

"We, Isnard Sismondini, *procureur*, in the name of the community, of the men, and of all persons of the district of Contes, for the right and interest of the said community and of its inhabitants.

"As it is of importance to the said community that the foliage of the country-side, the leaves of the vines and the hemp, the gardens, and all plants which serve for the use of men, and which are destined to this end, be neither devastated nor eaten, nor gnawed to the damage, prejudice, and ruin of the said men of the aforesaid community, and in the same public interest.

"We state and expose our complaint, in the name of the said private persons, and the men of the aforesaid community desirous of giving their support, since public rumour reports things which cannot be concealed, and without any equivocation. By persons worthy of faith, and existing as notorious facts, to wit, that certain

animals or worms, called *éruga*, or *tuora* in the vulgar tongue, have presumed to destroy and devastate by eating and gnawing, in the said territory of the aforesaid district of Contes, the branches and leaves of the hedges, the shoots of the vines, and the young growth of the hemp, and the plants in the gardens destined and produced by Divine Providence, by the care of men, and by Nature according to God's ordinance, for the nourishment and use of men, and that they have eaten and gnawed them *unduly* and *unjustly*, to the great damage and prejudice of the said community, and of the men in it; and seeing that against the said animals or worms, *éruga*, or *tuora*, men can by no means watch or provide that they be not harmful in consequence to the said vines, to the hemp, and to the gardens, but that this can only be done under Divine guidance, by the intervention of the ordained ministers of God, priests of Divine justice, preferably officers of justice of spiritual order, to whom power has been given by God to destroy creeping things of this kind, and likewise other harmful animals, as our Saviour Jesus Christ expressed in this most sacred word, when He said, 'They shall drive out serpents in My name.'

"Moreover, on that account the undersigned humbly requests in addressing himself to the Divine commiseration, foreseeing and powerful, and to the ordained ministers and mediators of

God, our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom has been given power to tread under foot and to drive out serpents, and, consequently, other devouring animals or worms (as it is written in the Gospel according to Saint Luke, where this power to expel and turn away such harmful animals is applied to good spiritual ends by the invocation of the Holy Name); the undersigned prays that the said harmful animals may be driven out, to the end that they do no more harm, having recourse to the Divine commiseration, that is to say, to the servants of Christ.

"In consequence, the undersigned addresses himself to you President, Reverend Seigneur, as Vicar and Official, in the name of those in question, who make appeal to the authority which has been granted to you, so that you may judge us worthy of obtaining, by the invocation of the name of God, the right to prohibit, and to nterdict to the said animals (*éruga*, or *tuora*) the access to the fields, to require and adjure them to betake themselves out of the said regions, so that they no longer come in future to harm the vines, crops, trees, and gardens, and to employ to this effect the power granted and assigned to you by God, and by the means which shall appear to you to be the best."

The President in question, appointed by the Bishop of Nice to preside over the Tribunal, was not only an eminent lawyer, but also a

subtle theologian. He speedily replied to the request that had been placed before him, in the following learned and picturesque terms.

" We, Barthélemy Caroli, Doctor-in-law, appointed and deputed as judge and representative on behalf of the Reverend Father in Christ, His Lordship Monseigneur Augustin Ferrari, by the Grace of God and of the Apostolic See elected Bishop and Count of Nice in spiritual and temporal matters.

" To the Chaplains, *Curés*, Priests without *cures*, and to all other Priests in the diocese of Nice, greeting in Our Lord, Who is the true salvation of all, for the Lord, seated on His eternal throne, governs the world in sure fashion, and it is our God, and none other, Who has established all things in weights and measures, as aforetimes the worthy Noah who built an ark of three storeys, wherein wild animals lived according to their custom, and mixed not with other animals, to whom no harm consequently ensued. In fact, it is no vain ordinance of God which has set bounds for all animals, so that they mix themselves up in no way with what pertains to man. It has been written that he shall not reap who soweth not, that every man should live by his substance, and by his work, that the animal creation should not trouble the works of man, nor devour that which he has sown, and at which he has laboured, and that they should remain

in the terrestrial boundaries which have been assigned to them to live out their own lives; in consideration of which, as on the part of the population in general, and of each person in particular, in the district of Contes, who have fields of hemp, other crops and gardens in the territory in the aforesaid community of Contes, it has been respectfully brought before us, and shown that certain wild animals, called *tuora*, devour the crops of hemp, garden stuff, vines, and other products necessary to men, sown and cultivated for their use, and exert themselves to destroy them, and cease not to do so, to the detriment and prejudice of these men, of public interest, and of the rights of the Church, which takes from them its due tithe.

" For these reasons, on the instance of the said syndics of the community of Contes, of the inhabitants, and of all the community of the said district, requiring us urgently in the name of them all to provide a fitting remedy.

" We then, in our official capacity, since in regard to the supplicants neither you nor any of yours have refused or refrained from assent, we ordain and command you by these presents to betake yourselves to suitable places, and that one of you, wearing his sacerdotal vestments, shall summon three times, canonically and peremptorily, and shall require of the aforesaid animals, called *tuora*, who are devastating the said crops, if they can be served personally,

that they shall betake themselves into some other spot where they can live, and where they shall be obliged to remain in future.

"And that they shall be unable to allege ignorance, we summon these animals to appear to-day at the usual hour, after Vespers, either in person, or by proxy, at the Episcopal Palace, as is customary in Courts of Law, to explain and declare for what reasons (if they have any valid ones) they have committed this havoc, have thought fit to devour the said crops, and have not seen fit to leave the district of Contes, nor to betake themselves into a desert place far from the works of man.

"And, on the other hand, in reply to the request and demands of the said plaintiffs, we will provide them (the caterpillars) with a *procureur* or defender, and we will oblige them, in accordance with the dictates of right and reason, to transport themselves into waste and uninhabited spots, since they should cause no damage nor be harmful to any man, nor to any work of men. And that under pain of excommunication, which these caterpillars shall justly fear, without prejudice to other ecclesiastical censure which may be applied to them. Given at Nice under the seal of the Episcopal Court the twenty-second of May, 1508."

The defender nominated on behalf of the caterpillars, a certain Caravasquini, had little

difficulty in showing that, on account of distance, it was impossible for the defendants to arrive at the hour cited. The summer passed in the discussion of subtle points, and it was not until the month of November that the *procureur*, Isnard Sismondini, demanded that the case should be settled, and at the same time made known to the judge that his clients, the inhabitants of Contes, had decided to offer to the caterpillars, " in due form, and to be held in perpetuity," a portion of their territory known as Pierrefeu, situated on the slopes of Mont Macaron, where the said animals would find quarters with sufficient pasture. In consequence, he demanded that the judge should order the immediate emigration of the *tuora* to that spot, under pain of excommunication.

The reply of Caravasquini in the name of his clients set forth as follows :

" God Almighty," said he, " ordained that Noah should put into the Ark two of each species of every animal, male and female. What is permitted by God should neither be set aside nor broken down, but should be the more observed because it is God's ordinance. As said the prophet Isaiah, ' Have your ways been exalted above Mine, or is it not rather that your ways are evil ? ' Therefore, as every good

action should receive its reward, in like manner should no bad action remain unpunished. That is true justice, and man should be assured that, without anticipating the punishments of eternity, should he be deserving of punishment, he shall experience it in his life-time, and shall suffer it in regard to his temporal possessions, in accordance with the fullness of justice. The executioner, and the instruments of justice, are called upon to this effect. In like fashion, the administrators of the things of God are also called upon to assure the execution of judgments and sentences. It is written in the Gospel according to Saint Matthew, ' God in His anger delivers over to the executioner the man who has not pardoned his brother who has offended him.' "

For the defence, it was set out that the citation issued against the caterpillars did not repose on any foundation, and that, therefore, these animals could not be excommunicated. They were, in fact, but the scourge of God, since being wanting in reasoning power, which has been given to man alone, " *nec enim potest animal injuriam fecisse quod sensu caret* " (animals cannot be held responsible for their misdeeds, since they are without reasoning powers). The inhabitants of Contes had, doubtless, deserved this severe trial. Perhaps the Lord was desirous of punishing them " for having turned a deaf

ear to the needy who begged at their doors, since it is an infallible decree that he who turns a deaf ear to the poor must expect that God shall do the like to him." Or possibly, " might it not be on account of irreverence in church during the celebration of Divine Service ? " For it is necessary that every man shall take heed not to offend God, but rather to turn to Him, for it is written, " every time that the wicked man turneth from his wickedness, I will call to mind his sins no more, and I will change his heart." " Is it not on account of the sins of Egypt that God changed water into blood, let the earth beget frogs, and sent a multitude of flies and gnats, that He despoiled their vines and their fig trees, and sent locusts upon them, and cockchafers in innumerable quantities, which ate up all their crops on the earth, and all their fruit on the trees. Whence it is evident that in no fashion ought the lower animals to be removed from those places which God has assigned to them, when He ordered them to live there, and permitted them to feed on the crops, to gnaw the grass and the seeds which bear fruit in their season, and that this should be so until the will of God be changed. It is then indisputable, and we should regard and hold it as true that the plaintiffs who have solicited and obtained letters

from Your Reverence, should turn themselves to the aforesaid God Almighty, Creator of Heaven and Earth. By confessing their faults, and asking pardon for their errors, they will obtain mercy from God Almighty, and it will then consequently be useless that they should present themselves before Your Reverence's Court."

The pleading was cleverly drawn up, and the judge found himself in an embarrassing position. Although he was anxious to deliver the district of Contes from the scourge which afflicted it, he was uncertain in his own mind whether, as the Counsel for the defence had intimated, the inhabitants of the commune might not have incurred the Divine wrath, and have deserved the trial which they were undergoing. He therefore resolved, before having recourse to the strict form of excommunication, to order expiatory prayers, and to constrain the people of Contes to new mortifications, which should touch them at the same time both in their bodies and in their pockets. He ordered strict fasts to be observed during the month of December. At the same time, each family must pay into the hands of the Bishop of Nice an extraordinary tithe in money, to the value of half a crop. These acts, which would be pleasing to God, might be the means of turning away His anger. He also

ordained that a great procession should be held on the last Sunday in the year, after Vespers, in which the clergy should carry the relics of Saint Mary Magdalen, solemnly conjuring the caterpillars to stay their depredations, which would henceforth be considered sacrilegious. To facilitate their renunciation, that the procession should march to the locality of Pierrefeu, which was to be set aside by the inhabitants for the free pasture of the caterpillars. The latter would, in this manner, be taught the road they had to follow. Should they resist these pressing objurgations, they would be struck down by excommunication, and be compelled to submit to the orders of the ministers of God.

On the appointed date, the inhabitants of Contes gathered in the church. For a month they had done penance, and the tithes had been duly paid to the Bishop; nothing now remained but the solemn procession which had been ordered. If the caterpillars did not obey the citation to betake themselves off as quickly as possible, the priests would reduce them to impotence by the thunders of excommunication. Moreover, that they might not be able to allege that they were either in ignorance, or had been taken by surprise, the *curé* had had the terms of the judgment published in the country-side. Well-

disposed persons had betaken themselves into the threatened fields, into the vineyards, the olive groves, and the pine woods, where the caterpillars wrought their havoc, and announcing aloud the day and the hour on which the procession would go to Pierrefeu, had invited the *tuora* to follow the priests and the faithful with docility, so as to escape eternal damnation. But no one had the least idea what the caterpillars would do when the procession started. The *curé* marched under a canopy borne by the Consul and the chief men of the village. He held aloft the precious relics of Saint Mary Magdalen, and a priest on either side of him swung a smoking censer. The Black and White Penitents marched at the head of the procession, for these rival confraternities, who had oft-times in previous years fought pitched battles with each other (with the crucifix and maces belonging to them, as weapons) were reconciled in face of the common danger. The Whites had condescended to give the precedence to the Blacks, and the latter, in return, had allowed their former adversaries to carry the old wooden cross adorned with the instruments of the Passion, which was carefully preserved among the church ornaments of the parish. The members of the reconciled confraternities chanted in unison the

Parce nobis Domine, and the crowd which followed the relics recited the *Ave Maria*, and innumerable *paternosters*, led by the Children of Mary, in clean white muslin. The church bells pealed as loud as they could.

Suddenly the miracle happened. On every side the caterpillars were seen advancing along every path which led from the fields and hill-sides to the village. They came through the green of the pasture-land and the grey of the stones, in long moving files which resembled interminable snakes of various hues of brown, red, and orange. The citations which had been made to them on previous days had apparently convinced them of the futility of resistance, and they were hastening towards the procession which was to lead them to the spot where they would find a refuge and pasture. When the inhabitants saw the accursed *tuora* advancing towards them, they shouted with joy, and the priests waited to allow the animals to join the procession. Then, when the first caterpillars who were leading the others were on the heels of the procession, it started slowly forward, and the caterpillars followed it obediently. The people had taken the precaution to put down planks across the Paillon, to allow the animals to cross the water without risk. Everyone soon reached the other

side of the river, and the *tuora* in orderly bands, the head of each touching the tail of the one in front of him, made their way to Mont Macaron.

As soon as the procession had arrived at the spot on the woody hill-side at Pierrefeu, which had been designated as their future abode, a halt was made. The *curé* returned thanks to the Lord for having heard the supplications of the inhabitants, and for having pardoned their past misdeeds. He praised the caterpillars for their humility and their obedience, and requested them, in future, to abstain from depredations in the district of Contes, since they had at Pierrefeu a spot abounding in many sorts of trees, plants, and leaves, in addition to an ample sufficiency of grass and pasture.

Then the procession wound its way back to the village, amid the peal of joy bells, while the people lifted up their voices with grateful hearts in the strains of the Magnificat.

Without wishing to detract from the renown which attaches to the village of Contes from this occurrence, it must be placed on record that a somewhat similar tale has been credited to the monks of Cimiez, who are said to have led their animal scourges across the Paillon in like fashion.

In this country, as in most others, legends of the Evil One are rife in several localities. Though

most of them date back to mediæval times, yet a witty Irish priest recently delivered himself of the dictum that, when the Devil has nothing to do in the winter, he takes a villa at Nice, to keep himself occupied. But that does not come into the present story.

At Eze the inhabitants still relate how they got the better of the Devil in an age when faith was more robust than it is at present. The tale goes that one warm summer afternoon an old shepherd, known under the name of Lou Finassou, having left his dog Negro to look after his flock of goats, was resting in the shade of a carouba tree. Looking at the village on the hill in front of him, he was reminded that the next day was Sunday, and to get to Mass he would have to go down to the bottom of the ravine, and climb the other side of the hill to Eze. " Why did the good God dig this hole between the two hills ? If only they were connected with a fine bridge ! No, no, God is not just ! " The blasphemous words had hardly left his lips, when the Devil stood before him, wriggling his tail. " I will make you a bridge, Lou Finassou, if you like, but gift for gift ; I must be paid with the soul of the first to cross it." The shepherd thought a moment and then accepted the bargain, for an idea flashed into his mind.

That evening the villagers of Eze, as they sat before their doors, thought they saw thousands of fireflies down in the valley, but they soon recognised their mistake, for as the lightning flashed in the sky they discovered what they had taken to be fireflies were but the gleaming eyes of little naked devils, who were dragging along scorched beams smelling of hell, whence they were certainly bringing them; and while these little devils were building the scaffolding for the bridge the thunder-bolts were striking the mountain, tearing up the rocks, and cutting the stone for the edifice. The villagers were terrified, and hid themselves in their houses, taking care to sprinkle the thresholds with holy water.

Next morning, before the cock crew, a magnificent bridge joined Eze to the neighbouring hill, but no one dared to cross it, for in the centre waited Satan in person. At the other end of the bridge a group of peasants going to Mass were listening to Lou Finassou. "Eh! Lou Finassou," cried the King of Hell, who caught sight of him, "so you are the one to devote himself? If so, I am sold, for your place in my abode has been kept for you for a long time." "As I thought," said the shepherd, "and I will play fair. Put on your spectacles, and look at the

companion I have brought for you. I have no doubt he will suit you, for he resembles you," and whistling to his dog Negro, he threw a big bit of cheese to the other end of the bridge. In two bounds the dog was across it; while the Devil, realizing that he had been sold, disappeared over the parapet of the bridge, leaving a big hole filled with smoke and sulphurous flames, nor was his Satanic Majesty ever seen again in the district. The peasants tried in vain to fill up the hole with brushwood and branches to get to church, but when they arrived there they found the Mass was over, which was the only consolation which remained for Satan. The hole could never be filled up, and those who tried to cross the bridge were never seen again; so it was decided to demolish it, and, according to the legend, the work took as many years as it had taken hours to build it.

Another legend connected with the Evil One is current concerning the "Cime du Diable," a snow-covered Alpine peak behind Levens. Here is the tale as to how the Devil became lord of the mountain which bears his name. It was a well-known fact that Satan generally chose for his abode high, bare summits, whence he could easily keep a watchful eye on the human race. If he was content with this peak of eight thousand

feet, although some of the neighbouring summits were much higher, the reason was explained by the fact that in the immediate vicinity were the " Laghi d'Inferno " (the lakes of hell), so deep that he could, by their means, communicate with his kingdom.

The whole valley of the Vésubie, from Saint Martin to La Bollène and Lantosque, suffered from his presence, until a young priest, burning with ardour, who had recently been made *curé* of Belvédère, decided to strike a great blow; he called together all the men of the country-side, to climb in procession (and in a state of grace) to the assault of the enemy, and when they got to the top he summoned Satan to appear. The Devil was at that moment very busy in settling suitably in hell the soul of a *procureur* recently arrived, who had been warmly recommended to him by all the people whom the old curmudgeon had wronged in his lifetime; however, tired of hearing himself slandered and insulted in bad Latin, he made up his mind to put his head out of the lake just in time to receive a dousing of holy water. The Devil cut a caper, and irreverently presented the other end of his person, which was also copiously sprinkled, and then, in a couple of strokes, he gained the edge of the lake, out of reach of the terrible holy water brush.

Once there, he realized he had to deal with determined folk, so he decided to temporize, and to act with cunning. "Mercy, mercy!" he cried, "I surrender. I will leave this part of the country, and go and live in a desert far away from men. I am going down to the village with you, to personally announce my departure to your dear wives whom I have plagued so much, and to beg their pardon. And all of you, subjects of my Empire, devils of air, land, and water, fall in behind me, to come and apologize to these worthy women who are anxiously waiting for their brave husbands in the market-place at Belvédère." In a twinkling more than a hundred little devils appeared from all quarters, and surrounded their master, swimming, flying, leaping, or running, some with bodies of men and heads of animals, others fashioned like snakes, snails, birds, frogs, fish, or crabs; some wore long silken robes, breastplates, and coats of mail, but others were as naked as they were born.

When the unfortunate peasants saw this swarm of loathsome vermin they were seized with fright, and realized the danger of letting all these little devils go down to the valley, where they would not fail before leaving the country to run round their wives' petticoats again, and

perchance even cast the evil eye on the cattle. On these reflections the bravest among them began to return to Belvédère, and one old man, taking off his hat, replied to Satan, "No, no, you are all right here, stay here, *Monsieur le Diable.* Don't listen to *Monsieur le Curé,* and beg your pardon for having disturbed you," and he started off on the way down. The pace was pretty quick over the rocks, for no one wanted to be in the rear, by fear of being snapped up by some devil or other. The wretched *curé,* although he had tucked up his cassock, fell down twice, to the great delight of the Devil, who had forgotten all about the old *procureur,* and was holding his sides with laughter.

None the less, Heaven did not permit the Evil One to enjoy his victory long; in fact, some years later he was caught and chained up by a simple peasant of Contes. It was at the time when Satan limited himself to the valley of the Paillon to Peille, tormenting poor Christians from the Col de Braus, as far as Drap; the men no longer frequented the churches, which were empty when the inns were crowded, and the women, possessed by the Devil, beat their husbands as hard as they did their washing. However, by dint of sprinkling holy water, and of chanting "Vade Retro" ("Get thee behind

me, Satan "), they succeeded in driving the Devil back to his mountain, where he undertook to remain, on condition that they brought him every year the soul of an evildoer, chosen preferably from the drunkards and husbands who were so weak as to let themselves be beaten by their wives. In consequence of this compact the men stopped drinking, but they took to thrashing their wives for fear of being beaten again by them.

So things were not going much better until a peasant of Contes made up his mind to rid the country-side of its unpleasant neighbour. So, one evening, when an old drunkard of Escarène (who had been deceived and beaten by his wife) had just given up his soul between two hiccoughs, the man from Contes betook himself up the mountain, leading his donkey, on whose back was a pot of birdlime. When he got to the summit it was so dark that he could not tell on the snow which was the head of his donkey and which was the tail ; but the devil was on the look-out, and thinking he had to do with the drunkard who had just expired, he apostrophized him roughly, and bounded on him, horns and claws in front, to get a better grip on him. The sly peasant, who suspected the attack, warded it off with his cauldron, and the poor Devil got so

entangled in the birdlime which flew from this new sort of buckler, that it was soon impossible for him to move at all. The peasant immediately tied a halter round his neck, which he had taken the precaution, as he passed through Lucéram, to dip in holy water, then he made the sign of the Cross on the double knot, and dragging his prisoner, despite his cries, he tied him by an iron chain to a big rock. Since that time bits of rock have fallen and hidden Satan, but he is often heard groaning on nights of great snow-storms and tempests.

CHAPTER X

Old customs in Nice—Lou Presepi—The Nouë of the Madeleine—The Fête of the Rogations—The confraternities—"La Gloria"—The Festins of Lent—The Cougourdons—Summer Festins—Folk-lore—Wolf superstitions—Witch villages—Bad luck in planting cypresses—Bee customs—The mistral—Old weights and measures.

IN the fifty years which have elapsed since the annexation, Nice has changed from a quiet Italian city into a French capital of cosmopolitan society, and while the enormous development of the town has brought undreamt-of prosperity to its citizens, yet, of necessity, much of the ancient picturesqueness of life has departed. Many of the old customs which were, so to speak, illuminated with tallow dips, have disappeared altogether before the insistent blaze of electric light; and others are fast fading into obscurity. They will never, probably, all quite die out, for the Niçois preserves with his language a certain amount of racial individuality; but they do not meet the eye as they did little more than a couple of decades ago. The old Niçois costume, for instance, with the women's hats of broad flat straw tied with black velvet, and the men's dress of goatskin breeches, and

short gay embroidered coats with, for a head-dress, a sort of Phrygian cap, are only to be met with nowadays, the former, perhaps, among a few donkey-drivers of Mentone, and the latter, in the Hinterland of the Riviera, in the mountain districts, where few people penetrate.

The sole survivals of the old customs which still obtain may be numbered on the fingers of one hand. They are the Presepi, the Nouë of the Madeleine, the Lenten processions, the ceremony of the Gloria on Holy Thursday, and the Spring Festins, which are still observed in the quarters of the town, as well as on the country-side, although their special significance has become largely obscured.

"Lou Presepi" is an interesting survival which is worthy of a closer acquaintance. It is the direct descendant of those old mystery plays which Holy Church permitted in the Dark Ages, when all players were merely "rogues and vagabonds," and as such could benefit neither by the consolations of religion nor the protection of the law.

"Presepi" in Niçois, "Crêche" in French, "Crib" in old English, it is primarily the representation of the Nativity of Our Lord in the village of Bethlehem, and was, at one time, played all over Christendom at the holy season.

In the days before theatres were, it was the custom to present these mystery plays to bring home to the uneducated intellect the truths of the Bible story; or the legends connected with local or national Saints, as was evidenced in the true and veracious histories of Saint George and the Dragon, and the tale of the Seven Sleepers. Originally these were given in church, and the actors were the priests themselves and the acolytes who served the sanctuary. The Presepi, as it may be seen at Christmas-time in the old town of Nice, is a very quaint and interesting ceremony. Much of the music, unaccompanied solo or part-singing, is of reverent antiquity, and of that Gregorian character which, students know, goes far further into the mists of the world's history than the time of the famous Pope who collated it to the service of the Church. According to legend, and in this case legend may well be truth, it was King David the Psalmist who set in order for the service of the Temple the religious chants which are known to-day under the general heading of Gregorian. And of this character are certain of the part-songs which usher in the performance.

To find the house where the Presepi is performed, the stranger must pierce the maze of old, winding, and malodorous streets which are still

to be found in the quaint Italian town on the other side of the Paillon, whose very existence even is unknown to the vast majority of ordinary visitors. The way is indicated at intervals by swinging lanterns bearing the inscription "Lou Presepi dè Bethléem," and finally a doorway is found, into which all the children of the neighbourhood appear to be endeavouring to crowd at once. Two sous thrown into a platter gain admission, and the theatre proves to be a long and rather narrow room lighted by a single gas-lamp. At the end is a stage some twenty feet deep; in the foreground is a typical *crêche*, and the stable with the Virgin Mother and the Holy Babe, Saint Joseph regarding them, and the ox and the ass in the background. Without are groups of figures, mostly in Niçois costume, shepherds watching their flocks, peasants, soldiers of the Third Republic, and an old woman drawing water from a well, ducks on a pond—a pretty rustic, unpretentious *mise en scène*, such as one may see in a score of village churches, only a trifle more elaborate. High up at the back of the stage are a couple of raised *estrades*, flanked on one side by a church, and on the other by a house with a vine-clad porch and opened windows. The audience is seated on rough wooden benches, and many stand.

On the other side of the little theatre are long hangings of painted linen in lieu of programmes. That on the right is symbolical, and shows the Kings bringing their offerings of myrrh, frankincense, and gold. The monarchs amble along on white palfreys, preceded by slaves, some riding on camels, some on foot, escorting their masters. That on the left depicts the characters of the drama; typical Niçois figures, with their names inscribed below them. First comes a plethoric angel, blowing a fat trumpet; after him march in threes the cast, "Doun Peleugran" (the *curé*), "Lou Cassaire," "Lou Pescadou," "Barba Lauren," "Lou Trouble" (in shirt and night-cap), "Cicoun" (drawing a tub and saucepan after her), "Ciarlé" (Charlie)?? "Lou Gendarma," "La Filusa," "Lou Sacrestan," "Lou Maestré" (the comic relief), and "Lou Pastré" (a shepherd).

The single light is lowered, and the stage is illuminated only by a tiny lamp, a bell rings, and all conversation is promptly repressed by universal hushings. There are no wings to the stage, and all the figures enter from the floor, or are lowered from the flies. A hoarse and untuneful voice intones, woefully out of tune, Adam's "Minuit, Chrétiens." As the clock strikes twelve an angel descends on a cord, bearing a little red

electric light, and blowing manfully on a penny tin trumpet. It must be premised at once, that all the actors are puppets of various sizes. The voice which does duty for the angel announces in intelligible French that he is the Archangel Gabriel, and that is the first and almost the last of the performance which a foreigner will be able to follow. After the Herald Angel has been drawn up once more to his native skies, a delightful Gregorian *chorale* is given, in which the audience joins, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo, et in Terrâ Pax inter homines bonæ voluntatis."

The comely little Niçois children, of which the audience is largely composed, stand on the benches, and crane their necks in youthful pleasure, and suddenly up pops a puppet on the second plane of the stage.

After that no coherent account of the proceedings is possible; they partake largely of the character of a harlequinade, and the local celebrities of the quarter, as they appear, cut jokes which are utterly unintelligible to a stranger but which provoke shrieks of laughter from the crowded audience. The religious character of the prelude entirely disappears, and the performance quickly develops into the nature of a primitive *revue*. As an example of a mediæval

survival it is of the highest interest; though the language may be impossible of comprehension, yet the drift of the thing can easily be seized, and in these drab days of mediocrity anything out of the common run should be preserved at all hazards.

It is a pity that the old Provençal "Noëls" or Christmas carols are no longer heard in this part of the country. Much of the mediæval music to which they were set has survived, and it is impossible to find anything more melodious or more characteristic of this land where the Troubadours sprang singing, so to speak, from the soil. But these are not to be found in Nice; go to a score of churches, and you will hear naught beyond the "Adeste Fideles" and the "Noël" of Adam. In the English churches alone are the sweet old carols sung at the holy season of the Nativity; but these are naturally given to the old English tunes.

The "Nouë" of the Madeleine is celebrated in that picturesque valley at three o'clock in the morning of Christmas Day. The ceremony takes place in the village church, and thither flock all the population of the quarter. The little church is hung with crimson brocade and is decked with ropes of evergreens, intermingled with garlands of blue and pink material,

heavily fringed with gold and silver. Before the altar sits a priest holding the effigy of the Infant Christ on his knees, close to him stands "Lou Rimaire," who improvises couplet after couplet to an ancient tune. For hours he sings, and his chant passing from the Mysteries of the Nativity finally becomes sufficiently topical to include by name the heads of families all of whom bring offerings, mostly in kind, to be laid upon the altar. These vary from a basket of eggs, a pair of pigeons, a white hen, to a packet of candles; and all the time the musical voice of "Lou Rimaire" ploughs steadily along through his hundred and fifty or so traditional verses, without counting the additional complimentary ones. He is accompanied by an orchestra consisting of a cornet, flute, and double bass, whose performance is more convincing than musical.

But the charm of the ceremony is the children, who come in fancy costumes to kneel and kiss the Divine Infant. Little shepherds and shepherdesses, small sportsmen in velveteen jackets, shouldering wooden guns, and rosy-cheeked little damsels dressed as angels with tinsel wings, all defile round the church, and end up by kneeling before the *crêche*, which is set up in a side chapel. It is daylight before the ceremony comes to an

end and the people disperse, singing the refrains of " Lou Rimaire's " couplets.

The history of the Fête of the Rogations, which Monsieur Edouard Arène tells us in his " Souvenir de Cinquante Ans," is of considerable interest. About the middle of the fifth century Saint Mamertius, Bishop of Vienne in Dauphiny, after having obtained by his prayers the cessation of a fire which was ravaging his Cathedral on Easter night, in the year 469, made a vow to God to institute Rogations, that is to say, litanies or supplications chanted in solemn procession, with fasting and public prayer; he appointed the three days preceding Ascension Day for this purpose. His example was soon followed, and these Rogations were universally established in France, by the first Council of Orleans, held in 511; and the Council of Gerona, in 517, recognized them as existing in Spain. However, they did not become customary in Rome until the end of the eighth century, under Pope Leo III.

At Nice there were three partial processions on the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday before Ascension Day, for the Benediction of the sea and the country-side. On Ascension Day itself there was a general procession in which the Bishop took part, with all the parochial clergy,

the monks, and the lay confraternities of the town. This procession betook itself to the site of the old Porte Pairolière, where the Bishop blessed the town and country.

But though this old-world custom has passed into the limbo of forgotten things, yet there are still certain religious processions to be seen in Lent, when the various White, Black, Blue, and Red Penitents walk through the streets to their various chapels. These confraternities are of very reverend antiquity, and have always been highly considered. The White Penitents are said to have been founded by some Genoese in the year 1304, the Chapelle de la Croix belongs to them. The Black Penitents (whose chapel is that of La Miséricorde) date from the year 1532, when they were instituted under the Pontificate of Adrian VI. The Blue Penitents were founded in 1431, and they possess the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre; while the Red Penitents date from 1585, and use the Chapel of the Holy Shroud. Preceded by their crosses, sometimes of massive silver, sometimes only of painted wood, with old swinging silver lamps borne on either side, these processions are a picturesque spectacle, the members clothed in a sort of domino of the colour of the confraternity—both men and women, the latter having white veils bound round their

heads. Holy Thursday is the day on which they are to be seen.

There is an old Niçois custom in connection with Holy Week, which always takes place on Easter Eve. As is well known, in Catholic countries the church bells are silent from Holy Thursday until the consecration of the Host at High Mass on Easter Eve, and the legend tells us that they have gone to Rome to be blessed by the Pope. Those who happen to be in the flower market when the bells crash out on their return from their long flight will see all the old market women of Nice rush to the fountain, and, dipping their fingers in the water, with repeated shouts of "La Gloria! La Gloria!" they make the sign of the Cross, and return to chaffer with their customers under their big red umbrellas, with even more than their usual gusto.

Since the year 1903 no other processions than those of the confraternities have been permitted in the town, and the famous processions of Corpus Christi and of Notre Dame des Grâces have been allowed to fall into desuetude. The same ban does not, however, apply to the villages in the country round.

From time immemorial the Niçois have been a gay and happy people, and especially in the summer, much addicted to outdoor fêtes, beyond

the limits of the town. Louis Robaudi says that in olden times the people of Nice were devoted to the theatre, sport, and dancing; the peasants were especially fond of the latter amusement, and no sort of valse, galop, or country dance, however complicated, was unknown to them. They delighted in playing bowls, and games of cards, and the ancient Roman game of "mourra," as they called it ("morra" in Latin) was in his time, and still is, played there. How little these sort of things change. Here is a description of a Festin, written by Sulzer, in the year 1775, which requires but small alteration to fit the circumstances at the present day. "On certain Sundays and fête days," he says, "the common people betake themselves to the churches and chapels of the environs. On the open space in front of the church tables are set up, as at a fair, laden with all sorts of eatables: raisins, roasted chestnuts, and almonds, and bottles of country wine. There gather young and old, in their best clothes, decked out with nosegays and ribbons. They spend a pleasant afternoon in eating and drinking, and stroll up and down for the pleasure of seeing and being seen. Vespers are going on in the church, and the crowd wanders in and out perpetually. Often well-to-do people and the local aristocracy take part in the Festin; every-

one is gay and happy, for no particular reason except because they see everyone else in the same state, and because they intend to spend a pleasant afternoon. In the evening they all go home very contented, and on their return meet the people who have not been able to go to the Festin, who are pleased to see them so happy and merry."

The season of Festins is opened by immutable custom with those taking place in Lent, of which six stand out as typical survivals of local tradition. The first of these is the Festin des Reproches, which is held at Cimiez, as has been the case for centuries, on the first Sunday in Lent. On this occasion, according to old usage, lovers make their way to the old monastery church, and after mutually reproaching each other for any real or fancied infidelities during the past Carnival, they agree to say no more about it, and saunter homewards after a not extravagant meal of cakes and country wine. "Iræ amantium," says Cicero, "sunt renovationes amoris." The following Sunday should come the Festin de la Reconciliation, at Saint Barthélemy, when the mutual forgiveness of the previous Festin is confirmed; and a week later everyone should repair to the old Abbey of Saint Pons, for the Festin des Promesses; at this, according to old custom, the wedding day should be fixed, which

should be as soon after Easter as possible. The Festin on the following Sunday is called that of the "Calignatori," at Saint Etienne, when the courting is continued; the English word "cuddle" seems to be the nearest translation available! Of late years the dates of these three have not always been religiously observed, but the first and the next two to be mentioned are invariably kept on their wonted dates.

On Passion Sunday comes the Festin des Rangous et des Gibous (the halt and the hump-backed), so called from its being held round the church of Saint Pierre, and on the Promenade des Anglais, a spot so convenient to the centre of the town that all, however infirm, could manage to be present. Last of all, on Lady Day, comes the great Festin des Cougourdons (the Feast of Gourds), at Cimiez, which is the most frequented of all. Not an old Niçois worthy of the name but will climb the hill before day-break, to be present at the first Mass in the old monastery church. It is probably the only day in the whole year on which he goes to church, but if he be asked why he does so (however much of a free-thinker he may be), he will reply that he does so because his father, and his grandfather, and his forefathers always did so before him. The confraternities arrive

in picturesque procession, not only from Nice, but also from Falicon, and the other hill-towns, and cluster round the crucified seraph on the *place* before the church. Then, after Mass, and all through the long day, the people crowd round the trestle tables laid under the enormous ilex trees, which are the pride of the monastery, and feast themselves on circular cakes of *pan bagnat*, washed down with rough red wine. This "blessed bread" is a ring of bread, into the composition of which, in addition to the ordinary ingredients, hard-boiled eggs, anchovies, and olive oil enter. All down the road, and in the old Roman amphitheatre, are set the stalls of the sellers of gourds—*cougourdons*—and here every variety of carved and painted gourd is to be seen, ranging in size from an inch to a yard, and in price from a sou to a louis. Some of the larger ones are genuine works of art, and their production has occupied many a family during the winter evenings; the little ones are varnished and painted with a flower or some appropriate phrase, and the smallest of all are tied with a gay ribbon to be worn as button-holes. Formerly all the Festins had their little souvenirs, but the custom has fallen into disuse. They were generally little hearts ("Lu Cuor") made of gaily painted sugar, which the

stall-keepers offered to their customers. Sometimes these *bon-bons* took the form of crosses, medals, or little gourds themselves, and the men put them in their button-holes, while the women pinned them on to their gowns. Queen Victoria was ever a faithful visitor to this Festin; each year during her visits to Cimiez she was driven slowly from stall to stall in her pony-carriage, drawn by the faithful Jocko, and the crowd watched her numerous purchases with the greatest delight.

After these six Lenten Festins have inaugurated the season, scarce a Sunday passes without one or more within easy distance. Every village and every parish thus commemorates the feast of its patron Saint, and displays of fireworks and rustic sports usually end up the day. Incidentally these old fêtes keep alive other curious customs; here is one. Mr. J. W. Potter tells us that on Corpus Christi Day, at Saint Martin Vésubie, the inhabitants have recourse to a very effective method of illumination which he has not observed elsewhere. It consists of a large number of snail-shells imbedded in sand on the window-sills; these are filled with oil and furnished with wicks, so that each shell forms a little lamp, the effect being most quaint, and altogether charming.

It is in these mountain villages that we often find little bits of folk-lore, pleasantly unexpected, but naturally explained by their lonely situation. Several relate to wolves, for even to-day, up above Lantosque, wolves exist, and centuries ago, of course, they were comparatively common on far lower ground. In the year 1806, in a report made by Monsieur du Bouchage, the Préfet of the Alpes Maritimes, to the Minister of the Interior in Paris, it is stated that wolves were very numerous in the Department; and the Préfet assured the Minister that he was making every effort for their destruction, since they did much damage to the flocks, which were one of the mainstays of the prosperity of the Department. Rewards were freely offered and punctually paid for the slaughter of wolves, thirty-four being slain in the year XIII (1805) and twenty-one in the following year. The office of Grand Veneur still existed in the Government, and there was a captain and a lieutenant of "Louveterie" (wolf-hunting) in each Department, whose duty it was to send in a monthly report as to the wolves in their districts, and the number destroyed. One local superstition says, "Be careful to keep a sharp look-out when wolves are in the neighbourhood, for if a wolf sees you before you catch sight of him, you will thence-

forth lose your voice." Specially must the casual wayfarer shun all people whose eyebrows meet in a thick bar, because they are of the blood of the Loup-Garou (Werewolf), and should therefore be avoided.

A still more curious reputation attaches to the little village of Saint Jeannet, which lies at the foot of the great cliff known as the Baou, on the other side of the Var, which is a conspicuous feature of the landscape all along the coast. The popular saying is, that all the women in it are witches. At one time witch villages were known in England, but the origin of the stigma is somewhat difficult to trace. It may, however, be fairly assumed that it is due to the jealousy of the dwellers in the neighbouring hamlets, for in the Middle Ages the accusation of witchcraft was sufficient to excuse any amount of uncharitableness in word and deed. Miss Dempster says that at La Gaude, close by, the inhabitants at one time professed the Albigensian heresy, and were exterminated for their pains; so that it is quite possible that some old *odium theologicum* is at the bottom of this unflattering saying about the women of Saint Jeannet.

It is a curious thing that even in these days there is still a superstitious dread of planting cypress trees in the country districts, although

so many of them are to be seen, and the peasants would, in all probability, refuse to do so, for fear of bringing bad luck on themselves. This may be a survival of the memory that in pagan times the funereal cypress was dedicated to Pluto, and was always planted near the tombs of the dead. It is somewhat like the English idea that it is unlucky to make an asparagus bed.

In the planting of gourd seeds care must be exercised; the proper time to plant them is believed to be when the church bells are ringing on Easter Eve.

Bee superstitions seem to be much the same here as elsewhere, and the bees must always be informed of all events of any importance happening in the family. According to local custom, swarms of bees, if the owners have not lost sight of them, can be claimed within two days from the owner of the property where they have swarmed; but at any time subsequently if it can be proved that they had been attracted to his land by any fraud or artifice. The same law applies to pigeons, fish, and rabbits.

While on the subject of peasant customs and ideas, there is one of these latter which does not, at first glance, strike the visitor as very felicitous. The country folk always refer to the mistral as "the good wind"—with more justice has it been

called "the plague of Provence"; it blows in batches of three days, and produces a feeling of lassitude and irritation which is very trying. The popular name, however, must be traced to the peasants' belief that by its very violence it blows away much that is harmful, and so keeps the air free from the germs of illness and epidemics; and there is a good deal in favour of this view of the matter. The name "mistral" is derived from "magistral"—the master wind.

The weights and measures now in use are, of course, those of the metric system, which is established by law, but in old days those employed here seem to have been even more confused and unreasonable than our English system, which still obtains. An anonymous writer, in a quaint "Historical and Picturesque Description of the County of Nice," printed in London in 1792, tells us that the common measure of the country was the pan, which was about nine inches and three-quarters of the measure of France, for four pans made a Paris ell; this measure was for merchandise. The trabue was another measure which served for labour; it was twelve pans, or three hundred and twenty-four inches square superficies. The pound weight of this province, he says, was equivalent to twelve ounces of France. There was also the rub,

which weighed twenty-five pounds; this was the weight used for common purposes.

It will be well to accept this anonymous writer's spelling with caution; for his knowledge of the French language would appear to have been somewhat phonetic, as elsewhere in his lively work we find Aiza for Eze, Vard for Var, Saint Auspice for Saint Hospice, and Saint Ponce for Saint Pons. The same author relates what he considers to be a praiseworthy custom of the inhabitants of Nice in his day, who, when they cleaned out their wells in summer, put at the bottom of them a quantity of charcoal, covered with a layer of gravel, a precaution which resulted in purifying the water.

CHAPTER XI

The vegetation of the Riviera—Olives, palms, oranges, fruit trees and gardens—The carouba and the eucalyptus—The garden of Saint Barthélemy—The Grottos of Saint André and of Falicon—Bird life—The green lizard.

"STUDY the book of Nature which God hath spread out before thee, and so thou wilt store up knowledge in thy brain, and peace within thy heart," said Euripides, and nowhere may the precept of the old Greek poet be better put into practice. Dean Farrar amplified it when he wrote, "God's best gifts are the commonest—the air, the light, the beauty of the world, the blue of heaven, the winds and stars and sunsets"; and Dean Hole fixed this "beauty of the world" in his pages. "None," said he, "forget their first happy entrance into the vestibule of the Riviera, the country which, when you have passed Marseilles, combines the wild grandeur of Connemara with the verdant grace of Killarney; the barren mountains (or rather the mountains which seem to be barren, for you find, when you are upon them, that they have a beautiful vegetation of their own),

rising up above the trees, some evergreen—note especially the carouba or locust tree, the *pin-parasol* or umbrella pine—and some deciduous, in all their autumnal glory. None forget their first sight of the vines, all green and golden, under the silvery leafage of the olive; of the red-brown bole of the cork tree, from which the outer bark has been removed for use; of the palm tree, of the orange tree, of the mountains of the Esterels, rising roseate in the sunset from the blue waves of the Mediterranean."

Such is this lovely coast as we all know it in autumn, but it was not always so. Strabo and Diodorus tell us that in their day the Riviera was a land of forests and meadows, on which much rain fell from the clouds which too often enshrouded it. There were no palms, or olives, or orange trees; the inhabitants were poor and miserable, and oil and wine had to be brought from Italy. But the disappearance of the aboriginal forests changed all this, and in the course of centuries the climate has become warm and dry, and adapted to a sub-tropical vegetation; and what a vegetation it is! Olives, palm trees, and orange trees predominate, but first of all comes the olive. "The trees," we read in the Book of Judges, "went forth on a time to anoint a king over them; and they said unto the olive

tree, Reign thou over us." And right royally does it fulfil its destiny. "Not only does it beautify this country with a royal grace [we must turn to the worthy Dean again], making it brighter in midwinter with a summer smile, not only does it enrich it with a royal bounty, supplying food and fuel and light; but it is like Solomon, a king among the preachers. It takes up its parable, and tells how the white dove came home at eventide over the dark waters, and lo! in her mouth was an olive leaf, plucked off; so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth."

The olive comes originally from Ethiopia, from Libya, from Syria, or from Lower Egypt, and is one of the oldest of known trees. Cecrops brought it into Attica from Sais, about 556 B.C., and the Phocæans transplanted it from Greece to the Riviera. There are no less than thirty-two kinds, and two or three hundred varieties of olives, all derived from the wild olive or "oleaster," to which they return when they cease to be cultivated.

The Athenians held the olive in the greatest veneration, and they considered the person who had the audacity to injure it as guilty of one of the most heinous of crimes; since they believed that this tree was the offspring of the olive tree

in the Parthenon, which was, according to legend, placed there by the goddess Athena herself. It was only employed by them to reward the victors at the Olympic Games. Columella, in the first century, gives good advice in its cultivation, when he writes, " Olivetum qui arat, rogat fructum; qui stercorat, exorat; qui cædit, cogit " (" The man who digs round his olives asks for fruit; he who manures them begs for it; he who prunes them compels it "). Many are the similes which have been employed in trying to describe olive trees. Taine says that their rows remind him of a flock of sheep, a sober-coloured, useful flock, the only one suited to the strong, sun-parched soil in which they flourish. Coutance considers it a tree which may well be called immortal, for it springs afresh from its parent stem. The old trunk becomes hollow and dries up, and the peasants fill up the cavity with earth and stones to prevent its being blown down by the wind; year by year fresh mould is heaped round it, the top sprouts anew, the bark sends forth fresh shoots, and the gnarled old tree is decked again in green, and covered once more with fruit. Each olive is less a single tree than a collection of trees; it seems as though it were made up of a bundle of columns which had first been violently twisted, and then as

violently joined again; new stems grow inside the old bark and become embodied in the mother stem, and this constantly renewed youth of its members seems to ensure a sort of eternity to the parent tree. The olive reaches to a colossal size on the Riviera, though few of the finest specimens still survive. It has been known to attain to a height of sixty-five feet, and to measure forty-five feet in girth just above the ground. The great olive tree of Beaulieu, which was at the time the oldest and largest in France, said to be a thousand years of age, and measuring close on twenty-five feet in circumference, was destroyed on April 23rd, 1880, by a madman, who set the tree on fire, with the intention of perishing in the flames. The finest olives now to be seen near Nice are at Saint Pons, and on the roadside at Cimiez. When we look at these hoary relics of the past we cannot help calling to mind what George Macdonald wrote, "age is not all decay; it is the ripening, the dwelling of the fresh life within that withers and bursts the husk." For these solemn olives, how they benefit the country-side. Their foliage, despite its sombre hue (to quote Dean Hole once more), "brings all the winter through a look of summer to the scene, and so attracts the stranger and his gold. And though their culture

is laborious, for the soil must be walled in on these mountain slopes, and abundance of manure brought up—and the husbandman must have long patience, for the olive has many foes in fungus, insect, and frost—it will surely bring him, in due season, food, and fuel, and light. It flowers in April, and the berries ripen at different periods (though the trees all look alike there are many varieties here), from November to March. These are beaten from the trees as in the days of Moses, and conveyed to one of the olive mills which may be seen in the neighbourhood. They are crushed by water-power and horse-power, or in the presses by manual labour—though steam would doubtless save a large amount both of money and work—and make various qualities of oil: "surfine," "fine," "ordinaire," "mangeable," "clair-roux," "ressence," and "d'enfer." The "clair-roux" is used in the preparation of wool, the "ressence" for soap, the "d'enfer" for light; and the two latter are commonly given to the miller as payment for his work. Thus the olive tree, pleasant to the eye and good for food, beautifies the land, nourishes the people (they have a compound of warm oil and garlic which is highly relished by the peasants in these parts), and supplies their hearths with firewood, and their lamps with light.

Second to the olive, the tree of the Riviera, is the date palm, which lords it supreme over the town as the olive does over the country-side, yet this is, perhaps, too hard and fast a saying, for the country is in the town, and the town is in the country. Gardens filled with palm trees and oranges, heavy with the perfume of countless flowers, spread their glory in the populous parts of the city; the mountains clothed with verdure, or capped with snow, close the vista of the most frequented streets.

The history of the palm tree vies with that of the olive, its king. Poets have commemorated it in their heroes, and religion in her martyrs; hence it has become the emblem of victory. Davis is very discursive on this tree, which he tells us requires no culture, and having few roots, occupies but a small space. He refers to the great utility of the palm to the ancient hermits of Egypt, to whom its leaves afforded clothing, while its fruit served as their principal food. They also made mats of the leaves, the sale of which enabled them to procure a scanty subsistence. The fruit does not ripen on the Riviera, probably from the climate not being warm enough (the Arabs say the date palm loves to grow with its foot in water and its head in fire). Another cause, however, is assigned by botanists,

who say it is in consequence of there being no male trees in the neighbourhood. They assert that a female palm tree, when there is no male palm in the vicinity, produces no fruit, or, at all events, that the fruit cannot arrive at maturity, as it is necessary that the pollen of the stamen of the male flower be applied to the female flower in order to produce fecundation. In the lives of the Fathers of the Desert, it is observed that Saint Anthony wore, at Easter and Whitsuntide, a garment of palm leaves which he inherited from Saint Paul, the first hermit. We are not told whether these leaves were carefully cut from male trees, or whether this was another of those temptations of the Evil One from which the poor Saint suffered so much!

The palm tree certainly fascinates the imagination on the Riviera, for the combination of the snow-clad mountain peaks looking down calmly on these sturdy products of tropical lands makes a picture under the cloudless blue sky which leaves nothing to be desired in the way of beauty. The palm of the burning South grows side by side with the pine of the frozen North. Lenthéric, writing of the chief elements in the sylvan vegetation of the Riviera, catches the atmosphere very accurately. "This sea-girt forest," he says, "is always somewhat sad-coloured, but its

modest tints harmonize exquisitely with the grey, almost blue tones of the calcareous rock. It forms the peaceful background of the landscape, behind the vigorous cork trees, the Aleppo pines, and, above all, the beautiful umbrella pines, whose lordly heads make them seem the crowned protectors of the humble undergrowth beneath. In those valleys which are entirely protected from the winds, and deep within the little bays, vegetation becomes more luxuriant, and of a brighter hue. The oleander, the orange, the aloe, and the fig deck these spots with a gorgeous vestment. Real fields of flowers sparkle in the sun, and their bright hues blend as do the colours of the rainbow, under a sky as pure and of as deep a hue as that of Greece or of Egypt. The very palm tree itself seems as though, for a moment, it had forgotten that the desert is its true home, for it shoots up here to a remarkable height; and though it bears no fruit, it yet sends forth abundantly its graceful branches, like feathers of brilliant green, and gives to the country, where winter is unknown, the aspect of an Eastern land.

"All the year round the hills are covered with the Aleppo pine, the cork oak, great underwood and evergreen arbutus, decked at the same time with red berries and white flowers." "Only

evergreen plants," says Macmillan, in describing the vegetation of the Riviera, " can effectively resist the universal drought, and therefore the bulk of it is of that nature; but the blue sky and the brilliant sunshine prevent it from assuming a dull and lustreless appearance, and give it almost the transparency and cheerfulness of deciduous foliage. The tall, dark spires of the cypress, rising here and there in picturesque groups on the plains, cast their weird, hard shadows over the grey-green foliage, and lead the eye away, by a succession of vistas, to the distant hills. Contrasting with the sombre hues of these trees, the orange and lemon groves clothe the hottest and most sheltered spots near the shore with their glossy, yellow-green tints, and sweeten the air with the fragrance of their flowers. Forming a striking foreign feature in every landscape, the eucalyptus lifts its lofty stem and slender, pendulous, willow-like boughs into the air, and by the incessant quivering of its leaves in the breeze, gives a delightful feeling of coolness to the sultry air. Huge aloes spring up, rooted in the crevices of the driest rocks, and forcibly recall the grotesque vegetation of the tropics. Over all the waste places the cistus spreads its grey, aromatic bushes, and unfolds its rose-like blossoms, and white and red in

quick succession of evanescent beauty, while dense thickets of myrtle, thorny smilax, and spiny broom form the undergrowth of the wooded hills."

The orange and lemon trees grow close to the olive trees, and under both may the green corn be oft-times seen sprouting. Frequently vines are set among it, and corn, wine, and oil may be grown on the same hill-sides. Alphonse Karr so describes it, "Ici l'ombre ne nuit pas, elle protège. Les citronniers fleurissent et fructifient sous les oliviers et sous les figuiers; les jasmins s'épanouissent, et le blé jaunit, sous les citronniers; les légumes viennent très bien à l'ombre des treilles" ("Here the shade does no harm, it is a protection. The lemon trees flourish and bear fruit under the olives and fig trees; the jasmine blooms, and the corn ripens beneath the lemon trees; vegetables do very well in the shade of the vines trained over their lattices.") Dean Hole affirms that in the year 1500 there was only one sweet orange tree in France, and that early in the nineteenth century there were to be seen the remains of a very ancient tree in Lisbon, which had supplied all Europe with its scions. The orange came from China to Portugal, and thence to Nice, where it is still sometimes called Portugalie. The best oranges here were always

considered those which came from the district of Saint Roch, on the other side of the Paillon, but half the groves disappeared some years ago, when the barracks were erected, and the rest have now been cut down to afford an entrance for the Coni railway. Nowadays Nice oranges are poor in quality, and are grown more for their flowers than for their fruit, for this is either distilled into the volatile oil known as neroli ("nero olio," black oil)—which is the foundation of all the perfumes made on the Riviera—or they are dried and candied for exportation. The derivation of the word "orange" is not, as might be thought, the Latin word "aurum," gold—though a golden fruit it is in all truth—but the Arabic and Persian "narang," hence "arang," "orang," "orange." The Spanish word for it shows its derivation more clearly, by keeping the original initial letter, "naranja." The lemon is more sensitive to cold than the orange; it bears flowers and fruit all the year round.

The carob or carouba tree flourishes on this coast, and many fine specimens may be seen in and round Beaulieu. Curiously enough, it is not to be found in any part of Italy, except in the extreme south.

It was introduced into the Riviera by the Saracens, and the word "caruba" is Arabic.

It is also called, in some places, "Saint John's bread," as the fruit of this tree is assumed to be the "locusts" which kept the Baptist alive in the wilderness. Its botanical name is "Ceratonia," derived from the Greek name applied to its curious pods, "keratia," meaning "little horns." The smooth, hard, lentil-shaped seed or pods are believed to be the origin of the carat weight used by jewellers and goldsmiths, and certainly borrowed from the East. It is said that these seeds were chosen as a unit of weight because their specific gravity varies so little. Speaking of this tree, Macmillan says that nowhere in the Holy Land are there such splendid specimens as there are at Villefranche and Beaulieu, sending up from the wide-spreading, half-bared roots and knotted, powerful trunks their dense crown of glossy foliage in the midst of olive groves, or alone on the sunny shore. It is here far north of its proper latitude, since it is only elsewhere in Europe to be found in the heel of Italy and in Greece. It can endure any amount of heat, for it flourishes in Central Africa, where the olive is unknown; but it is impatient of cold, and perishes where the olive would thrive. It may therefore be regarded as a vegetable thermometer along the shores of the Riviera. The eucalyptus is a comparative new-comer to this

coast, which it has rather taken by storm of late years. The "Eucalyptus globulus," to give its botanical designation, was first discovered in Van Diemen's Land—or, as we now call it, Tasmania—in 1792, by the botanist La Billardière. It was not, however, grown in this country until it was introduced by Monsieur Thuret, the well-known botanist from Algiers, in 1859, where it had been grown from seed brought from Australia by way of experiment. Mr. John Taylor, of Cannes, raised some plants from seed in 1860, and planted them in the garden of the Villa Victoria there in 1862. The finest specimen on the Riviera was that which stood in the Place Masséna, but which had to be removed some years ago on account of the exigencies of traffic. These trees have flourished as well here as they have in Algeria, and there are now over sixty different species on the Riviera.

The mimosa flourishes mightily, and there seems no end to its varieties; in spring-time it pours its cascades of gold over every wall and garden fence, and its delicate fragrance, so elusive in its subtlety, perfumes the air on every side. The country districts are still well wooded, and the sweet chestnut tree abounds; in the mountain villages to the north of Nice the poorer

folk made it their staple food until quite recent years. Then there are the great ilex trees, or holm oaks—whose acorns take two years to ripen —giving a wealth of shade on hot summer days.

When it comes to describing the fruit trees of this sunny land, we must turn once more to Dean Hole. "Interspersed with the oranges and the figs," he says, "we have trees of the almond, the peach, nectarine, apricot, mulberry, Japanese medlar, plum, cherry, pear, apple, and quince; the bloom of these fruit trees amid the evergreens, in March, is a sight to make an old man young. We can see blossoms on the almond, not pink, like our bitter almonds, but white, with roseate centres as large as a crown piece; and, when these are gone, when—as it has been prettily said by a French writer, "L'amandier va mourir sous sa tunique blanche," then the peach flowers are still more winsome. They who have admired the peach tree in bloom, upon the trellis under glass, or on the southern wall, may well imagine its glory when released from captivity, from wires, from shreds and nails—a tree in its integrity, symmetry, and strength, with a blossom upon every spur; here smiling amid the orange trees, green and golden, and there contrasting its warm flush of beauty with

the pale flowers of the cherry, or with the deep blue sky which we see overhead as we stand beneath its boughs. After the peach blossoms the Judas tree (so-called from the tradition that when the traitor hanged himself upon it, its flowers changed from white to red) consoles with an efflorescence almost as charming, of a deeper but somewhat duller red."

The oleander flourishes; "rose-laurier" is its pretty French name, which recalls a letter of Madame de Sévigné, written in her own incomparable style. Her grandson, the little Marquis de Grignan, still a boy, and burning to distinguish himself in warfare, had joined the French troops, who were at that time besieging Nice, as a volunteer. His grandmother soon got him appointed to the command of a troop of horse, and he wrote her several charming letters. Commenting on them to a friend, she writes a high encomium of the beauty of Nice and its gardens, an enthusiasm caught from her boy grandson's letters, in which he tells her that the very *fascines* which were cut for siege purposes were of scented lemon and oleander wood. This plant, none the less, shares with the abundant periwinkle the reputation of being poisonous. Bamboo grows into clumps of great size and beauty, but never flowers on the Riviera. The

asphodel is extinct in Nice, but may still be found at La Petite Afrique, behind Beaulieu.

The pomegranate and the pistachio are other trees which flourish here, both originally brought from the East. The caper shrub, which loves heat, clings along many a wall. It still retains its ancient Greek name "tapenos," which means "creeping." It is remarkable that the fruit of this shrub is not preceded by the flower, as in other plants, but is formed from the bud itself. But there is no end to the Riviera flowers, and mention of them all would require a book—not a chapter. In spring-time the wealth of colour is astounding; roses—red, white, and yellow—are everywhere, the white or pale yellow clusters of the Banksia climbing riotously over everything which they meet, twisting themselves into the gloomy foliage of the cypresses, or festooning the olives with garlands. The crude magenta of the Bougainvillea—or its more artistic brick-red variety—from the very brilliancy of the atmosphere, harmonises with the pale plumbago, whose delicate silver-blue blossoms require a hot-house heat in England. Carnations of every hue grow to impossible sizes, and the flaming salvia, and the bursting red peony, are in every garden, their want of perfume atoned for by the omnipresent fragrance of the

delicate freesias. Oh! these gardens of the Riviera, how beautiful they are; yet with the beauty of modernity; for they spread them in the blaze of the noonday sun, and welcome the noise and the bustle and the riot of life. Few of the dear old mysterious Italian gardens of the past still survive in Nice, the land is too valuable, and bricks and mortar more remunerative than peaceful walls and wild unrestrained flower-beds. One of the few which still exist is that of the Villa Arson, at Saint Barthélemy, a delightful survival with its long alleys of dark cypress trees, and its grottos and pavilions embowered in a glowing wealth of Banksia roses. The family of Arson was one of the oldest in the County of Nice, but is now extinct. In the depth of the garden is shown a table in an arbour, at which, in 1860, the Plenipotentiaries of the French and Italian Governments lunched together on the day when Nice was handed over to France. Talleyrand, who visited the villa in 1816, is reported to have said, "Could I have believed that this country was so beautiful, I would have opposed its restoration to the House of Savoy," in allusion to the Congress of Vienna in 1814–15, which gave back to the King of Sardinia all his former States.

On the outskirts of the town, a little further

than the Villa Arson, is that strange rent in the mountain-side known as the Vallon Obscur. The origin of the name may be either "valloun," a torrent, in the local *patois*, or in ordinary French "vallon," a little valley. Monsieur Edouard Arène, in his charming work entitled "Nice Autrefois," tells us that its old name was Vallon des Etoiles, because in full daylight the stars could be seen through the narrow fissure through which a scrap of blue sky appeared beyond the tops of the two cliffs, where they almost met. The promenade is still unspoilt; it is delightfully situated, full of coolness and songs of birds, of hedges of roses, of wild flowers and moss, and the tiny hepaticas which are to be picked in spring all over the place. The little rills of clear water dance round the mossy rocks, and the valley closes in on either side, until the walls are almost touching.

The same author tells us of the Grotto of Saint André, some three or four miles from the town. Saint André is a mile or so beyond the Abbey of Saint Pons, from which it was originally an offshoot. Later it became a fief of the family of Thaon de Revel, Counts of Saint André, which gave many devoted servants, soldiers, or judges to the House of Savoy, and which remained faithful to that allegiance when Nice

became French. The Château where the Seigneurs lived has been transformed into municipal offices, and the chapel has become the parish church. But the attraction of Saint André is the grotto with its petrifying waters. It is very beautiful, this long cavern, through which the torrent dashes tumultuously, full of stalactites and stalagmites—the entrance almost masked with a green curtain of tender maiden-hair fern. Many authors have written on its beauties, and Lamartine composed a poem on it. The forest which clothed the hill-sides round has been wantonly destroyed during the past few years, and the noble stone-pines and venerable plane trees have entirely disappeared, their place being taken, but by no means filled, by scanty plantations of ragged eucalyptus.

The Grotto of Falicon, called by the country people the Grotto of "Li Ratapignata" (the bats), contains a great number of these animals. It was discovered in the year 1803, and is some fifty feet in depth, access being obtained to it by ladders. Many fossil bones have been found here, and Dr. Naudot affirmed that he found portions of the skeleton of a hyena, which would date it back to prehistoric times. This word for "bat," "ratapignata," literally "winged rat,"

seems to be analogous with the old English word "flittermouse."

The birds of Nice are few, for the silly sportsman prefers to see the tiny songsters on the end of a string to hearing their pæans of praise in the woods and fields. He is great on Sundays in the autumn, and his bag may consist of a couple of thrushes and a robin: slaughtered at the expenditure of some half-hundred cartridges. The swallows wing their way back from their winter quarters between the middle of March and the middle of April. A record of their arrival, kept for over twenty years, never shows them earlier than March 19th, or later than April 15th. Sometimes it is claimed that they have been seen earlier, but it will generally be found that these birds are sand-martins, who the late Sir Thomas Hanbury (no mean authority) affirmed remained here all the winter, though rarely to be seen. Nightingales arrive in April, and nest in large numbers; they go north when it gets too hot, taking the young birds with them. Early in the spring the ubiquitous mosquito awakes to life, and the little green frogs start croaking their nightly choruses. Later on come the dragonflies by day, and the myriad fireflies by night. The little sun lizard is always to be seen even in winter when the sun is warm enough; and the

green lizard is quite common round Nice—the natives call him " Lambert " ; he is easily tamed. The " ocellata " is described in " Riviera Nature Notes " as a miniature crocodile, with his gaping mouth and wriggling gait. Nothing can be more beautiful than the colours of this animal just after he has changed his skin ; they appear to be marked with burnished gold. When captured they bite bravely, but are not strong enough to hurt. The peasants accuse the ocellata of eating grapes ; it is seen up to three thousand feet, or over.

CHAPTER XII

The industries of the Riviera—Wine—Scent—Dried fruits—The extinct tunny fishery—Pottery—The spread of gambling.

NICE has never given its name to any of its numerous industries as have other towns of no greater fame, yet they still exist and flourish while the others have passed into the oblivion of dead days, and are no longer even a name to which any meaning is attached. The ancient city of Cordova may be searched from end to end without discovering a trace of the manufacture of the leather with which its name is indissolubly bound up. No fragrant pale double blooms of the violet are to be found in the mediæval gardens of old Parma; and the famous steel of Toledo is only extant nowadays in inferior inlay. But the manufactures of the Riviera exist as they have always done, and though they be not very great, nor very numerous either, yet they are worthy of a passing word.

This fertile country produces no vintages such as those of Burgundy and Bordeaux; its wine is of a poor quality as a rule, and of no historic fame. Yet a bottle of Bellet or Saint

Georges is by no means to be despised, and years ago there was to be found a pink wine of Saint Pancrace which was well worth the trouble of carrying to town; but it is a truism that good wine is always to be had if we know where to look for it. Maréchal de Catinat, writing from the camp at Macel, on August 26th, 1696, to Monsieur de la Fare, Governor of Nice, who had sent him some wine of Bellet, says, "You ask me what I thought of the wine which you sent me. Without compliment, you may be certain that I found it excellent, and consider it superior to any of the French wines which we have here, although they are good vintages, and well selected. Your memory should be kept green in the County of Nice, not only on account of your excellent administration, but even more surely, should the inhabitants succeed in continuing to make such good wine in their country as has been produced there under your auspices."

The chief products of the Côte l'Azur have always been perfumes, olive oil, and dried fruits; and these have become highly flourishing industries of late years. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the commerce of Nice appears to have been very trifling, its exports consisting of olive oil, oranges and lemons, and essences, whilst its imports were clothes, linen, hosiery,

cutlery, spices, sugar, coffee, etc. A considerable quantity of salt was also brought here from Provence and Languedoc. Most of the exports went to Piedmont, which sent in return rice and cattle. It was stated that after the French Revolution the quantity of cattle imported diminished considerably, and on that account it was difficult to obtain good beef at Nice, for that of the neighbourhood was indifferent. This is much the same even at the present day, when all the prime joints of beef come either from Lyons or Paris, or even from London. The small mutton appears always to have been appreciated, perhaps on account of the aromatic plants with which the country abounds.

The official report of the Préfet of the Alpes Maritimes to the Government in Paris for the year 1806 is worth reproducing, as showing that the town of Nice suffered at the time somewhat severely commercially, as a result of its incorporation with France. This document states that the inclusion of Genoa in the French Empire had struck a mortal blow to the commerce of Nice. Formerly, all the merchandise which came from France, Italy, Holland, England, and the countries of the North of Europe, which was destined for Piedmont, Milan, and Lombardy, passed through Nice, and over the Col de Tenda,

which assured to the port and district of Nice the perpetual arrival of cargo boats and ships, while as many as two hundred thousand bales of merchandise passed through the town annually, the taxes on which amounted to a large sum in the course of the year. These advantages had now disappeared, all trade having been diverted to Genoa and Savona. The only commerce which remained to Nice was the interchange of local produce such as oil, wine, fruit, and silk. The trade in these goods, it was hoped, would continue to flourish both in the interior and abroad, on account of their excellence, which was due to the climate of the district. To compensate in some measure for the loss of trade with Italy and Piedmont, a demand was made on behalf of Nice and those communes which were on the route to Piedmont, that all salt destined for that country should be made to pass through Nice; that warehouses for this purpose should be constructed at the port of Nice; and that a main road should be opened up from Nice to Grenoble.

Details of the local manufactures at this period show that there were fourteen silk mills at Nice itself, employing two hundred and fifty workmen for three or four months in each year, and several more in the country districts. The

scent industry had sunk to almost nothing, but candle factories and tanneries were flourishing. The manufacture of chamois leather had almost ceased, but a certain amount of soap was made, although the successful competition of Marseilles and Grasse was somewhat severe. There was a flourishing tobacco factory, and experiments were being made to grow tobacco locally.

Négrin, writing later, when Nice was once more Italian, says that the low price of money and the heavy duties laid on foreign goods were the reasons why the commerce of Piedmont was rather confined—to which must be added the scruples of the Custom House officers to let foreign goods enter, even after the duties had been paid. The quantity of mulberry trees which were planted nearly everywhere in Piedmont, and in parts of the country round Nice, showed that silk was no inconsiderable article of trade. It was indeed a very principal commodity in Turin and at Nice; a certain as well as an abundant source of defraying taxes, and conducing to an extensive commerce in exchange for other merchandise. At this period a heavy imposition was laid on land, so as to encourage the growth of mulberry trees, as the Government promised that the burden of this tax should be diminished in proportion to the number

of mulberry trees planted in each field, and to the quantity of silk produced. Until the Revolution in France holders enjoyed the advantage of this Royal grant, and even held their territory free of duty. So effective was this edict, and so productive to the country people, that the manufacturer no longer had to purchase silk from the Milanese or the Venetians, nor had the Government any cause for complaint as to the want of trees to nourish silkworms. The silk stockings manufactured here at that time were said to be of better quality than those which were made in Languedoc and Paris.

The scent factories of the Maritime Alps are famous, and in the spring-tide the fragrant fields of flowers all along the country-side scatter their sweet odours over acres of highly cultivated ground. The industry is a profitable one, and provides occupation for a very large proportion of the rustic population. In the factories it is a charm to eye and sense of smell to see and scent the piled-up heaps of roses, violets, jonquils, carnations, and all the fragrant flora of this sunny Southern land, massed in bright-coloured heaps before being crushed for the extraction of their essence.

The flower harvest begins in May, but August is the month when the industry is at its height,

and in certain localities the scent of the flowers is almost overwhelming. The jasmine blooms are often as large as a florin, and their perfume, mingled with the penetrating, rather sickly sweetness of the tuberoses, is almost too strong to be pleasant. Fields of fragrant mignonette give way to the patches of mint, lavender, rosemary, thyme, and other scented herbs, some of which are used for distilling liqueurs as well as for perfumes.

The dried fruit industry in Nice is still largely conducted in the old primitive fashion. Early in the winter, towards the further extremity of the Promenade des Anglais, great sheets may be seen spread on the seashore, on which are drying the curled rinds of thousands of oranges and lemons. The soft salt breezes impregnate them with a delicious flavour, in addition to their own characteristic taste, and Nice orange and lemon peel is highly esteemed in its own market.

The olive tree, in addition to providing oil and firewood, is widely used, on account of its varied and beautiful grain, for conversion into a thousand objects which are sold as souvenirs of the South.

What was at one time a flourishing industry here was the tunny fishery, but it has long since ceased to exist, although it still appears in new

editions of various inaccurate guide-books. The little village of Saint Jean was the centre of it, and it gave employment to a large number of people. Brunel writes, in 1857, that in the month of April, a couple of years previously, this fishery attained quite unaccustomed proportions, and in a single day more than four thousand tunny were captured there. The tunny comes into the Mediterranean about the middle of April, and used to follow both sides of the coast up to the Black Sea, which it enters; in the month of August it returns and disappears in the Atlantic Ocean until the following year, so that it is in the Atlantic that it breeds so profusely. The tunny fishery is often mentioned in classical times for its importance; it was a favourite food of the Carthaginians, who always served it at wedding feasts. At Abdera and in some of the cities of Greece the fish was considered sacred. The method employed by the ancients for catching the tunny has not changed much; it may be seen on the northern coast of Africa. The fishermen go out at night with braziers in the prow of their barques; the fish are attracted to the flame, and they are speared as they leap towards it. The fish arrive in masses, and follow a regular line like troops on the march; they sometimes weigh as much as

fifteen stone. Why the tunny should have given up following the northern coast of the Mediterranean is not clear, but they certainly did so, for no great numbers of them have been seen for many years, and the fishery at Saint Jean had ceased in 1860.

There are several well-known pottery factories in and near Nice, where products of very artistic design are turned out, many being reproduced from exquisite Persian and Eastern originals, dating back to the best early periods.

Such are the principal of the avowed industries of Nice, but there is another which looms larger than these, which it is not so easy to describe. If we may assume that by the word " industry " we mean some employment which provides work for a large number of people, and circulates a great deal of money, then all these recognized trades sink into insignificance before that all-pervading profession of gambling which has sprung up like a grain of mustard seed in the hot-house atmosphere of the Riviera during the past few years ; increasing so fast that it is now a spreading tree in whose branches come to roost the fowl of the air from all parts of the globe. The pigeons stand but little chance from the hawks, and the vultures are ready to devour the carcases of either.

Gambling is a necessary evil, which it is neither possible nor even desirable to entirely eradicate from a mixed community; but that it should be hedged round with real barriers is a proposition not to be gainsaid. In a properly constituted club, where no one can play for more than he puts on the table, the player must be his own judge as to what he can afford to stake, or take the consequences. That is not a matter for outside interference.

But far different is it while magnificent and costly establishments are kept up with the greatest luxury, practically never closed day or night, which openly make gambling their *raison d'être*, and draw vast revenues from it. The finest operatic and dramatic performances are provided at very reasonable prices—so reasonable, in fact, that they could not be given without some additional source of income—restaurants of the first order are attached to them, so that there shall be no need for the visitors to leave the building, and the *entr'actes* of the plays and operas given are drawn out to inordinate length, so as to enable the audience to gamble, with the result that the intervals during the evening frequently exceed the time taken up by the performance. In addition to these public gambling rooms, a club is attached to each

establishment, where play goes on practically all night, and the formality of membership is reduced to farcical proportions.

The benefits which accrue from this state of things amount to this, that the establishments in question—apart from their ability to provide the very finest productions with the first artists in the world—are able to afford to pay very large sums of money into the exchequer of the city, which are used for its embellishment, and for the carrying out of many necessary public works, the cost of which would otherwise have to be raised by taxation. They also provide steady employment for a very large number of persons during the winter months.

But when that has been said, there is nothing more. Let us look at the other side. Putting aside entirely the moral aspect of gambling, which does not enter into the argument here, does the town collectively, or its citizens individually, derive any real benefit from the state of things which has recently come to exist?

The answer should be emphatically in the negative. In late years we have seen well-known restaurants (some of them of world-wide reputation), one after the other compelled to close on account of their inability to compete with those which rely on the secondary source

of income which is denied to their outside competitors. The death-blow has been given to the club—as we know the word in England, and it can never be resurrected so long as the present *régime* lasts. But what is far more serious is the general loss which is affecting the commerce of the town in almost every branch. The class of people who are attracted by the unparalleled gambling facilities now offered on the Riviera, is fast driving away the solid members of the various foreign colonies, who annually passed six months in their own villas, and spent money freely in entertaining, and in the shops of various kinds. These no longer come, the new element bewilders their more steady and old-fashioned ideas; they find prices advancing by leaps and bounds, and the class of society distinctly deteriorating; so they come no more.

What, too, is the shopkeeper's complaint? Jewellers assert that while their rents have gone up, their receipts are daily going down; the money which would formerly have been spent in jewellery for presents or personal adornment now disappears at baccarat. The dressmakers' complaint is similar; costly gowns are ordered, but when they are delivered the money to pay for them has disappeared at the gambling tables, and they are left on their hands.

With a glittering vision of turning their weekly pittance into a sheaf of bank-notes, the small *employés* run to throw on their francs, and the loss of them only leads to further losses. No, the gambling industry is one which might well be dispensed with in Nice; the attractions of the town are great enough without it, and the sooner the City Fathers make up their minds to this fact, the better will the foreign colonies be pleased, nor will the town suffer in the long run.

CHAPTER XIII

The rivers of Nice—Great floods and storms in history—Cold years and earthquakes—Epidemics—The beginnings of Nice as a health resort—Difficulties of access—Gradual development—The annexation and the making of the railway—The position of Nice to-day.

PEOPLE pay little heed to the River Paillon since it has been covered over with gardens, and hidden away underground, and few ever even know of its existence; for the average visitor does not explore its valleys—the road to Monte Carlo is the only one he cares about. But to the Niçois Paillon was like Father Tiber to the Romans, a river god who was best propitiated, for at times his fury wrought destruction with no light hand. In olden days, says Théodore de Banville, when the snows melted in spring on the Alps, it was customary for a man to walk along the bed of the torrent blowing a trumpet. As his first blasts were heard, the market women cleared away their stalls, and with a cry of "Paglion ven," sought safety before the rushing waters wore their way to the sea in an irresistible flood, uprooting palm trees and

VIII. THE OLD BRIDGE OVER THE VAR

oranges, and racing into the Mediterranean in a tawny disorder, which turned the azure of its waves to a dull gold. It can still swell to a considerable extent, for in its course to the sea the Paillon receives the waters of seven other mountain torrents.

The other river of Nice is the Var, which gives its name to a Department which it does not now go near. The usual derivation of its name is the Latin word "varus," from the irregularity of its flood, which is almost *nil* in summer, and yet rolls down in great volume in the spring-time. The Greek name of the river, however, was "Ouaros," the root of which, "ar," "ouar," is clearly Celtic, and certainly few rivers are more capricious in their course, or more uncertain in their flood.

Great rains and floods—more especially in connection with these two rivers—have been recorded at divers epochs in the known history of Nice. The earliest of which record has been kept appears to have been a six months' downpour in 1330, and lengthy and violent storms in the years 1345 and 1346. Nothing further under this heading is recorded until October 9th, 1530, when the Var and the Paillon flooded all the plain of Nice. The crops were completely destroyed, walls crumbled, houses fell down,

and trees were uprooted. The Pont Saint Antoine (as the Pont Vieux was then called) was swept away, and it was impossible to cross the river; the victims of this disastrous flood were numerous. The bridge was immediately reconstructed by the care of the Consuls and the Bishop, in accordance with the plans of the Piedmontese architect, Amadeo Besten. It appears that during the siege of the town by Barbarossa, in 1543, two arches of this bridge were destroyed, and were rebuilt a couple of years later under the direction of the architect Libanchi. When the new route to Turin was made, in 1782, an embankment was built along the left bank of the river, from the point known as Ribei Rousset, to a spot called Carail, almost opposite the monastery of Saint Pons.

On August 15th, 1601, Nice was under water from the combined torrents of the Paillon and the Var, the town itself was flooded, and in the suburbs men and beasts were drowned and swept out to sea without its being possible to give them any help. This was one of the worst disasters of the kind on record here.

On November 10th, 1613, which was Saint Martin's Day, there was a storm of such extraordinary violence that it gave rise to a saying which is still employed to-day, when a deluge of

rain is referred to, as "la tempesta de San Martin"; this storm ravaged the whole coast, all the houses built on the shore were swept away, and the vessels anchored in Villefranche harbour were badly damaged. Among them were six Neapolitan galleys which had taken refuge in the inner port. An English ship was lost, and a number of fishing boats sunk off Cap Saint Hospice.

On September 28th, 1616, the Paillon carried away part of the wall of the Porte Saint Antoine; and the Var overflowed both its banks. The Vésubie flooded the village of Lantosque, when twenty-two houses collapsed, and many people were drowned. 1631 was called "the year of the deluge," and the Var was in flood to such an extent that the stone bridge at Entraunes and the wooden one at Fougent were carried away.

In 1694 torrential rains caused the collapse of a hill at Lucéram, which did immense damage. On November 28th, in the same year, the parts of Nice round the port and Ponchettes were inundated, and swept by the sea and the rain. The Bishop Provana and his clergy went to the beach to make intercession against further ravages of the sea.

Again, in 1744, the fall of water was so con-

siderable, and the Paillon so extremely augmented, that a large number of French and Spanish soldiers were lost in attempting to cross it during an engagement with some Piedmontese troops; on this occasion six officers and three hundred men are said to have perished. Great storms are again recorded in 1751, 1756, 1774, 1775, and 1776. In the latter year the Paillon devastated the country-side, huge landslips took place in the valley of the Vésubie, near Roquebillière, and the mountain called Col de Bel collapsed and buried several victims, causing much destruction in the district of Coaraze. A lake was formed where the mountain had been, which existed until the last day of December, 1786.

On November 8th, 1774, when the festival "dei catre Encouronat" (the four martyrs) was being observed in the Cathedral, the Paillon burst its banks and flooded the whole of the old town. In 1792, on the morrow of the entry of the French troops into Nice, it rained in torrents for twelve consecutive days, and it was impossible to pass the Var. The French built a foot-bridge over the river as soon as the flood had abated. Much damage was done on October 31st, 1796, when the Paillon again burst its banks, and carried away the bridge

where the Casino Municipal now stands. Great floods took place in 1802 and 1803.

On July 26th, and again on August 2nd, 1834, storms of hail damaged all the district round the town. Later in the same year a ship from Genoa went on the rocks at Ponchettes, and succour seemed impossible. The clergy of Nice, in their vestments, and the civil authorities, stood high above the wreck, and the Bishop gave the Absolution to the crew kneeling on the wave-swept deck. But they were not drowned, for a Greek barque was able to stand in and take them off in safety, though their vessel was a total loss.

In 1837 the Paillon left its bed near Saint Roch, and made a new channel down to the port, sweeping away everything in its passage. The water rose above the level of the Pont Vieux, and the bridge between the Place Masséna and the Place Charles Albert (which had been built seven years previously) was entirely destroyed; the Var also did much damage. The population of the town attributed these disasters to the delay in erecting the votive church of Notre Dame des Grâces; the municipal authorities fell in with their view, and the Eglise du Vœu was forthwith built.

There was another great flood of the Var in

1841, in consequence of which important works were carried out to strengthen its banks. Measures were taken at the same time to prevent further floods from the Paillon, and though heavy rainfalls are recorded for the years 1848, 1852, 1855, 1857, 1879, and 1882, no serious damage again occurred. Nowadays both rivers are so well dammed, and led into such safe channels that they " roar as gently as any sucking doves," and all fear of flood has long since passed away.

Of equal interest to these great storms and floods are the records of the cold years in Nice. These go back just as far, and are the more remarkable when we consider the average winter climate which we now enjoy. The following data were collected by Doctor G. H. Brandt, by whose courtesy they are now first reproduced here.

In the years 1302, 1364, 1460, 1506, and 1563 the cold was so intense on the Riviera that the orange trees were frozen. In 1623 again the temperature became suddenly so low that the Paillon was covered with ice, the water running under it. In 1706 the month of January was so intensely cold that all the fruit trees, and most of the olives, were literally burnt black with the cold.

In 1709 the Duke of Savoy was waging war

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with the King of France, and Nice was the centre of hostilities. Fortunately, the winter arrived, and cold set in with such intensity that operations were forcibly suspended. On February 13th in this year an icy cold wind blew violently, bringing dark clouds over Nice; in a few hours the whole country was covered with snow to a depth of three feet. Suddenly the clouds disappeared; the frost was intense during the night, and not only vines, orange and olive trees, but even the trees which grow in the most northern climes were utterly destroyed. The degree of cold was put down at this epoch at nine degrees Réaumur below zero. Chestnut and walnut trees were not spared; and according to a statement made by the Notary Scalier, only two young olive trees, situated in a sheltered spot on the Castle hill, were saved; every tree was cut down on a level with the ground, and after a time they began to throw up new shoots. The result of this intense cold was the cause of a serious famine, which spread all over the country, and was felt for more than a year. The municipal authorities were obliged to supply the inhabitants, as well as the troops, with daily bread.

No cold winter was felt again until 1767, by which time Nice had ceased to be the seat of

war-like scenes, and begun to attract visitors and invalids. On January 7th in this year, snow and an icy cold wind raged fiercely, and completely destroyed all the gardens in the town. The winter of 1775–6, which was so extremely cold all over Europe, and even in Italy, was not so much felt in Nice—according to the opinion of Sulzer, one of the earliest writers on its climate. He says that no snow fell, and that the ice in the puddles had always melted by nine o'clock. The worst part of this winter was during the months of January and February, when cold winds and heavy rains prevailed.

In 1785 Réaumur's thermometer registered two degrees below zero, whilst at Genoa it went down as low as eight degrees below zero. In 1789, on January 11th, the heavens were covered with dark, dense clouds, snow fell in large flakes during the whole day, until it was eight inches thick ; Réaumur's thermometer marked between eight and nine degrees below zero. Lemon and orange trees were destroyed down to their roots, a few trees in sheltered places were saved, but most of the olive trees were frozen ; even the trees which resisted the intense cold had their branches torn down by the weight of the snow. A large number of shepherds and beasts of the field were found dead, frozen and buried in the

snow. Many trees were split from top to bottom. 1792 and 1799 were also years of great cold, and in 1802 the thermometer during six consecutive days fell below zero, and there was ice several inches thick, which was recorded by Fodere as an extraordinary occurrence.

Intense frosts in the winter of 1819 destroyed all the olive trees from Marseilles to the Esterels ; and in the following year, on January 11th, Risso, the naturalist, observed a fall in the temperature to six degrees Réaumur below zero. This intense cold only lasted half an hour, but was sufficient to wither up all the orange trees, which had to be cut down to the ground to save them.

In 1737 fell one of the heaviest of snowfalls on record here ; it was more than half a foot deep, and in some places coated with ice. Since then snowfalls have been occasionally recorded. According to annual observations carried out by Richelmi, and continued by Teisseyre, during a period of thirty years, it follows that the mean temperature of Nice during the winter months between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. is eight degrees above zero centigrade, which is two degrees warmer than Rome. In some winters the temperature never goes below zero.

Earthquakes, fortunately, have not been very

numerous in the history of Nice. According to certain Italian manuscripts found in the Public Library, we find that in 1752 there was one occurred at that day very much resembling that of 1887 in its intensity. It was on February 16th, 1852, that the next was noted, accompanied by a terrific rumbling. Three shocks were felt, the first being the strongest, lasting—in the quaint phrase of the writer—"half an Ave Maria"; all the inhabitants jumped out of their beds and ran into the street. This occurred at a quarter to five in the morning of Ash Wednesday, and many people who were still dancing at the final Carnival Veglione ran into the open air. A quarter of an hour afterwards two other shocks were felt. The coincidences of time and epoch are very remarkable, for as a century occurred between these two earthquakes, so in 1887 did the phenomenon exactly repeat the conditions of that of 1852, since it happened at five in the morning of Ash Wednesday.

During the seventeenth century there were four earthquakes (1612, 1618, 1637, and 1644), but no one was injured, and the damage done was insignificant. In the sixteenth century the Italian manuscript mentions one in 1564, at seven in the evening, on July 20th. The shock

was a very heavy one, and caused great alarm throughout all the population of Nice and the surrounding country. J. B. Gastaldi, a Piedmontese *savant*, in his geographical chart traces the undulations of this earthquake, which, after destroying a great part of Nice and its environs, extended its ravages towards Villefranche and Escarène. At this latter place a mountain split in two, and out of the fissure flames and smoke were seen to spurt with great violence. The effect of this shock was seen at sea, for the waters in the harbour of Villefranche went down the length of a rod, and the surface of the water was covered with sea monsters and fish of unknown species; the bottom of the harbour has since been observed to be lower. Among the places which suffered most were La Bollène and Roquebillière. Honoré Laurenti, in his manuscript book on Belvedère, says that at La Bollène a quarter of the population perished, and the course of the River Vésubie was stopped for some hours. He says that it divided several mountains into two, and that from the centre of each flames and smoke proceeded, so that at night the country looked as if it was surrounded by huge fires; chasms opened large enough to receive entire mountains, and others fell with a frightful crash. At the moment when the shock was

greatest, the sea rose and flooded Antibes, receding shortly afterwards, carrying everything in its current, and leaving the port almost dry. From these and other data it will be seen that Nice and its environs have usually been visited by earthquakes not oftener than once in a century.

Recounting these and other misfortunes of the town of Nice, Davis, writing in 1807, says, that after the year 1748, improvements became more general, obliterating in some degree the scenes and devastation which Nice had so often been doomed to witness. But in the year 1799 an epidemic visited the town, which carried off a sixth part of the population. The first cause of the disease was the continual movement of the troops, for without exaggeration over a million passed through the town during the Revolution. It is well known that the armies were frequently in want of everything; and bad nourishment and bad clothing were very soon followed by the most distressing consequences. The hospitals, which were soon crowded, could not accommodate all the sick, a circumstance which obliged the inhabitants to lodge them in private houses; infection was by this means soon propagated, and every house became a *lazzaretto*.

But these epidemics were occasioned by exceptional circumstances, and but slightly retarded the advance of the town in popular favour as a health resort. It is true these early pioneers of the troops of winter visitors to which we are now accustomed must have had a not altogether luxurious or inexpensive time of it. In 1755 Lady Fitzgerald wrote to her daughter that most of the lodgings in Nice had either no glass in the windows, or had paper in its place. Smollett, a few years later, writes that a friend of his, understanding that he intended to winter in the South of France, strongly recommended to him the climate of Nice in Provence; "which," he said, "I had indeed often heard extolled, and I am almost resolved to go thither, not only for the sake of the air, but also on account of its situation on the Mediterranean." He thus estimates the cost of the trip: "The journey from Calais to Nice of four persons in a coach or two post-chaises, with a servant on horseback—travelling post—may be performed with ease for about a hundred and twenty pounds, including all expenses."

At the beginning of the nineteenth century we find our friend, Doctor Davis, giving minute instructions as to how best to accomplish the

journey, and the precautions to be observed on it. The difficulty with which travelling is attended in the southern parts of France, and the general want of comfortable bedding, are circumstances which he considers render it prudent for a delicate person to take a bed and blankets with him. He should, in the next place, take great care to avoid the evening air, which in the months of autumn is very apt to give cold, and he should commence his journey by short distances, augmenting them as he finds his strength capable of the fatigue.

The traveller is told to expect a vast deal of shaking, whether he is in his own carriage or in one of the country's, a circumstance that is vexatious to everyone, and often detrimental to delicate women, especially in a state of pregnancy. People who are used to the roads in England can have no idea what a source of embarrassment they prove in France. In order, therefore, to avoid such inconvenience, the patient had better continue his route from Avignon to Nice by water, as by far the worst part of the road is from the former to the latter place. This, perhaps, might subject him to some difficulty, but the voyage would most likely contribute to his recovery, which would

not always be the case if he should travel by land.

"Arrived at Nice, he should take a laxative draught, remain quiet for two or three days, live upon very light food, drinking diluted liquids, and by these means carry off any little heat or irritation the journey might produce. A suitable residence is not always the easiest thing to obtain. There are a number of handsome houses in the Croix de Marbre, but," he thinks "they are too near the sea for consumptive people. The best adapted are those on the surrounding hills, which are not only the most pleasant, but the most healthy. They are less exposed to the evaporations of the sea, but are, it is true, rather difficult of access." Doctor Davis having thus, to his satisfaction, settled his patient in for the winter, thus further delivers himself as to the town of Nice. "The south-west quarter of the town," he says, "is the handsomest, and of modern architecture. The streets are wide, and run in a straight line; the public walk is in this neighbourhood, and is a delightful resource" (does he mean resort?) "in the summer, when the sun is above the horizon. Its beautiful scenery is, however, much obscured by the terrace which stretches along the coast. In the middle of the walk a

fountain has been recently constructed, whereon a paltry figure has been erected, representing Catherine Sequeiran (*sic*), heroine of Nice, with a Turk at her feet, whom she had knocked down with a club. The fact to which this alludes constitutes a remarkable event in the history of Nice." Here we must leave the worthy doctor to the care of his consumptive patient, who would certainly not be encouraged to spend the winter in Nice nowadays.

A description of the Croix de Marbre quarter, published somewhat earlier (1792), refers to it thus: "One of the quarters of the town is that of the Croix de Marbre, a marble cross. This suburb is new, and the English almost always lodge in it, being very near the town. . . . This suburb is now called Newborough (*sic*); all the houses are separate from each other; the company hire them for the season, that is, from October to May. There are apartments to be had from fifteen to two hundred and fifty louis."

In an old French pamphlet about this date, it is stated that "among English visitors in the year 1786 were the Duke of Bedfort (*sic*), the Duchess of Cumberland, Milady Rives *née* Pitt, Milady Maynar (*sic*), and Lord Tasbourg (*sic*)." Milady Rives *née* Pitt was so fascinated with

her sojourn, that the following year she built a large villa at Beaumettes, where later the celebrated astronomer Coopper (*sic*) constructed an observatory—now as non-existent as the fame of its presumed builder.

For the first half of the nineteenth century there was little progress visible in Nice. The means of access were so difficult, and while a certain number of wealthy foreigners made it their winter residence, yet nothing occurred to rouse it to any appreciable extent. Its political *rôle* was done, the days of wars were at an end as far as Nice was concerned, and it slumbered placidly on in the *dolce far niente* fashion of a hundred other pleasant Italian towns. Then came the Annexation to France, and a breath of new life stirred the country, which the coming of the railway in the early sixties fanned into a vigour and energy hitherto unsuspected. From that day, Nice has never looked back, but has gone steadily on, advancing in the magnificence of her streets and buildings, and basking even more securely in the sunshine of popular favour. A true cosmopolitan capital, accessible in a few hours from no matter what corner of Europe, no matter what bitter clime: there she waits, with arms spread out in welcome, or lowered to scatter midsummer flowers in midwinter in the

path of the welcome guest. Her Court is so opulent and splendid that she brooks no rival, but sits enthroned Mistress and Queen of all the stately winter cities of the sunny south. *Semper floreat !*

CHAPTER XIV

The neighbourhood of Nice on the east of the Var—Mont Alban and its siege—The port of Villefranche—Duke Emmanuel Philibert's stud at Cap Ferrat—The Duchess and the corsair—The Saracen tower—Beaulieu and Olivula—The worship of Isis, and the vicissitudes of Eze—Contes—Châteauneuf, the deserted village—Lucéram and Aspremont, their history—Mont Chauve—Peïra Cava and the Hinterland.

THE country-side round Nice is of little less historical interest than the town itself, and many of these little brown villages perched on the mountain flanks have had fame in their day, and stood in the forefront of the battle. Those on the coast have naturally progressed with the times, but the inland towns have stood still, and besides retaining their picturesqueness of mediævalism in outward form, their citizens are little less advanced than their ancestors. The numerous tramway lines, which of late years have sprung up in a network all round Nice, are doing wonders for these little places, bringing to their doors a prosperity of which they never previously dreamed; and now that the natural beauties of the country can be explored by motor-car, they are yearly getting better known.

Means of communication in olden days were scant enough, people still living easily remember the time when Monte Carlo was not, and to get to Monaco it was necessary to take the Upper Corniche Road through La Turbie, and, descending by Roquebrune, turn back and enter the principality from the east.

The old road to Villefranche passed over Mont Alban, where, amid the pine woods, stands a famous old fort, the last outward and visible sign of Sardinian sway left here, though long ago out of date and useless. Built by Duke Emmanuel Philibert of Savoy in 1691, it was captured after a feeble resistance by Maréchal de Catinat, and its commander, Capitaine de Saint Amant, was degraded and banished from the country for his precipitate surrender. Later, in 1744, it was gallantly defended by the Piedmontese against the French and Spaniards; and so long was the siege that there arose a local proverb that "when the French should take Mont Alban, the hare should catch the hound." In 1792 the fort was given up to the French without resistance, and that was the last of its activity.

Villefranche, in the near future destined to be the port of Nice, was founded close on six hundred years ago, the hamlet from which it sprung having come into existence in the early

years of the fourteenth century. It was due to the inhabitants of Olivula, which was a little town that had been built on the top of Mont Saint Michel, close to Beaulieu, to provide a safe retreat from the Saracens. After these pirates had been driven out of the country, Charles II, of Anjou, Count of Provence, was anxious to get the people of the district to settle on the edge of the sea, and so gave certain privileges to the villages which should be built on the shore, whence the name of "Cieutat franca" (ville franche), which was given to the new town.

Its harbour is one of the finest natural ports in the world, and has an area of almost eight hundred and sixty-five acres. It was of very great importance to the Kings of Sardinia, as up to the year 1814 it was the only harbour which they possessed. Here, in 1538, came the Spanish and Genoese fleets, under the command of the Emperor Charles V, when he responded to the appeal of Pope Paul III to sign the Ten Years' Truce with Francis I of France.

It was at Villefranche that Honoré d'Urfé died, once so celebrated, whose memory has now fallen into oblivion. His passionate love for Diane de Château-Morand was the origin of the romance of "Astrée." It is well known that his attachment was succeeded by the coldest in-

difference when Diane became his wife. He left her and retired to the Court of Charles Emmanuel of Savoy to whom he was related on his mother's side, who was daughter of Claudius of Savoy, Count of Tenda, and Governor of Provence. He was taken ill at Nice and was moved here, where he died in 1625. Besides the romance of "Astrée"—which was finished by Baro, his secretary—he wrote several other works, including a poem in stanzas, the subject of which is the departure, absence, and return of *Sirène*, that is, the author himself, who, under that name, sang his amours with Diane.

The promontory which shelters Villefranche harbour, forming its eastern arm, is known as Cap Ferrat. King Leopold II of the Belgians, who, in the last years of his life, bought a considerable portion of the cape, and built on it, and beautified it by the creation of gardens, was not the first sovereign to pitch his tent there. Deeds are still in existence to prove that about 1559 Duke Emmanuel Philibert of Savoy established a horse-breeding stud on Cap Ferrat, on land which he had leased from the Commune of Villefranche; and later on his successors claimed to be the owners of this property, and not merely the lessees, which led to a famous lawsuit.

To go back to the beginning of the story, this

Duke of Savoy was very fond of horses, and spent most of his income in buying them. In consequence of his great victory over Saint-Quentin, Philip II, King of Spain, crowned him with favours in witness of his gratitude. This was in 1557. Two years later, Henri II, King of France, wishing to secure his alliance, gave him his sister, Marguerite de Valois, to wife. Arrived at the pinnacle of his hopes, and having amassed a considerable fortune, the Duke was in a position to satisfy his passion for horses, and he bought all he could lay hands on of the finest pedigree stock, not only in Europe but in Arabia ; and so got together a stud such as no other sovereign possessed at that epoch. He then requested the Commune of Villefranche to lease him the land from Cap Ferrat to Saint Hospice, with a view to installing his stud there. The Cap was then a treeless, rocky promontory ; for in the last stand of the Saracens against the forces of Christendom, the latter had burnt the forest, which up to the eighth century had clothed the promontory. All that remained was a scanty herbage fit for the pasturage of the flocks of the Commune in winter.

Villefranche agreed to the request made in the name of its Sovereign, and Cap Ferrat was leased to him at an annual rent of twenty-four golden

crowns. Shortly afterwards, the Duke's horses were installed there, and he himself, during his frequent sojourns at Nice and Villefranche, often came to visit them. It was during one of these visits that the Duke was almost captured by a pirate of the name of Occhiali, a story which is related further on in this chapter.

Emmanuel Philibert died in 1580, but his successor, Charles Emmanuel I (known later as the "Great"), was just as fond of horses. He kept up the stud for some years after his accession to the throne, and only suppressed it at the request of the Syndics of the town of Nice. Other considerations beside the wishes of the Niçois doubtless influenced the Prince in his decision. He was an ambitious sovereign, for he aspired to the throne of the Holy Roman Empire, and he was desirous of making Cap Ferrat a strategic position of the first order, to render the title of Count of Provence, which had been conferred upon him by the Leaguers in 1559, an effective one. Imbued with his ideas, the officials of the County of Nice came to consider Cap Ferrat as part of the Crown lands, and ceased to pay any rent to Villefranche.

On July 28th, 1606, the Commune claimed from the Duke of Savoy, in the first place, the restoration to the local authorities of the lands

of Cap Ferrat and Saint Hospice, and secondly, the payment of three hundred and twelve golden crowns, the balance of the yearly rent which was due. The lawyers who represented the interests of Villefranche put the matter so forcibly that the Duke recognized their rights; but, at the same time, he was anxious to keep possession of the property, and ordered his representatives at Nice to enter into negotiations to that effect. The *pourparlers* lasted three years, and it was not until April 11th, 1609, that the Duke consented to pay to the Commune of Villefranche the three hundred and twelve golden crowns which were due to it, and, in addition, to pay down immediately a further sum of three hundred golden crowns, with an annual rent in perpetuity of one golden crown for the concession by the Commune of the lands of Cap Ferrat and Saint Hospice on a lease in perpetuity to the reigning Duke and his successors. Charles Emmanuel I died in 1630, and in the reign of his successor, Victor Amadeus I, the administrators of the State Treasury refused to pay the annual golden crown agreed upon in the lease. The Commune protested, and in 1633 was summoned by the Royal officials to produce the title deeds of its alleged ownership over Cap Ferrat. This was not done, and the domain was declared to be a

part of the Crown properties. The representative of the Sovereign at this period was Jean Baptiste Auda, who died shortly after this event. He left two sons, the eldest of whom, Pierre Auda, succeeded him as Commissary for Exemptions for the County of Nice, and Jean Michel Auda, afterwards private physician to the Duke Charles Emmanuel II.

These two brothers took up the matter in dispute with Villefranche with great energy. Profiting by his privileged situation in the Duke's household, Jean Michel Auda obtained an act of investiture from the Sovereign, which made him lord of the Commune of Villefranche over the heads of its elected representatives. These latter naturally objected with some vigour, but Doctor Auda, reckoning on his Court influence, treated Villefranche as his own property, gave it his orders, which were not carried out by the Syndics, and sent his officials there, who had no encouraging reception.

A long series of incidents made the situation intolerable, and on January 25th, 1665, a respectful but firm protestation was sent to the Duke. The Sovereign recognized that they had the right to protest, although he pointed out that, in conferring the fief of Villefranche on his Doctor Auda, he had no intention of doing

anything prejudicial to the interests of so faithful a town, and the whole matter was referred to the Senate at Nice. When the case came on, the lawyers on both sides produced all sorts of ancient deeds in support of their respective cases, the defenders of Doctor Auda, and the officials who claimed the right of incorporating property appertaining to Villefranche in the domain of the Sovereign, invoked the following historical reasons: Among the territories which were given to Raymond Berenger by the Emperor Frederick was Provence, of which the County of Nice was a part. All the pasturage of this territory formed an integral part of this donation. Therefore, the House of Savoy, having acquired the County of Nice, has the same right.

In defence of the interests of Villefranche, the lawyers brought out the following point: On August 10th, 1295, Charles II of Anjou, King of Naples and Jerusalem, Count of Provence and of Forcalquier, considering the importance of the harbour up to then known as Olivula, and the great convenience which would result for shipping, invited the inhabitants of the town of Olivula (perched up on the mountain-side) to come down and establish their residence on the shores of the harbour. To this end he accorded them various privileges; he exempted them

from all taxes, and gave up to them all his rights over the territory of Olivula, save only the salt tax; he ordained that the name of the new town should be Villefranche. Later King Robert, his son, under date of January 2nd, 1320, ratified and confirmed to his subjects at Villefranche all the immunities and exemptions indicated above. Later on, on October 5th, 1352, King Louis and Queen Joanna, his successors, in addition to confirming these privileges, ordained that in future Villefranche and its territory could be neither enfeoffed or alienated.

In the result the aforesaid territory of Villefranche, with the remainder of the County of Nice, passed from the dominion of the House of Anjou to that of the House of Savoy, in virtue of the cession which was made of the city to Count Amadeus VII, called "The Red," in consequence of the faculty which had been granted by King Ladislas, and all its rights, privileges, immunities, and exemptions were confirmed by Count Amadeus VII, and after him by his successors, namely Amadeus VIII (who, although elected to the Papacy, preserved his sovereign rights as Duke of Savoy), on November 4th, 1449; Duke Louis I, on June 22nd, 1465; Duke Philibert, on October 29th, 1479; Duke Charles, on April 14th, 1483; Duchess Blanche, on January 21st, 1491; Duke

Philip, on June 20th, 1496; Duke Charles the Good, on July 19th, 1505; and Duke Emmanuel Philibert, on April 1st, 1559, and on September 9th, 1571. Additional ratifications were also quoted.

The case attracted as much interest in Turin as it did in Nice. In the end a Court of Arbitration was appointed, and an agreement was arrived at on February 1st, 1666. The Convention then signed ran as follows :—

"The Commune of Villefranche promises to pay five hundred and fifty ducatons to the Lord Doctor Michel Auda, the said Lord Doctor renounces in favour of the Commune all the rights which he possesses over the pasturage of Villefranche at Cap Ferrat, which belonged to him by virtue of the donation made in his favour by His Royal Highness, but he keeps his jurisdiction over Olivula. The pasturage of Villefranche belongs *in solidum* to the Commune of Villefranche, to the exclusion equally of the city of Nice, and if the latter should attempt to interfere in its lawful possession, the said Doctor Auda is to intervene, to see that the present Convention is duly executed."

The incident of the pirate, before referred to, took place at Cap Saint Hospice, which branches out to the eastward of Cap Ferrat. This had

been the great stronghold of the Moors, where was their Fraxinet or fort; and after their expulsion almost became the home of the Knights Templar, for when these Knights had been driven out of the Island of Rhodes, by the Turks, their Grand Master, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, approached the Christian Sovereigns of Europe with a view to securing a new home for his Knights on the shores of the Mediterranean. Pope Clement VII begged the Duke of Savoy to give them the Cap Saint Hospice. This was granted, and the Grand Master, in a letter dated October 8th, 1527, announced the fact to Christendom. But a couple of years afterwards Charles V presented them with the Island of Malta, and, as they preferred that, the project of establishing the Order of Cap Saint Hospice—so nearly realized—fell through.

The massive tower at the end of the cape seems to be the only remaining portion of the Castle built in 1577 by Emmanuel Philibert, on the ruins of the Fraxinet of the Saracens. When the building of this Castle was in progress the Duke, who was then living at Nice, was hardly ever absent, so great was his pleasure in its creation. He often came round by sea, taking no precautions for his personal safety. One morning, while he was on his way from Nice,

nine pirate galleys appeared and gave chase, but the Duke and his party managed to gain the harbour of Villefranche in safety. The corsairs, who were under the leadership of a Genoese renegade called Occhiali, made their way to the Baie des Fosses, on the other side of the cape. The Duke sent his guard by land to try and capture them, but, owing to a false move on the part of the Royal troops, Duke Emmanuel Philibert was surrounded, and would almost certainly have been captured, had it not been for the devotion of two of the gentlemen of his escort, who were made prisoners. The price of their restoration to liberty as laid down by Occhiali was a ransom of two thousand ducats of gold, and that permission should be granted to him to kiss the hand of the Duchess Marguerite de Valois. The victor of Saint Quentin and of Gravelines was obliged to accept the condition, but he employed a stratagem, and induced Marie de Gondy, one of the Duchess's ladies-in-waiting, to interview the gallant pirate. The Duke duly presented her as his wife, and the affair would have passed off without suspicion had not the Duchess, who was indignant at the trick which was being played, lifted the tapestry and entered the room with apologies to the corsair, who kissed her hand with the greatest

of gallantry, and kept his word by immediately releasing his prisoners. The story is a pretty one, but the kiss brought no luck to the Genoese, for the year afterwards he was caught and hanged.

By the side of the sturdy old tower, which is all that remains of this Castle to-day—for the rest was blown up by the Duke of Berwick in 1705—stands an enormous and utterly tasteless statue of the Madonna and Child in bronze, which was cast on the spot, and was intended to be placed on the top of the tower; it weighs thirteen tons, and cost no less than four thousand pounds.

The little fishing village of Saint Jean, with its tiny port, and a glorious view of the coast right away to Italy, is still unspoilt; but the whole of the cape has now been bought up by private plutocrats, whose lordly pleasure houses rise in every direction. The pleasant olive groves and shady paths have become opulent gardens, into which the common herd are admitted once a season maybe, at a cost of ten francs per head, the profits to go to the sacred cause of charity.

Beaulieu is, as its name implies, a very fair spot; it seems to have been inhabited from the earliest times, and remains of the quaternary period were discovered at Cap Roux in 1872. In Roman days it was a pleasant little town

frequented by the patricians of Cimiez. This has been clearly proved by the discovery in 1862 and in 1898 of objects of personal adornment, and numerous funeral inscriptions. It was destroyed by the barbarians about the middle of the eighth century, and the few inhabitants who remained founded the town of Olivula on the neighbouring heights of Mont Saint Michel. It was not until the eleventh century, after the defeat of the Saracens, that a hamlet again sprang up on the site. The old church was a temple which stood by the side of the Roman road, and was consecrated to the purposes of Christianity about the sixth century. In the Middle Ages it was dedicated to the Virgin, under the name of Santa Maria de Belloloco. Of the town of Olivula nothing whatever remains, with the exception of a bit of wall which formed part of the chapel of Saint Michael.

Perched high above, in the clouds, the little village of Eze is so beaten and browned by the weather, that from below it is almost impossible to distinguish its buildings from the rock. Eze appears to have been founded by the Phœnicians, who established on this spot the cult of the goddess Isis, from whence the present name of Eze has come. It is referred to as Isia,

and Antoninus calls it Avisium, or Visia, "observatory over the sea." It was also called Oesus. It was fortified by the Romans, destroyed by the barbarians, then taken once more, and rebuilt by the Saracens, who established a strong port there. In the Middle Ages it belonged to many lords, according to the fortunes of war; finally, in 1543, Barbarossa took it by storm, and kept some of his troops quartered there during the siege of Nice. That was the end of the Castle, for it was never repaired, and has been in ruins ever since. The church formerly contained two pictures by David. It is related that when the famous artist was on his way to Italy with two pupils and a friend, they were caught in a storm near Eze, but managed to get to the village, where they were hospitably entertained by the *curé*, in return for which they each promised to send him a picture. Shortly afterwards arrived from Rome paintings, a "Descent from the Cross," and a "Saint John," from the brush of David, and two others from his pupils. These existed in bad condition until somewhere about the year 1830, when only the head of Saint John remained; and this was shortly afterwards cut out and stolen, or, according to Baring-Gould, sold to an Englishman, who took it home with him. Mont Bastia,

which is the mountain above Eze, derives its name from its having been a fortified place or "Bastion," which is almost synonymous with "Bastide," which means "Bâtisse Neuve," "new building," the name taken by the late Lord Salisbury for the villa which he built on the flank of the mountain above Beaulieu. High up may be seen a cross, recalling that Pope Pius VII stopped at this spot on February 13th, 1813, when he was returning to Rome after his captivity at Fontainebleau.

Along the bank of the Paillon are numerous little towns; Trinité-Victor, with its curious triangular church, is the first, and then comes the burgh of Drap, which gives the title of Count to the Bishops of Nice, which they have borne since the year 1238. Only one ruined tower remains of the Castle, almost completely demolished in the fifteenth century, and which tradition asserts was established on the site of a Roman fortress.

Contes was called by the Romans Cuntinus, and afterwards Castrum Cuntinum; before their time it had already been the head-quarters of an independent tribe. In the Middle Ages it had its own lords, but passed to the House of Savoy in the fifteenth century. In 1700 it was recognized by patent as a county, and every

inhabitant had the right to call himself Seigneur. During the wars of the French Revolution the people of Contes received the troops of General Brunet with acclamation; and when the vote was taken in regard to annexation with France in 1860, they were unanimous in its favour. A few of the fortifications are still extant. Not far off are the ruins of Châteauneuf—the Deserted Village—which was abandoned by its inhabitants in the year 1644, on account of the cessation of the water supply, after an earthquake in that year. In the midst of the ruins remains, showing its Roman origin, are to be seen, including inscriptions and portions of altars. The country people declare the ruins to be haunted by fairies.

Lucéram was another Roman post, "Lucus-eram," because it was built on an elevation covered with a thick grove. Its inhabitants were known as the most warlike in all the Maritime Alps, and they long fought the Romans; it was the capital of the tribe of Lepontii. It is still surrounded by its feudal towers and walls, and the curious cat-holes cut in the lower part of many of the ancient doors are worthy of notice; they may be found in most of these old hill-towns. A quaint inscription may be seen on a house in the Rue du Ghetto, "Christo

aperiatur, Diabolo claudatur " (" Let the door be open to Christ, and shut to the Devil "). The retable in the church, attributed to the first years of Miralheti, though it has suffered much from time and restoration, is yet a very interesting piece of work. Of its ten panels five are devoted to the history of Saint John the Baptist, and the figures are painted with much dignity and restraint. On the northern flank of Mont Chauve lies the old Oppidum of Aspremont, or Castrum Aspermontis of the Romans, so called from the wildness of this mountain spot. Above the village are indications of ruins of great antiquity, which seem to show that this was a town of the Vediantii, whose capital was Cimiez, in pre-Roman times; the thickness of the walls, the shape of the stones, and the kind of masonry of the rubbish all point to this conclusion. A fragment of an inscription found by a shepherd, bearing the words " Vetus Castrum," shows that the Romans in their turn established a military post here. Gioffredo tells us that in his time a charter existed, dating from 1327, giving an inventory of the lands and tithe-rolls belonging to the parish church, of which the incumbent bore the title of Prior. In this same year, 1327, the plague burst out with great violence, and forced the inhabitants of Aspremont to take

shelter on Mont Chauve to escape the contagion, but they were unable to get away from it. Traces of their encampment, formed of masses of rock heaped one on the other, are still in existence. When the plague had died out the wretched remnant of the inhabitants returned, and built a new village lower down the mountain, on the site where Aspremont now is. The plague again attacked the village in 1630, but it escaped the cholera visitations in 1835 and 1854.

When the Saracens ravaged the Riviera, and destroyed many of the towns and villages on the coast, numbers of their inhabitants fled hither; and it became a place of considerable importance, and was highly fortified. The Seigneurs of Aspremont frequently appear in the pages of history, one family succeeding another from divers causes, until the title and fiefs came into the possession of the Grimaldi-Lascaris family, who converted the old manor-house into a magnificent Castle for their residence. This family becoming extinct in the male line, the title of Comte d'Aspremont passed through the female side of the House to the eldest son of the Baron Caravadossi du Touët, who was authorized by the King of Sardinia to assume the old name. The Château was demolished in the revolutionary times of 1793, and its site turned into a public

square, so that no signs of feudalism should remain.

Mont Chauve itself, one of the principal summits of this mountain chain, dominates the whole of the plain of Nice, set below the amphitheatre of the intervening semicircle of hills which protect it from the cold winds blowing down from the distant peaks lying deep in snow. The view from here is superb at early morning, the whole coast lying extended from the promontory of Saint Tropez beyond the ruddy chain of the Esterels in the west, to the slopes of the Italian mountains running down to the sea by distant Bordighera in the east; while to the south the mountains of Corsica rise grandly out of the blue sea, as if twenty miles, rather than six times that number, separated them from the mainland.

Mont Chauve is some two thousand seven hundred feet in height. The meaning of the name is probably not derived from its bare summit (" chauve "—" bald "); for in Niçois it is called Mon Cau, and before the year 1000 it was already known by this name, at which period it was entirely covered with forests of pines, firs, larches, holm-oaks, and beeches. In the year 970 it is recorded in the archives of Nice that the four Consuls or chief magistrates of the

town (one represented the nobles, another the merchants, the third the artisans, and the fourth the husbandmen) gave orders to begin to cut down the woods, principally for building ships to fight the Saracen pirates; and at the same time they rooted up the coarse " dog's grass " of the Saracens, which had found its way into Provence about the year 730. There are two other suggested derivations of the name, either of which seems possible. " Cau," derived from the Celtic word " Ckem," meaning mountain, or " calidus," the Latin word for " hot," " warm," since the mountain receives the sun's rays from its rising to its setting.

Of late years, since mountain travel became easy by the use of motor-cars, it has been possible to explore that lovely Hinterland of the Riviera, which formerly was almost inaccessible in winter. Only twelve miles and a half as the crow flies, and some twenty-five on a good military road, lies the plateau of Peira Cava, at an altitude of over five thousand feet. The complete change of scenery, from the palm-clad shores of Nice to the Swiss landscape which is to be found at a couple of hours' distance, is one of the most surprising of all the surprises of the Riviera. After leaving Lucéram the road winds up in giddy curves until it reaches the beautiful forest

X. ALPINE SCENERY AT PEIRÀ-CAVA

of Turini, a thick growth of pines, fir trees, and aspens, most of them of venerable antiquity. Though the snow lies deep on the plateau, the sapphire sky is as pure, and the sunshine as brilliant in the day-time, as it is on the coast below, though at nights the cold is intense. Still higher towers the great peak of the Authion, to an altitude of over six thousand five hundred feet, and the fort which crowns this is one of the strongest in the country, as well as one of the highest in Europe. The châlets look absolutely Swiss, and the tinkle of the cow-bells, and an occasional glint of clusters of bright blue gentian, all go to complete the illusion. A few years ago an attempt was made to create winter sports here, but it did not meet with success, nor with the manifold other attractions of the Côte d'Azur are they needed. As a beauty spot of Nature, in complete contrast with her summer moods so near at hand, Peira Cava is well worth a visit in the winter or early spring. It is hardly surprising, when one knows this country, to find traces of the Roman occupation even at this remote spot.

CHAPTER XV

The country west of the Var—The old frontier town of Saint Laurent-du-Var—The Castle of Cagnes—The Bishop's reproof to his flock—Francis I at the Château of Villeneuve-Loubet—The old burgh of Saint Paul—The battle between the armies of Vitellius and Otho at La Brague—Biot repeopled by Genoese—Curious custom at Vallauris—Antibes, its venerable antiquity—Roman buildings—The Terpon Stone—Frequent sieges—Honoured by Louis XVIII—Bonaparte under arrest—Madame Letitia's sojourn—Demolition of the ramparts—Vence—Roman tombs—Development of Christianity there—Its Bishops—The Reformation—Huguenot persecutions—Village of Saint Jeannet—Gourdon—The country folk.

WEST of the Var are even more interesting towns and villages which have for centuries been closely bound up with the destinies of Nice than on the eastern bank. For long the Var formed the boundary between France and Italy, and the village of Saint Laurent was the frontier town, where custom-house formalities had to be gone through. A long wooden bridge—oft-times swept away—united it to the opposite bank, and when, for one reason or another, it was non-existent there was a public ferry service arranged for. Nowadays there is no trace of a bridge, the road and railway cross the river a mile nearer the sea, and Saint Laurent has become a little backwater into which visitors

never float, and where life never changes. Cagnes, perched on the top of its tall rock, is one of the most picturesque villages to be met with anywhere, and the steepness of its streets must have been a very present defence in itself in times of trouble. Its old Castle—which belonged to the Grimaldis—is an enormous mass built on the solid rock, at the commencement of the fourteenth century, and is one of the most perfect specimens of mediæval architecture in the neighbourhood.

The inhabitants of Cagnes seem to have had a reputation for being of an easy-going character; and at one time they caused considerable trouble in the mind of the good Bishop of Vence and Grasse (Monseigneur de Bernade), who in the year 1678 thought it his duty to fulminate against the young girls of Cagnes, who gave themselves up with too much ardour to the pleasures of the dance, "for their indelicate postures and embraces." The case seemed to the Bishop to be so serious that he reserved to himself alone the right of giving absolution to these penitents; and—killing two birds with one stone—he also condemned to the torments of hell "the players of instruments through the strains of which ensue the aforesaid postures and embracings"; finally, he also promised to the Devil "all the

throats and breasts which should be uncovered in church, without a handkerchief or scarf to veil them." History, unfortunately, does not relate whether the worthy Bishop's measures proved efficacious in stamping out such undesirable levity of conduct, or whether Mephistopheles, as in other tales of similar import, continued to come by his own.

Close to Cagnes, on the banks of the little River Loup, is the town and Castle of Villeneuve-Loubet, with the remains of an old Roman bridge. The Château, where Francis I was, with Pope and Emperor, lodged with his retinue during the negotiations for the Ten Years' Truce, has a curious five-sided tower, which dominates the country-side.

Inland from here is the ancient burgh of Saint Paul du Var, one of the most curious of the many little fortified hill-towns in the neighbourhood. Tradition says that it was inhabited even before the arrival of the Romans, by the Ligurian tribe of the Deciates, whose head-quarters were at Antibes; but its authentic history goes no further back than the thirteenth century. This little town, now sunk to a dilapidated village, which gives crazy shelter to some seven or eight hundred souls, was at one time the winter rendezvous of the nobility of Provence,

many of whom have left their armorial bearings sculptured on the houses they once occupied. Saint Paul always had a Royal Governor. "Nothing can be more rural, however," says a modern writer, "than its present aspect; its solitary cannon, a long, narrow, sixteenth century piece, of the kind to be met with in the designs of Renaissance monuments, lies rusting above the gate; but through that gate comes a clattering company of gallants no longer, with His Excellency the Governor, all ermine and steel, at their head."

In the plain of La Brague it is believed that the great battle between the forces of Vitellius and Otho, the rival aspirants for the throne of Nero, took place in A.D. 69. By the side of the stream are some ruins still existing, which are said to be the remains of a monument erected to mark the place of the battle.

Biot is another little walled town with a history, formerly named Castrum de Busettro. A commandery of the Knights Templars and of the Knights of Malta, it was devastated in the Middle Ages by the Saracens, and depopulated by the plague. The Bishop of Grasse, in 1740, re-peopled it with a colony of sixteen families whom he brought from Genoa, and the *patois* spoken there to-day shows clear signs of this origin.

Vallauris was the Vallis Aurea of the Romans. The honesty of its people was as proverbial as that of the inhabitants of Mentone. In the early part of the nineteenth century it was still customary to set plates full of fruit by the roadside. The wayfarer who felt inclined to eat a fig or an apple took one, and left a *sou* in payment. Neither *sous*, plate, nor fruit were ever stolen.

Some historians have been so bold as to assign the date of 2000 B.C. to the foundation of Antibes, but without going so far as that, it has a venerable history. It was originally the chief town of the Ligurian tribe of Deciates, under the name of Deciatum; and it received its fresh name of Antipolis—the "city opposite" to Nice—much later—in Provençal Antiboul—and this has naturally become Antibes. The Romans fortified it strongly, erected temples and theatres, and brought a water supply from the mountains in a massive aqueduct, of which traces remain even now. There are also to be seen the remains of a Temple of Venus, close to the chapel of Saint Roch, and the existing church may be built on the site of the Temple of Diana of the Ephesians; but the square twin towers, built one on either side of it, though constructed of Roman stones, are not of Roman origin. The inscrip-

tions to be noticed on them are, in some cases, set upside down. But the monument of antiquity for which Antibes is specially renowned is what is known as the Terpon Stone, which bears an inscription in archaic characters, which prove the presence of Greeks in this city several centuries before the Christian Era. It was discovered by Monsieur Mougins of Roquefort, and is well described in the pages of Lenthéric. "It is a flint," he tells us, "a pebble rolled and polished by the action of water, just such as can be found in the bed of some Alpine torrent, or on the seashore, and differs only in being unusually large, measuring some twenty-two and a half inches in length, by about eight inches and a quarter in width. The stone is not a common flint, but a fragment of diorite of a very beautiful dark green colour, almost black, of an elliptical shape like an egg, rather elongated and flattened, so as to have a somewhat prismatic form; its three faces, which run longitudinally, being slightly convex, and on the widest and flattest of these faces is an inscription written lengthwise on the stone. This consists of two verses written in five lines, the literal translation of which is, 'I am Terpon, servant of the august goddess Aphrodite; may Cypris recompense with her favours those who have placed me here.'"

From the moment of its discovery this stone attracted the attention of the learned, and it has been examined by the most competent authorities, many of whom have written treatises on it. Lenthéric goes on to remark that it was seen at once that the general style of the inscription bore the most striking resemblance to the archaic Ionian inscriptions of the Branchidæ, who were specially consecrated to the service of the Didymæan Apollo. The character in which it is written is made up of some letters from the ancient Ionian alphabet, intermixed with others in common use among the Greeks about the end of the fifth century before our era. Here, then, we have a certain proof of the ancient settlement of a Greek colony at Antipolis.

The idea that first occurred to archæologists was, that this inscribed stone implied the existence of a sacred monument of a figurative character—a statue, a bust, or some sort of representation of a person of the name of Terpon, a priest of Venus Aphrodite, or at any rate attached in some special way to the worship of that goddess. But apart from the fact that the Greeks seldom cemented any sort of monument to a wall, this stone shows no trace of having been so treated. The stone itself is perfectly smooth,

and bears no appearance of ever having been let into masonry of any sort. The stone of Antibes, then, was, as we cannot but admit, a monument of itself, independent and complete; and we must look upon it as one of those sacred stones to which ancient paganism attributed supernatural virtues, in which the people fancied that they recognized the image of the divinity, sometimes even the divinity himself.

This superstition was of Eastern origin. Sacred stones known by the name of "betuli" were worshipped in Chaldæa, in Phœnicia, in Syria, and Asia Minor; they were usually unhewn stones which the caprice of Nature or the action of the elements had shaped into a form sometimes regular, sometimes grotesque. Among them all black stones were the object of most special adoration, and recent studies of the primitive religions of the East have informed us that one of the most celebrated was the black stone representing the great Phrygian goddess, which is spoken of by Arnobius.

Pausanias speaks of this primitive fetishism as forming part of the old form of Greek worship; and many of the "betuli" known at the present day represent deities of the cycle of the primitive Aphrodite, a goddess who was represented in her ancient sanctuaries in the Island of Cyprus,

and particularly in the Temple of Golgos, under the form of a conical stone, very similar to the sacred stone of Antibes. This archaic form of the worship of Aphrodite seems even to have passed, without change, all through the period of the highest Greek culture, and to have survived all alterations of the ancient religious ritual. Pausanias even tells us that nearly two centuries after Christ, an unhewn stone personifying the god Eros might still be seen at Thespiæ, where, placed side by side with the masterpieces of Praxiteles and Lysippus, it still received the homage and prayer of its faithful worshippers.

An objection has been raised that, notwithstanding the archaic character of the inscription, it yet does not appear to be older than the fifth century before Christ, at which period the Greeks had long given up the worship of unknown stones. On this Monsieur Heuzey, in "La Pierre sacrée d'Antipolis," writes: "The persistent attachment to the most primitive forms of worship, in spite of all the advances of art, seems to be an invariable law in the history of all religions. It was not until after the time of Pericles that the statue of the God of Love by Praxiteles and by Lysippus were placed side by side with the rude stone to which sacrifices were offered in the Temple of Thespiæ. These works

of art were but offerings, ornaments of the sanctuary, which lessened in no respect the religious prestige of the shapeless fetish which had been consecrated by long tradition. It is, then, far from impossible that the Greek fishermen and sailors of Antipolis should have thought it a pious work, even at the most brilliant period of Hellenic culture, to preserve with respect, and consecrate by an inscription, a big stone rolled and polished by the waves which washed their shores. This long fidelity to primitive usages is all the more explicable among a people of emigrants, separated from the centre of their race, and who found themselves brought into contact here, not only with the Western barbarians, but also with the Phœnicians and Carthaginians, who had been long addicted to similar superstitions."

The city was a very important one, right up to mediæval times, when it was destroyed and burnt by the Saracens. It came into the possession of the Grimaldi family in 1384, but they disposed of it to Henri IV in 1606. The massive and picturesque fortifications of the town—which were only demolished at the end of the nineteenth century—were erected under Louis XV, from the designs of Vauban. Thanks to their strength, Antibes was able to resist many assaults, especially in 1746, when it was besieged

for two months by the Austrian Army on land, and by the British fleet at sea. Again, in 1815, when Napoleon landed at Golf Juan, hard by, for the Hundred Days, it resisted the entry of Capitaine Lamouret, who had been sent by the Emperor to take possession of it. Later in the same year Antibes repulsed another attack, this time by the combined Sardinian and Austrian Armies. To celebrate this feat of arms, and to reward the valour of the citizens of Antibes, King Louis XVIII, on his accession, assigned to it the title of " Good Town." According to Miss Dempster, Antibes had just two periods of importance as a fortress. The first was during the wars of the League, after which Henri IV commenced those fortifications which, until their comparatively recent demolition, were still called " of Rosny," and " of the Dauphin," and that Fort Carré which Vauban was to develop in a later reign. Its second epoch was during the early years of the Revolution. Constant military movements, and the campaign on the frontiers of Piedmont, then filled it with troops; it was within reach of Toulon and also of Genoa. Bonaparte, who was under arrest in the fort, just after the events of the 9th of Thermidor, knew the place well, and once settled Madame Letitia near it in a small house. There were persons still

alive towards the close of the fourth decade of the nineteenth century who remembered seeing her come and go between her house and a little stream where the linen was washed, at the period when Napoleon's friendships with Ricord and Augustin Robespierre were more interesting than really useful to her ambitious son.

The old fort happily still stands keeping guard over the harbour as it has done for centuries, baked by the sun to a brilliant sequence of red and orange hues, but the disappearance of the beautiful old ramparts has destroyed all the picturesqueness of the town, which to-day is an open, windy, ugly place in the awkward stage of development so frequently to be met with in British seaside resorts.

Vence, in the time of the Romans, was the next important city in the chain which led from Cimiez to the west. The town is a very interesting one, and has had a chequered and varied history. Macmillan's account of its origin is worth reproducing. " Who first marked out this storied spot for habitation," he says, " we cannot tell. We know from Ptolemy that it was at a very early period the capital of a primitive Ligurian tribe named the Nerusii. They had a series of forts, which are still standing, and called by the people 'castellaras,' built in a very

massive manner of huge blocks of stone without cement, crowning the tops of the high rocks and hills in the neighbourhood, and to these they fled for refuge when hard pressed by the Roman Legions. But by and by the town was conquered by the Romans, and under the name of Ventis Horreum Cæsaris, or Civitas Venticulum, speedily attained to great importance as a central commissariat depôt for victualling the army. It was one of the eight principal cities of the province of the Maritime Alps, and possessed a Forum, an aqueduct carrying to it the delicious water of the Lubiana (now known as the Loup), two temples dedicated to Mars and to Cybele, and many splendid palaces, and, in consequence, included among its inhabitants many persons of high rank, besides a body of priests and magistrates. At the beginning of the Christian Era it was connected by a splendid road, a branch of the old Via Julia Augusta, with Cimiez, Vado, and the Southern Italian routes, along which an extensive traffic was carried. Fragments of this road have been found in different places between Vence and Cimiez, consisting of large slabs of pavement, with layers of masonry on either side, and ruined tombs, which, according to the custom of the Romans, lined both sides of the public ways, and called the attention of the passer-by with

their ' Siste, viator.' Vence hass till about it a sense of the presence of eternal Rome, whose sons found in this place a second Italy ; for the chancel of the parish church, formerly the Cathedral of Notre Dame, in the centre of the town, was originally a Roman temple, of which two columns survive ; and numerous Roman inscriptions on stones, built into the wall of the courtyard near the Hôtel de Ville, remind the visitor of the ancient Ventium. Indeed, the ghost of the dead Empire seems to be more real in this place than the flesh and blood of the present *régime*."

Vence, more than any of the other Riviera towns, is connected with the development of Christianity in the country. The precise date of its evangelization has never been fixed, but, according to tradition, Saint Trophimus, having discovered that the citizens of Vence were " too much given to idolatry," if he did not himself turn his attention towards them, at all events enjoys the reputation of having first placed an evangelist here, between the years A.D. 161 and 180. Miss Dempster admirably records the progress of Christianity in Vence. She tells us that when the martyrdom of Saint Bassus, first Bishop of Nice, took place in A.D. 253, the Christian religion had, by that time, taken a firm root in the country ; and during the episco-

pate of Audimus of Vence there was already a sacred edifice in the town, under every column of which the builders had buried the image of some false and fallen god. What was so well begun went on equally well, the ecclesiastical annals of Vence remaining both rich and consecutive; and this mainly because its sheltered position preserved it from many of the blows aimed at Nice and Antibes by the barbarians who overran the country.

"Saint Véran," continues Miss Dempster, "was the greatest of all the early Prelates of the See. He was the son of one of the pupils of Honoratus, and his own life was like that of Chaucer's ideal parson :—

> "'By many followed, and admired by all:
> Such was the Saint, who strove with every grace,
> Reflecting, Moses-like, his Master's face.'

In him courage and learning met, and they glorified life under the harsh reign of Genseric. At this early stage of the world's experience, to found a religious house for study, prayer, and culture was to perform the highest act of Christian forethought and usefulness.

"It is not surprising, therefore, to find Saint Véran building a convent near the present bridge at the mouth of the Loup. The mills of La Dorade, which now occupy its site, are chiefly

built over its foundations, and it is not possible to ascertain what were the original proportions of the religious house whose bells, sounding to matins and to evensong, first woke the echoes of this wooded shore. The career of its monks had to be at once that of men of the altar and of men of the plough, but the secular clergy were soon to give to Vence another great example of Christian virtue, wisdom, and grace. Saint Lambert's Christian name is still venerated in Vence. He lived there in such poverty, and with such evangelical simplicity, that his goodness became a proverb, and, till the Revolution, miracles were said to be wrought by his bones. His era was that of the introduction of the Templars into Provence, soon after their foundation in 1118. It was the age in which the Church not only levied the *dîme grosse* and the *dîme menue*, the *droits de parée*, the *droits de prémice*, and the *droits d'autel*, but when it possessed also the monopoly of ideas. It could give its *visa* to one page, and fix its brand on another ; but it was fortunately represented here by a Bishop like Saint Lambert, ready to tend the leper, to cultivate the glebe, and to keep in his diocese, with tender human care, the great book of human life for peasants whose lot united the extremity of hard usage to the extremity of hard work."

When the signs of the times showed the approach of the Reformation in the Church, Vence once more came to the front, and took part in the making of history. The same chronicler before quoted continues in the following strain. She tells us that the episcopates of Simian and of Grimaldi, the two Bishops who preceded the reformed movement in Vence, were by no means rife in local scandals, but the times were evil, and the great offices all in *commende*. Christianity had gone through a series of sad and humiliating developments, and along with the sale of indulgences there was a noticeable lack of personal holiness in the Chapters. Reforms were called for, yet the Reformation in the Alpes Maritimes had rather a political than a theological importance, which, after the conspiracy of Amboise in 1560, it assumed, to say the truth, all over France. In this way society was effectually stirred by it, and the question of moral and ecclesiastical reform was pressed on the notice of some men who might otherwise have missed its importance. The culture of the Renaissance, in which France participated fully, had already been tried, but it had been essentially wanting in the higher tones of morality. It had too little of that spiritual earnestness by which some men's lives are lifted beyond sensuous

things, nor had political energy gained much from its luxurious charms. Only the intellectual light it had brought prepared men for freedom of enquiry, and then the study of Scripture acted as a moral stimulant to Huguenot scholars, theologians, statesmen, and captains. The wars called "of religion," which trained many a good soldier, agitated France from 1562 to 1598.

Vence first received orders about her Huguenot congregations in 1560. Louis de Beuil de Grimaldi was then in possession of the See, and the Castle of Villeneuve-Loubet belonged to a Lascaris, Count of Tenda. As the despot there was uncle to the Bishop, and as the Chapter of Vence consisted of a Du Port and a De Hondis, cadets of the noblest families of Saint Paul-du-Var, it was evident that the issue of any conflict with the Calvinists would turn here on local interests. The Bishop took up the question warmly, and when summoned to attend the Council of Trent, he excused himself on the ground of the troubles which "the new religion" daily evoked in Provence. Three hundred men were raised to deal with them, but the temper of the Vençois rose also, and in 1562 "armed bands of vagabonds and seditious men" met in many places. René de Cypières collected forty horsemen in Nice to defend his co-religionists, Saint Jeannet

declared for the reformed faith, and the Governor of Vence, who sided with the Bishop Grimaldi, could only forbid "any citizen to lodge or conceal a Huguenot in any house, garden, or vineyard." Domiciliary visits took place, and thirty names were posted "as absentees for the sake of the new tenets."

The peace of 1562 actually secured to the Huguenots the right of holding assemblies outside the city walls, and it is to this regulation that Vence owes her Rue des Huguenots, which may be seen to this day. But 1567 was another very troublous year, and troops were posted in every direction, from Sisteron, on the Durance, to the forts of the Var—even in the little eyrie of Gourdon on the Loup—with orders to watch the movements of the reformed party.

Nash tells us that the Dukes of Savoy continually issued severe edicts against the so-called heresies of the times, and Nice was not exempt from their application, nor were any of their territories in this part of the country. Their cruel treatment of the Vaudois attracted the attention of foreign nations. Their persecutions even inspired the indignant muse of Milton, who wrote of them, "Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold"; and Cromwell

was so moved by the sufferings of these people that he threatened to send his Ironsides into Piedmont in order to secure their better treatment. It is to the credit of the Counts of Tenda that their territory, then independent, though afterwards included in the County of Nice, was allowed to be a refuge to fugitive Vaudois. Pious inscriptions on the houses remain to this day as memorials of their sojourn there. One inscription touchingly and appropriately—seeing how the poor Vaudois were, in those days, hunted from place to place—says, "Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

There is nothing in the village of Saint Jeannet to repay a visit, beyond its exquisite situation at the foot of the great bluff known as the Baou, which rises up like a small Gibraltar. Its name comes from the Knights of Saint John of Jerusalem, who once had a commandery here. For centuries it has been famous for its grapes, and it is curious to see the bunches all swathed in little paper bags, overhanging the hedges on either side of the road.

Even higher still is perched the tiny village of Gourdon, a veritable eagle's nest on the mountain top, overlooking the entrance to the gorges of the Loup. Its old Castle is fast crumbling to decay and oblivion; but it is worth the climb,

if only for the marvellous view of the whole sunlit coast from east to west, which lies spread out below; while the barren mountains to the north seem to open a glimpse of an earlier and more primeval world.

Other little cities there are, both on the western and the eastern banks of the Var, which have lived in the past, though their day has long been done. An anonymous writer has well caught their description, and caught something of their atmosphere, when he says that "hill-cities share with islands the fascination that only aloofness can give—imparting a sense of absolute ownership; and at sight of the sleep-ridden, huddled towns that crest the hills along the Maritime Alps, the chord of memory is set vibrating, awakening the old feeling of 'make-believe' with an added touch of amaze at seeing dreams in concrete form. They are towns of wide-flung shutters and mellow walls, of courtyards that are wells of blue shadow, and towers that seem burnished as they pierce the sunlight; here a town perched eagle-wise on a crag, with a small forest of irregular turrets; there one which fits over the rounded mountain-top like a cap, the arched outline of its roofs following faithfully the curve of the ground, with a fruit-like roundness of contour. And everywhere, away from the town walls, lie

the olive slopes—a great sea charmed, at the moment of most tumultuous movement, into stillness, the waves of it interfolding in vast billows that never break—only here and there the breeze tosses the light under-sides of leaves into a semblance of spray. Each of these is a fairy city, fallen on bad days, it is true, but holding its breath, so to speak, in a husk of dirt and ashes, till it can unveil itself to a world grown simple-minded once more.

"Even now the boys who whistle their careless way round corners and down the slopes are of another age—brown-necked and bold-eyed, with the definitely modelled cheek-bones, small chins, and pointed teeth that suggest the faun. Here in the glimmer of the dawning, when the leaves of the olive trees are only just beginning to refract the light, and the valleys are pools of deep shadow capped by the brightening hills, the pipes of a satyr may be heard, shrilling through the quiet air. If he has hidden his cloven hoofs in heavy shoes, and tucked his goat-like tail neatly away beneath a blue blouse—if, in short, he seems only some old shepherd driving his patient flock—that is only part of the great conspiracy, believe it, and now we have come to the root of the matter. For these valleys, so mysterious at dawn and dusk, and in the day-

time so toy-like with the striped effect of the olive terraces and the tiny red-roofed huts; these apparently candid yet reticent little townships above them; these mountains that at sunsetting are stained a burning copper, filmed with amethyst; they are one and all under a spell, caught in a net of enchantment as real, though not as visible, as the nearly purple shadow each olive tree flings over the ground beside it."

CHAPTER XVI

The Nice carnival—Its derivation and origin—Its history and its development—Its present splendour.

NO account of Nice and its story would be complete without a description of the famous carnival, with which its very name is bound up in the minds of most people, whether they have gone through its vagaries and its vicissitudes or not. It is strange how different a view may be taken of places under changed conditions. As was shown in the previous chapter, Nice at the end of the eighteenth century was discovered by English doctors as a health resort, as a suitable winter climate for consumptive patients, and all the discomfort of prolonged travel in shaky post-chaises over impossible roads, and even in river barges and sailing vessels, was freely prescribed that these invalids might enjoy the blue skies and sunshine of the Riviera at a time when England was wrapped in fog and fast bound under snow. Even so comparatively recent a writer as Emile Négrin, in his "Promenades de Nice," says, "the best Doctor is old Phœbus. You cannot talk to him, for he lives at some

distance from our town, about thirty millions of leagues away, but you can see him in winter-time every day. He alone cures, consoles, puts life into you; he is the Doctor of the Faculty of Heaven; for his diploma he has a round disc of gold, bordered with diamonds, from which he pours out his rays of golden lightning." But, to-day, who ever thinks of connecting Nice with the idea of doctors? Now that travel has been made so easy and so luxurious, consumptive patients hie them to mountain-tops, and, truth to say, would neither be welcomed or even permitted on the Riviera. The day has long gone by when the name of Mentone was supposed to conjure up a vision of a dismal procession of invalids in Bath chairs, saluting Doctor Phœbus with volleys of hollow coughs.

No, Nice and the other Riviera towns have become pleasure cities, and as such they attract countless visitors from every quarter of the known globe, from the time when the leaves begin to fall from the trees in autumn till the green month of May, when it is safe once more to affront the uncertain weather of less favoured climes.

Carnival, and all that appertains to it, is the outward and visible sign of this change in the world's outlook towards the winter cities; and

here it is to be seen not only presented with more luxury and magnificence than anywhere else, but with a splendour and profusion unknown even to the famous mediæval carnivals of Rome and Venice.

Carnival, like one of those monuments of Egypt, "oldest of all old things," goes far back into the mists of history, and further. However the world may change, and no matter how fundamental may be the development which civilization and science may bring, yet certain ideas—or rather certain expressions of them—will persist so long as the round world revolves. This is especially noticeable in customs wherein a religious origin may be traced.

The modern carnival seems, to students who are wise in folk-lore, to be a survival of those obscure and hidden ceremonies of the early world which perhaps culminated in the mysteries of the goddess Isis, on the banks of the Nile, and yet exist, or have existed, under totally different conditions in every country of the habitable globe, touching perhaps their lowest scale among the Blackfellow Aborigines of Australia.

The carnival of to-day is the direct successor of the Roman Saturnalia, for it is the kingdom of topsy-turvydom; in the latter the slaves became the lords during the duration of the

celebrations ; as in the former, something similar obtains, for a peasant is as good as a prince under shelter of mask and domino. But one change has occurred which was obligatory and inevitable ; the master of the revels, who represented Saturn in the Roman orgies, actually suffered death in his assumed character at their conclusion, whereas to-day it is but a paste-board king whose ashes are burnt.

This substitution of the carnival for the Saturnalia is easily understood when we remember that in the history of the world it has invariably occurred that as religions have waxed and waned, each new one has found it a matter of policy to adapt many features of the one which it was endeavouring to overcome to the needs and daily uses of its own votaries. The Christian Church wisely realized that the primitive pagan customs could not lightly be done away with among the common people, who clung to their old beliefs and loved their old gods, and so it transformed them in their symbolism, and continued the ancient forms and ceremonies in their substance. As the gods of Rome were turned into the Madonna and the Saints and Martyrs, so did the Saturnalia, with all its fun and merriment (and probably with but little restriction of its license), become the carnival.

In parts of Sicily to this day many of the festivals of patron Saints are kept with ceremonies so pagan as to be almost unintelligible, and an old statue of Venus may still be seen there, to which the country folk address their unsophisticated petitions under the invocation of Santa Venera !

To digress for a moment on this subject of the adaptation of one religion to another, a similar instance may well be noticed in the first attempted evangelization of the Japanese Empire, centuries ago. When the Jesuit Fathers were authorized at that time to minister to the people, it was under the belief that the religion which they taught was but a symbolized and purified form of Buddhism, to which their ornate ritual and impressive ceremonial lent the fullest of colour. As a result, tens of thousands of converts were made by the missions, and when ultimately a new order arose, and they were totally exterminated, there was practically an end of Christianity in Japan ; for in modern times, since missionaries are allowed to proselytize without let or hindrance, they make little or no headway, from the fact that instead of trying to assimilate the old beliefs of the people to the new teaching, the exponents of the latter condemn them root and branch.

Another case of this assimilation of the old and new may be recalled in the bonfires which burn red on many a hill-top on Midsummer night in Scotland, Ireland, France, Spain, and elsewhere. Saint John's Fires, they are sometimes called—for the burlesque rites which in certain parts accompany their kindling are but the mutilated remnants of the ceremony of the lighting of the Beltane fire in honour of the Phœnician Sun God Baal, on the day when the sun remained longest over the horizon.

But to return to the carnival. Its derivation—or rather the derivation of its meaning most usually accepted—is "Carne Vale," the "farewell to meat," before the long fasts of the Lenten season brought in the salutary mortification of the flesh which the Church prescribed at this season for her children.

In the Middle Ages the carnivals of Rome and of Venice reached a high pitch of magnificence, and licence and popular merriment were freely permitted and indulged in by all classes in the days immediately preceding Ash Wednesday. But the carnival of Venice died with the fall of the republic, and the carnival of Rome disappeared from the Eternal City—to all intents and purposes—with the fall of the temporal power of the Popes.

Then it was that the Nice carnival sprang into being in its new and gorgeous form, although traces of its existence appear here and there in the pages of its chroniclers at periods considerably anterior to this. It is recorded that in the year 1699, in the month of February, on a Sunday during carnival, the Governor of Nice—who was at that time the Marquis di Caraglio—sent grenadiers to the houses of the wives of the merchants, because these latter, having been invited, had not wished to come and dance in his palace. Unfortunately we are not told how his unwilling guests comported themselves; it is to be hoped that they insisted on the privileges of the season, and led the unpopular Governor all the dance he could desire.

Our pedantic physician, Doctor Davis, writes in superior fashion of the carnival of 1807. "It is," he informs us, "of all festivals the most celebrated and gay, and is here, as in all Roman Catholic countries, observed very scrupulously. Scenes of festive mirth are very general among the better classes of society, and prove a source of pleasure and entertainment to the stranger. The amusements of the lower classes are ridiculous enough, though they can scarcely surpass the motley assemblage of every rank and every description at a masquerade. It is an

interesting scene to witness the gaiety of the peasants and their families at wakes" (it is to be hoped and believed that this word is not used in its Irish significance!) "which are held in certain villages at several periods during the year. The diversions of all, young and old, consist for the most part in dancing, singing, and in music. Buffoons perform to the gaping spectators, and entertain them highly by their burlesque gestures."

We may agree with the worthy Doctor that much in the carnival is ridiculous enough, nay, even a good deal which is both sordid and stupid, but there is much, too, which enshrines the immemorial light-heartedness of the Latin races, and which for a few brief days brings to the surface that true, honest, and pleasant equality so innate in these Southern peoples, and which is yet often so woefully misrepresented under a political guise. A Nice carnival, more than any function in the world, proves that we are all men and women (even if we behave sometimes as children), and that Jack can be as good as his master for a brief space of harmless fun and merriment, without in any way trenching on the ordered hierarchy, by which, for the sake of good government, each man must stand on his own step.

We hear of carnival again in the year 1821, when the Sardinian Court was in residence at Nice, and an attempt was made to celebrate it with festivities of unusual splendour, in which the Sovereign and his suite took part. After this it lived a precarious existence until the year 1857, when it was again attempted to organize it on a much grander scale, in honour of the presence in the town of the then Empress of Russia. But this was only a flash in the pan, and it degenerated year by year, until it became mere horse-play by the rabble of the old town.

It was in the year 1873 that the first Committee of Fêtes was formed by a few prominent residents, who little thought at the time that they were laying the foundation-stone of what in future years was destined to become one of the most solid props of the prosperity, not only of the town of Nice, but of the whole Riviera; for to-day these fêtes are celebrated in all the chief towns along the coast, and have attained to a pitch of lavish splendour unequalled elsewhere in the world. It is a curious trait in human nature, this innate reverence—be it the genuine feeling or only mere snobbishness—which is universally felt for place and power personified in crowns and sceptres. As our

English Radical so dearly loves a lord that he will even go cheerfully to the length of becoming one himself on the slightest provocation, so does the Frenchman—sturdy Republican and unflinching upholder of the rights of man though he be—love to bow down to the representation of such royalty embodied in the carnival monarch. Absolutism may be as dead as a doornail, but King Carnival still reigns supreme, and woe betide the ignorant blasphemer who would dare to utter a word against his ephemeral sovereignty. More powerful upon his throne, "broad-based upon the People's will," than Tsar, Autocrat, Pope, or President, he is absolute monarch during his brief reign, with none to question his decrees; and when he is gathered to his fathers, his obsequies are more splendid than are those accorded to any crowned head in the universe. When his ashes are borne to the four winds of heaven, amid blazing flights of rockets, on the night of Shrove Tuesday, and the cry goes up from the throats of a countless cosmopolitan multitude, "Le Roi est mort," yet the answering shout is just as hearty, "Vive le Roi!"

But, after all, there is a good deal of genuine interest in the subject, for the history of the kings of carnival under their modern aspect as

Sovereigns of Nice is not just a tale of fêtes and fireworks, romps and roses, laughter and *laissez aller*, it is an amusing pageant of the cries and catchwords of the moment, which often recall events which are historical in the true sense of the word, and personalities who have played their little part on the world's stage, and loomed large for a brief moment, only to pass into an oblivion from which the record of these ephemeral kings may serve once more to rescue them.

In early days the carnival monarch was a mere mannikin in wickerwork, after the style of many an English Guy Fawkes on November 5th. As time went on, however, more attention was paid to him, and he was usually the embodiment of some local joke. Still later, the personality of King Carnival took a wider significance, and he was made to represent the chief topic of the moment elsewhere than in Nice. New ideas in locomotion have always been duly noted; in 1890 His Majesty arrived on a tricycle, then the *dernier mot* of speedy travel, and in 1898 he made his triumphal entry in a gigantic motor-car, which would cut a very poor figure beside the luxurious automobile of to-day. In 1902 motor-cars were already being superseded in popular imagination by the expected coming of the airship, and the King arrived in a dirigible

unlike anything ever seen in the heavens either before or since.

But the success of a Nice carnival does not depend merely on its official representatives; there are dozens of other cars, great and small, besides those of the King and Queen (for His Majesty has usually been married of late years), and very handsome prizes are given in money to recompense the people who get them up, to reward them for the expense and trouble to which they have been put in their praiseworthy efforts to contribute to the gaiety of the season. The various committees show themselves generous in their rewards, and it is rare that a car goes unrecompensed, even though the provided number of prizes has been awarded. This is only as it should be, for it must be remembered that the expense of getting up large carnival cars, with their dozens of richly dressed maskers, often runs into a sum amounting to two or three hundred pounds.

In these carnival processions there are also to be seen numerous cavalcades of horsemen, whose costumes are generally very costly, and the riders (usually headed by a Queen) make a brave show as they ruffle it in silks and satins for a few brief, merry hours. Besides the cavalcades there are the less pretentious anal-

cades, in which the steeds are well-grown mountain donkeys, and then, of course, come the groups of maskers on foot, and the thousand and one individual masks, which are often the most amusing of all. These are, for the main part, peasants and artisans who have designed and carried out the construction of their own costumes, the ideas of which embody jokes which are not unfrequently entirely impossible of translation into English, but the flavour of whose Gallic wit cannot fail to raise a smile on account of their frank and amusing audacity.

These carnival processions are seen on four occasions during the festivities, and during their passage the air is thick with brilliant-hued paper *confetti* and long serpentine streamers of paper which festoon the bare branches of the plane trees which border the route. On two of these days the throwing of plaster *confetti* is also permitted, though it is a dirty and insanitary custom which has not even the merit of antiquity to plead for it, as in the early days of carnival it was *bon-bons* which were tossed about among the crowd, a far prettier idea than the hurling of these little plaster pellets, the size of peas, which are sent stinging from a shovel attached to the end of an easily bent piece of cane. Everyone is shrouded in brown-

holland or linen coats, with their heads protected by stout wire masks, usually hideously painted, which serve as some protection for the eyes.

But if the fêtes are brilliant and interesting by day, what is to be said of the evening ones, when night is literally turned into morning, and dancing goes on till sunrise. Each year a carnival colour, or combination of colours, is selected, which naturally predominates at all the festivals. The *veglioni*, or masked balls at the opera house (which is superbly decorated and illuminated for the occasion), present a magnificent spectacle of moving colour and brilliancy; the boxes are filled with the *élite* of cosmopolitan society; and after midnight the fun waxes fast and furious. At three o'clock in the morning the committee distribute scores of exquisite hand-painted silken banners to the wearers of the richest and most novel costumes, and people sup and dance till an hour at which they find themselves in the midst of the early flower market as they leave the opera to seek their way home. The *rédoutes* at the Casino Municipal are equally charming sights, and they differ from the *veglioni* in that, at the first, only the colours of the year are allowed to be worn, while at the second one everything is of the

purest white, though at both trimmings and ornaments of gold and silver are always permitted. One of the great features of these *rédoutes* is the fairy-like illumination of the Casino, with myriads of electric lights hung in festoons and garlands of flowers, in a glitter as of the Arabian Nights.

The battles of flowers which are held in the unique framework of the Promenade des Anglais, with the blue waters of the Bay of Angels sparkling in the sunshine by the side of the battle-ground, are the most charming of all the fêtes. These are no modern invention, for does not Baring-Gould tell us in his "Book of the Riviera," "in no part of Europe, probably, did pagan customs linger on with such persistence as in this favoured land of Provence, among a people of mixed blood, Ligurian, Phœnician, Greek, Roman, Saracen. Each current of uniting blood brought with it some superstition, some vicious propensity, or some strain of fancy. In the very first mention we have of the Greek settlers allusion is made to the floral games."

These battles of flowers, then, we may assume to have originated in the happy " strain of fancy " of long-dead races, who once dwelt on these shores, for of a truth there is no " vicious pro-

pensity " in their scented beauty. In these gay floral fêtes kings and peasants may take an equal and truly republican share. It does not require a very long memory to recall the Sovereigns who have taken part in these flower fights in recent years. Queen Victoria—mistress of half the world—as proud of the beautiful banner which had been presented to her as if it had been a standard captured by her armies from some doughty foe. King Edward, Queen Isabella of Spain, King Oscar of Sweden—that debonair old Sovereign who battled through the long afternoon as gaily as any schoolboy out for a holiday—his son, King Gustav V, King Frederick VIII of Denmark, King Leopold of the Belgians, with a quick eye for the fair combatants as well as for their bouquets, Dom Pedro of Brazil, with most of the Russian Grand Dukes, and half the Almanac de Gotha besides, to say nothing of such recently elevated monarchs as the Kings of Montenegro and Bulgaria.

So King Carnival lives his short and merry life, setting an example of the principle of " *carpe diem* " which his subjects are not slow to follow ; and when he is brought to his funeral pyre, the occasion is just as much an opportunity for merry-making as those which have gone before it. One old custom of this last

evening, which died hard, is nevertheless now defunct; that of the *moccoletti*. This was a game played while waiting for the torch to be set to the pyre of the King, and consisted in everyone running about with a lighted candle, the flame of which he endeavoured to keep alight, while at the same time he did his best to extinguish those of his neighbours. But the rockets hiss and soar, and 'mid a brilliant flight of attendant aerial courtiers the soul of King Carnival is borne upwards beyond the stars, to take his seat in that Valhalla where the spirits of his ancestors await him in the quiet of that repose which was certainly lacking in their brief and strenuous reigns over their erstwhile subjects in Nice.

Such is a Nice carnival, and the other Riviera towns now imitate it in very generous and successful fashion.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The Author desires to express his thanks to Mr. John Murray, for permission to reprint "The Strange Obsequies of Paganini," which originally appeared in "The Monthly Review"; to the Proprietors of "The Gentleman's Magazine," for similar permission in regard to the "Letters of a Queen of Spain"; to Monsieur Dominique Durandy, who has kindly allowed him to translate the story of "The Caterpillars of Contes," from "L'Ane de Gorbio"; and to the Proprietors of "The Anglo-American Gazette" and "The Riviera News," for letting him reproduce several short articles on local customs which he originally wrote for those papers. A portion of the chapter on the "Destruction of Cimiez" has already appeared in pamphlet form.

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